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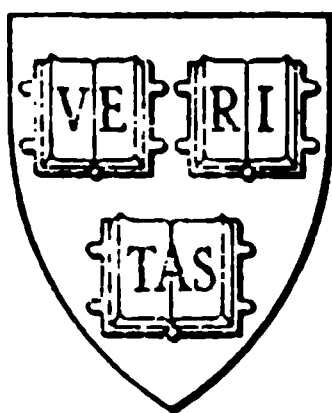
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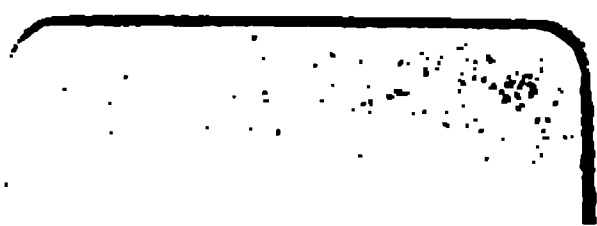
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James F. Rhodes





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Story of Stonewall Jackson.

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STORY OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

A NARRATIVE

OF THE

Career of Thomas Jonathan (Stonewall) Jackson, From
Written and Verbal Accounts of His Life.

Approved by His Widow,

MARY ANNA JACKSON.

DEDICATED TO

Julia Jackson and Thomas Jackson Christian, Grandchildren and
Sole Surviving Descendants of General Jackson,
Who are Made Beneficiaries in the
Publication of This Book.

BY WILLIAM C. CHASE.

INTRODUCTORY LETTERS BY
GENERALS WADE HAMPTON, STEPHEN D. LEE, AND W. S. CABELL.

SKETCHES BY
GENERALS FITZHUGH LEE, WHEELER AND OTHERS.

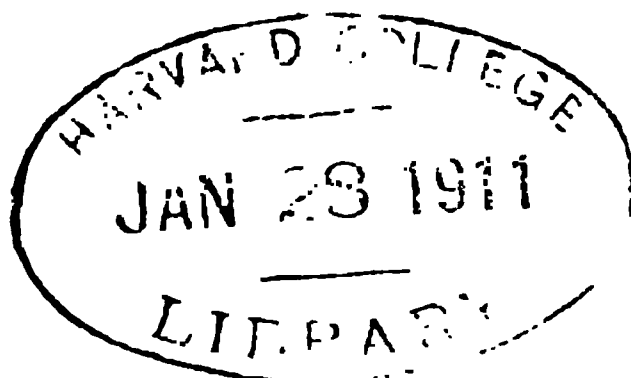
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TO
JULIA AND JACKSON CHRISTIAN,
GRANDCHILDREN
AND
SOLE SURVIVING DESCENDANTS
OF
GENERAL JACKSON

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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INTRODUCTION.

America has produced many great men. The history of the American people, when written by impartial men, will form a world code. In the multitude of men whose lives will contribute the materials out of which this code will be formed, the career of Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson will constitute principles, essence, example and personality that will illuminate every line as a law within itself, and his life form a chapter unsurpassed.

As a child he possessed characteristics that marked him as brave, determined, truthful, spirited and ambitious.

To measure him by the plan of genius would be both difficult and unnecessary. Geniuses are born, not made. Great poets, musicians, authors, sculptors, scientists, teachers, inventors, orators and all whose lives are exemplifications of inborn genius were possessed from their birth of the elements that finally made them famous. Biographers tell us of wonderful instances of precocity in the prodigies of genius—of poets, musicians, artists and others producing creations that dazzled their world and period. There is nothing in Jackson's childhood, as far as account is given, that indicates his being a genius. But there is in his *characteristics* a force which, when joined with his *mind's ability*, raises him above a genius.

We do not know of any great soldier, even Wellington, Nelson, Napoleon, Hannibal or others, whose childhood was noteworthy as displaying martial genius. Hannibal was "devoted to war by his father at an early age," but he was as old as either Jackson, Wellington or Napoleon before he won any distinction as a soldier; in fact, considerably older than Jackson. Circumstances of war are so ordered that infantile militarism is dispoiled of any suggestion of genius. We have all seen juvenile fantoccini of war, brandished with a tin sword, paper helmet, and broom handle chargers, but we do not know of any of these "embryo generals" distinguishing themselves in recent wars. Girls, too, but no Joans of Arc so far.

When the United States Military Academy, "West Point," was suggested to Jackson, the eighteen-year-old youth, although he had scarcely been out of the Western Virginia Mountains and although his educational experiences had doubtless impressed upon him the fact that his mind was both slow and strong, and his facilities for learning had been meagre, he promptly turned his face toward West Point. Whether his ambition soared at the thought of military opportunities or not, no one knows. We all know, however, that he conquered at West Point; and after winning fame in actual war, resigned and assumed the task of teaching in an institution of high rank, and succeeded. Many learned that his seeming taciturnity was a mere cover or mask, and like Aquinas, the "Angelic Doctor of Cologne," his silence could not be mistaken for stupidity. Jackson resembled Aquinas in other respects. We have learned that his confidence in himself was unshakable. His mind was as completely under his mastery as were his muscles.

It has been said he displayed no genius for teaching, but his success as a teacher, from sheer determination and application, adds lustre to his accomplishment of the task and profession. He was young and we do not know what time might have brought forth. His teaching was an object completely actualized, in contradistinction to mere potential existence. He knew no other philosophy. After uniting with the church, he became a part of it, and sufficient account is given of his church life to demonstrate his thoroughness in the obligations his membership entailed and the depths of his religion. He became a student of theology, and had he determined at any time to engage in the ministry, he would have become a distinguished divine. He was possessed of energy, ability and deep convictions; added to which was an intensity resembling, at times, that of Spurgeon. He was naturally pious.

As an orator, although battling a shyness, frequently present with profound natures, he overcame all impediments, and like Demosthenes developed into a speaker of attractive address. He held the Webster theory of oratory—earnestness. His truthfulness, his character and his mental poise would have won

for him high fame in the forum. His analysis of state affairs as related to his friend, Dr. Dabney, and given in this book, is but a hint of his conception and mastery of state craft. With nothing of the politician, he was a clear reasoner, philosopher and prophet. Had he possessed Napoleon's "star," or the affrontery of many so-called statesmen, the history of the Union would have been written differently. Like Alexander Stephens, Crawford, Calhoun and Jefferson, his were conservative and devotional plans of government. His rating in ethics at West Point indicated marked ability for statesmanship.

In the course of his career as a professor at the Virginia Military Institute, there are several instances related wherein he displayed not only a knowledge of science, in many of its branches, but held original ideas upon principles so far in advance of his time that his reputation for eccentricity was increased by his utterances, and those who could not comprehend his "advanced ideas" were not only critical, but indulged in ridicule (not to Jackson personally, however—no man ever dared to ridicule him in his presence; and it is well to state just here, that as far as diligent inquiry reached, we have been unable to learn of Jackson's ever seeing in print or hearing of the ridiculous accounts some have attempted to add to literature concerning him). In a lecture delivered before a learned audience at Lexington, Virginia, he referred to electrical transmission of forces or power as a possibility in the development of the then new science, as Morse had scarcely established telegraphy at the time. Electric transmission of power from a distant generative point, to utilization and application in motive machinery, is now considered one of the most valuable uses of electricity, and when Jackson delivered the lecture referred to, Tesla and others, who have developed this branch of electricity, were children. As a scientist, he would have ranked among the first and of the type of Agassiz.

The part or place refined arts—music, sculpture and painting—held in his life, adds a charming harmony to the excellence of the man. In his accounts by letter and journal, of his tour of Europe, he dwelt with brilliant enthusiasm upon the

art of the countries he visited; while music, we are told, thrilled and met in him an ecstasy of response.

In his literary hours he gave no moment to inane reading. Studious and progressive, his books included scholarly productions covering an extensive scope; to this he carefully added personal observation, and thus became an original and trained thinker. Had his inclinations led him into literature as a profession, he would have ranked among the savants of his century.

With his conservatism, close adherence to detail in any undertaking engaging his attention, he would have been successful in a commercial, agricultural or financial career. His wonderful military frugality—and he was a business-like soldier and commander, as is shown by the care he took of property assigned to his army or captured by same—his alertness in despoiling or appropriating the armament or commissary of his enemy, his clear and unalterable conviction upon the value of the Virginia Valley as a “storehouse,” and his plan to “*take the enemy's cities and hold them,*” show something of the scope of his material qualities and appreciation of *things*.

But EVENTS, fates if you please, wrote the word “soldier” as the cardinal synonym for Jackson. To this, Jackson's sublime faith in God added, by universal acclaim, the sacred and imperishable prefix—Christian.

A distinguished German military leader referred to the “American War” as “a riot; the disorganized madness of mobs.” This expression from that great empire's army commander-in-chief was indignantly resented by the Americans. But from the standpoint of commanders of the vast and rigidly organized, trained and disciplined armies of Europe, some countries having a standing army of over half-million men, the swift pitching together of masses of American volunteers into armies, was a plan so entirely unknown in European warfare, that the comment was, from the originator's standpoint, not unnatural. The conduct of the war did not dispel the impression from their strict military view of organizing and handling armies, and while they were compelled to applaud the valor

of the Americans, they never approved of the volunteer plan. Be this as it may, the American system of government will never admit of other than the volunteer plan, and as that plan has carried victory in every war in which America has been engaged, "the free men of this land of liberty" will never consent to any other.

Jackson resented the criticism of a superior officer, early in the war for Southern independence, upon the volunteers, as is herein recorded.

While he had unbounded faith in volunteers "fighting for their homes and liberties," his knowledge of military affairs forced upon him the gravity of the situation and the conditions that confronted the South, and he realized that his men had not only to meet volunteers from the North, brothers of the same country, but must contend with the regulars, or United States veterans in arms; the wealth, organization and governmental machinery of the United States (States not in the Confederacy), together with its opulent credit in all foreign countries, and an almost frenzied bigotry and fanaticism, a *serious sentimentality* rampant among nearly four-fifths of the white population of the continent against slavery—the chimpanzee pest of Stowe.

Without any organization or time for properly equipping armies, the men of the South, every one a volunteer, went to war poorly armed and with scarcely a round of ammunition for the tenth volley. This condition of war did not improve, but grew steadily worse until, after four years of unparalleled valor, hardship and suffering, Lee at Appomattox surrendered a "handful" of men, "fought to a frazzle," to an army of over half a million, inexhaustibly equipped and with a train of commissary wagons nearly forty miles long!

The Southern armies are unmatched in all history for poverty and valor.

Had Jackson been at the head of the army that opposed him, with its supply of the necessary materials of war, including money and men, his fame would have stood for one single achievement—ending a war in the first important contest

of arms. He would have ended the war at First Manassas,—and in reality, his firm stand there did end the war; for he plead to be allowed to take Washington, in that the Defenders had defeated the Invaders—and *Jackson never failed in any undertaking*, and had he been permitted to go on to Washington he at most would have lost but ten thousand men, while many times ten thousand were lost afterwards, and Washington was never reached.

From Harper's Ferry to Chancellorsville his men, when Jackson planned and not another, rolled the mighty cars of war, bannered with victory, to the scheduled precision of certainty; and in his camp there was not a Werther, a Ganelon or a Heriditus.

That the government supporting Jackson's adversary was dismayed by his defeating every army and commander sent against him, there can be no doubt. He seemed to them formed of ethereal fire and not as Adam. That the government of his country, struggling to cope with a powerful antagonist, did not afford him the authority his achievements merited, and failing to do so, often lost the results of his victories, there can be no doubt.

His faith in the cause of his people—the Confederacy—was second only to his faith in Him to whom he appealed under all circumstances for guidance and support.

We can not measure the conditions of 1861 to '65 by the conditions of 1901; and there are no apologies in the heart or mind of any true man for the part Jackson played in the history of America. He was a soldier in whom, like Nathaniel, there was no guile. His fame is a part of the heritage of every American.

He conducted warfare upon the loftiest principles, and after the most possible humanity. When wounded, and Lee sent word to move him to the rear (the first time he ever went to the rear in time of battle), fearing lest the enemy might capture or harm him, he complimented the foe by stating his faith in their respect for him, as he had never mistreated them. When he captured over eleven thousand prisoners at Harper's Ferry,

he paroled them rather than take them to starve. Will these men or their children ever forget this Christian soldier?

Like all of his comrades, officers and privates, he refused to indulge the cruelties of Tamerlanean warfare. True, he rebuked his soldiers for sparing lives of men of opposing forces who were especially brave in their battle against his men, and yet, it is alleged, he ordered a soldier, one of his men, who was in the act of shooting a gallant young officer in the enemy's line, to desist. This young soldier whose life Jackson saved proved to be William McKinley, the beloved President of the United States, assassinated most brutally on September 6, 1901, at the Buffalo Exposition. He drew his sword in battle but once, and then when he felt that Pope, who was a kind of Attila in the estimation of Jackson's men, must be rebuked by the personal wage of the Commander. This was at Cedar Run, and as Khaled, who conquered Syria, drew his sword but once, so with Jackson, and he drove Pope in abject defeat, and with such results that he was returned to his government, a Rowland without an Oliver.

His achievements in battle surprised every one but Jackson himself. He planned with marvelous success, and so accurate were his plans, that many believed he was inspired, and his men charmed. The greatest of the enemy were his most ardent admirers. He had no Fineear to gauge by the paces and graphs of the ground the distance of the dragon; nor a Piper of Hamelin to draw soldiers; nor was his "Little Sorrel" as Pacolet's horse, enchanted; nor was his sword an Excalibur; nor possessed he the helmet of Mambrino; nor was he a hypothetical phantom, volatilized by some Richard; but as his military biographers relate of him, he was a masterpiece of God's creation, in "His own image;" that through the possession of extraordinary talent he comprehended the whole meaning of war, and profoundly understood the science and trade of battles, as no man of his time or epoch comprehended or understood; and they distinctly write him down as a natural man—a whole and complete man, in mind and heart and soul and body; that his military genius entitled him to rank as the greatest sol-

dier, in many respects, the world has ever known; that he was a born leader of men; and the greater the responsibilities thrust upon him, the brighter and grander were his abilities illustrated by his success; that he was a soldier of splendid gallantry, absolute courage and absorbing devotion. His experience in many ways, as relating to his government, may yet form an Epic crucible. As he, great soul of valor and patient loyalty, cast no criticism upon the parliament of his young country, certainly those who love his memory, and would struggle to emulate his grand life, should faithfully abstain. "There have been many royal martyrs, save Charles I."; and the mind marvels at the heart's delight.

The lessons of all that make men truly great, Jackson's life taught; he was the embodiment of truth, perseverance, self-denial, simplicity, integrity, courage, unselfishness, honor and all the noble attributes of perfect manhood; his nature held no ambition beyond duty, and the proper desire to excel in every undertaking. He spurned political place and preference; was free from egotism, vanity and false pride; he never speculated in any form; he practiced no art or scheme to win a way to fame. He loved his native State—his country—more than life. He was as gentle and tender as a woman and brave as a lion; he loved children, peace and home; he avoided strong drink and excessive indulgencies of every sort. He scorned the wiles of human praise; possessing all the great qualities of his chief, the immortal Lee, by nature he was more self-reliant, and his harsh experiences of childhood gave him absolute control over political and social dependencies. Without the arrogance of Caesar, he over-matched him in personal independence. He was the most self-reliant, after communing with his God, and the most politically independent man of which history, in all ages, gives any record. He was a "mother's boy," an orphan, a helpless, penniless child; he knew poverty, hardships, struggles; was exposed to example and more or less crude habits of mountaineer life in the earlier days of Northwest Virginia, but he rose clear, clean and pure, and glorified the land that gave him birth, and no people are prouder of this truly great

man than these staunch inhabitants of his native hills. He reached the highest sound in the plaudits of his devoted South, and fell in battle while his life's shadows were on the west—being only thirty-eight years of age. Had it pleased the Ruler of all earthly affairs to have spared the life of this young man, Southern independence, for which he died, would have been fixed beyond cavil.

Jackson would have been the first President of the re-united States, and a different history of the Union and the world would be read by generations yet to come.

Jackson was an American, and his career reflects glory upon America; he was a Southerner, and added glory to his section of America; he was a Virginian and his native State has placed his name among the first of her immortal sons.

General Jackson did not live or die in vain. To emulate his example as a Christian, patriot and man, his survivors, their children and children's children, to the end of time, will honor themselves, the South, the Union, and the world. His memory is a sacred heritage, a trust in love and precept, ever lifting us nearer to virtue, duty, humility, to God and the "things that are His."

A large, elegant handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "M. C. Chase". The signature is written in dark ink and features a prominent, sweeping flourish that extends from the end of the name, curving upwards and to the right.

LETTERS FROM GENERALS WADE HAMPTON,
STEPHEN D. LEE AND W. S. CABELL.

Commanders of the three Departments of United Confederate
Veterans respectively: Army of Northern Virginia
Department, Army of Tennessee Department,
Trans-Mississippi Department.

Mr. Wm. C. Chase.

MY DEAR SIR: I have been greatly interested in and much delighted by your effort to give the people an opportunity of testifying to their love and veneration for one of the greatest and grandest characters in the history of the world.

The correspondence that has passed between Mrs. Jackson, Hon. Hoke Smith and yourself convinces me that this effort will interest all who would study the life of General Jackson, and take active part in contributing to the cause—directly benefiting his grandchildren through the “Story of Stonewall Jackson.”

I wish that my time, which is sorely taxed, would enable me to indulge an extended sketch of this illustrious and beloved American, but I will have to content myself with a short note in the hope that it will contribute some evidence of my personal sympathy and cordial regard for this notable act of patriotic devotion.

Stonewall Jackson was not only one of the foremost men in the great American war, but the world has not produced a superior as a man, a soldier and a citizen of exalted character, force and ability. Above all, he was a Christian in the best meaning, and his example will be studied, through this volume, by all who would develop a character rounded by every attribute man is permitted to enjoy here on earth, led by the example of this extraordinary man as exemplified in his life and career.

Wishing every success in this laudable undertaking—creating a fund for the heirs of General Jackson—and confidently believing in its success, I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,

W. S. Cabell

Stephen D. Lee

LETTER FROM GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

Mr C. Chase Esq

No one hopes

more sincerely than myself, that
the patriotic effort being made
to do honor to the memory of the
great soldier, while endeavoring to
aid his grandchildren, will prove
a great success. Very Respy
Wade Hampton

REVIEW OF STORY OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

By HON. F. H. RICHARDSON, Editor Atlanta Journal.

It has been more than thirty-eight years since Stonewall Jackson "crossed over the river and rested under the shade of the trees."

His fame is far more widely extended and more firmly established now than it was when his glorious life was cut off in the flower and unlimited promise of its prime.

Since his death reputations have risen and fallen; estimates of men have been readjusted and revolutionized; names that were fondly familiar to the multitude have been almost forgotten.

Time has been at work too, with the memory of Jackson, but only to impress it the deeper upon the mind and heart of mankind, and to bring out into bolder relief the strength and beauty of a character that is now conceded to hold a permanent and splendid place in history.

He who numbers Stonewall Jackson among the immortals, no longer finds that judgment challenged, but with each passing year becomes a participant in a more complete consensus of intelligent and discriminating conviction.

Opinions of this man's achievements and prophecies of his historic stature which were expressed in the shock and grief of his sudden taking off are seen under the clear light and cooler consideration of a dispassionate era to have been, almost without exception, pitched too low, lofty as most of them were.

Of how many popular heroes can it be said that a succeeding generation has equaled, and even surpassed, the enthusiasm of their cotemporaneous praise?

But who will deny the truth of this remark as applied to Stonewall Jackson?

There has never been a moment since the death of this great captain when his name was held so high, or when his life, character and deeds were the subject of such widespread and intense interest and admiration as they are to-day.

Within the last ten or fifteen years there have been several remarkable revivals of the fame of men who were more or less illustrious and worthy. Napoleon, Washington, Cromwell and Alfred, The Great, to name them in the order of these recent demonstrations of quickened popular interest, are the most conspicuous subjects of such movements. It can not be said that there has been a Stonewall Jackson revival at any time, but there has been a steady growth of his fame and an unceasing elevation of his character in the honor and love of the civilized world.

The people of the South, the people of the North and those of other lands are more eager than ever before to read the story of his life and his wonderful campaigns. They desire more than this; they seek a fuller knowledge of the personality of the man as it can be revealed only in those seemingly less important events and incidents which, after all, give the true form and color of a life, however great, and arouse the deepest human interest in it. It may be justly claimed, I think, that in the present "Story of Stonewall Jackson," by Mr. W. C. Chase, this demand is supplied better than in any other biography that has yet appeared.

While it in nowise neglects, or subordinates any of his historic struggles and achievements it seems to me to bring us close to Jackson himself and to enable us to see and understand him as he was more fully than those of us who did not enjoy the high privilege of personal association with him have hitherto had the opportunity of doing.

This book gives many heretofore unpublished anecdotes of Jackson and incidents in both his private and public life that have been carefully gathered from the most authentic sources and whose reliability is guaranteed by the highest authority.

These sidelights reveal with increased clearness the features of a character that will form one of the most fascinating and inspiring studies of men for generations to come.

If these points of Jackson's personality alone had been collected and published in disconnected form they would have made a very precious compilation, but their value is inestimably enhanced by their presentation in the order and setting of their occurrence. They run and flash like threads of gold through the rich fabric of the hero's life.

Hardly anybody now reads any biography of Samuel Johnson except Boswell's, though many others have been written. Boswell's Life of Johnson is accepted as the best work of its kind because, more than any other, it gives the liveliest and most complete portrayal of the living, breathing, acting man with whom it deals.

How much greater the need of a "Story of Stonewall Jackson" that will enable us to follow the development of his marvelous powers, to see how he acted and felt in meeting and overcoming the difficulties and trials of his life, and how his great heart reached out for the sympathy and companionship to which it ever gave a ready response!

We would not willingly let fall into forgetfulness the slightest word, or lose sight of the smallest incident in the lives of the truly great and noble of the earth, and from the life of Stonewall Jackson we can draw much more of help and consolation by getting close to him as a man than by standing in admiration and reverence before the stately figure upon the imperishable pedestal of his fame.

For this pleasure and benefit the present and succeeding generations will be largely indebted to the industrious and able efforts of Mr W. C. Chase.

The book before us would have been impossible without the loving cooperation of those who knew Stonewall Jackson best of all and loved him most.

As far as was possible for any of those with whom he walked the ways of this world they have breathed into this story the breath of his life and revealed the depths of his soul.

The comprehensive, accurate and faithful account of the almost unmatched achievements of Stonewall Jackson, illumined by the knowledge of his rarely beautiful personality here more fully set forth than ever before, make a book that will live because it is the fullest record of the life and thoughts of one of the mightiest and godliest men who has blessed the world.

J. H. Richardson

SKETCH BY GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.

Few characters have appeared on life's arena as interesting and grand as that of Stonewall Jackson. Becoming an orphan when little more than an infant, spending his early days without any education or advantages, we find him within one year of his majority with only the meagre learning which he had acquired in doing the work necessary to earn the most ordinary kind of support. He was nearly twenty-years old when he entered West Point in 1842. Entirely untrained and unaccustomed to study, he found it almost impossible to learn or when called upon to recite, to express in intelligible language that which with great effort he had gathered from the lessons which were given to him.

General John Gibbons, afterwards a distinguished Federal general, who was his classmate, used to tell me of Jackson's almost grotesque efforts to recite when the course commenced in September, 1842. He said that his struggle was so earnest that perspiration would run from his forehead and down upon his collar until it became thoroughly saturated.

Both soon found their way to the lowest section, and his dismissal from the Academy in January seemed inevitable as his fellow-classmates of the same section did not think it possible for him to pass the necessary examination. His intense effort, however, had aroused the interest and admiration of his instructors, and with January came the feeling that such industry and perseverance would finally conquer and secured for him enough votes on the Board to pass him over until the following June. Here his probability of failure was but very little lessened, but the same feeling that carried him through January rescued him from dismissal at the June examination.

The freedom and rest from academic duties during the two months of summer seemed to put him in good condition for the work of the coming year, and from its commencement he so rapidly improved that he finally rose to the first section in each of his studies, and it was a common expression among his classmates, that if he had one more year he would have

been at the head of his class. He graduated July 1, 1846; was immediately ordered to Mexico where, in command of a battery, he won such distinction in the battles from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico that he was commended in the highest terms by his commanders, and in September, fourteen months after leaving the Academy, he received the brevet rank of major, the only member of his class who attained that great distinction.

Soon after the Mexican War he resigned to take a professorship in the Virginia Military Institute. He seemed oblivious to and did not appear to care at all for the military distinction he had acquired in Mexico. He was plodding along earnestly at this work when the sound of war was heard in 1861. The Governor of Virginia appointed him a colonel of a volunteer regiment, and from that moment his heroic career commenced and continued without interruption. He was without question the most distinguished officer of his grade in the battle of Manassas.

When other troops were being driven by the overwhelming assaulting force, their commanders appealing to them to hold their ground, pointed at Jackson's line saying, "See Jackson, he is standing there like a stone wall." From this moment he was only known by his new sobriquet, "Stonewall Jackson."

His campaign of 1862 in the Valley, it is safe to say, was without parallel in the history of warfare, and marked him throughout the world as a man of most superb military genius.

After his victories over Banks, McDowell, Fremont, Milroy and Shields he hastened to Richmond, joined Lee in the six days' battle before that city, the points of victory being very largely in the part of the field where he was engaging the enemy.

Then followed the great campaign around Washington and up into Maryland. In all these wonderful military operations Stonewall Jackson performed the leading part. His great battle against Pope's Army, the fighting being principally with Porter's corps, elicited the admiration of the world, and his superb conduct continued through all the engagements in-

cluding the Antietam of Sharpsburg, the last battle of the campaign.

At Fredericksburg it was Stonewall Jackson's corps which made the sturdiest and best conducted defense, and the victory at Chancellorsville was largely if not entirely due to his skillful and persistent attack and defeat of Howard's corps.

His death at the close of this action deprived Lee of his strongest arm and most valued General, the Confederacy of its most successful defender, and the world of a man and hero whose character was without reproach or blemish.

Joseph Wheeln.





SKETCH.
LETTER FROM MAJ. GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.

*The war of 1861 to 1865
produced no greater soldier
upon either side than
Stonewall Jackson.
No better than anyone else
perhaps recognized the
value of military celerity,*

another campaign when
exercising an independent
Command & his movements
when directed by another,
was under the closest
scrutiny of the military
student.

He was a strategist and
a tactician. A blazing
meteor of battle, and his aggressive
^{spirit} brought belief in motion. always
motion.

Gen Lee has said
"Had I Stonewall Jackson
at Gettysburg I would
have won a great victory".
a great victory there
would have decided
the question of war, in
favor of the Southern
States.

Fitzhugh Hill

Mr. William C. Chase,

My dear Sir:

I am gratified to hear that you are progressing so well with your book - "Story of Stonewall Jackson" a good portion of the manuscript of which has been read to me, and I regret I was not able to have the whole book read; but from all I heard of it. I am satisfied your work has been executed very carefully, and unmistakably in a marked degree of devotion for my

husband's memory, and that the book
will prove a most-interesting one
upon General Jackson's life and
career. I should be pleased to see
the proof-sheets, as I feel a deep
interest in your work.

Your arrange-
ment with the publisher, as shown by
their letter to you, (the copy of which
you sent me,) by which you are en-
abled to offer to my grandchildren,
Julia Jackson and W. F. Jackson
Christian, half of the publisher's

project, I consider a most generous act on
their part, as well as an evidence of your
interest and thoughtfulness in the welfare of the
only living descendants of General Jackson;
and I hope you will return my heart-felt
thanks for the cordial expressions of regard
expressed for me in this letter to you, and
do me the favor to show them this note as an
evidence of my appreciation and gratitude.
I hope and feel that the "Story of Stonewall Jackson"
will receive the success its careful preparation
and mission deserves.

Please address me at Charlotte.

N. C.

Very truly yours,

Mary Anna Jackson.

Hon. Hoke Smith
Atlanta, Ga

My dear Sir: Mr. William C
Chase, who has written a narra-
tive story of the life of my
husband, General Thomas J.
Jackson, informs me his ar-
rangement with the publishers
D. C. Luther Pub Co. of Atlanta,
enables him through their lib-

erately, to offer one half of the
publishers' profits on the book,
to my grandchildren, Julia Jackson
and Thomas Jackson Christian.
I will be very grateful to you if
you will consent to serve as
Trustee for this fund, that is, such
monies as the publishers deliver
to you as per their agreement with
Mr. Chase, and expressed in
a letter from them to Mr. Chase
a copy of which has been sent to me.
I will make such disposi-

from of these funds as you may deem best-
for the ~~interests~~ of the children

Hoping to hear from
you at your earliest convenience, and
that you will consent to act as Trustee

I am Very truly yours,

Aug. 23^d
1901.

Mary Anna Jackson

Address.

507 W. Trade st.
Charlotte, N. C. }

Mrs. M. A. Jackson,
Charlotte, N. C.

August 26, 1901.

My dear madam:

Your letter of August 23rd, 1901, has been received.

The information contained in it that Mr. Wm. C. Chase has written a narrative story of the life of your husband (General T. J. Jackson), and that the publishers agree to donate one-half of their profits on the work, over and above the cost of the book, its publishing and marketing, to your grand-children, Julia Jackson, and Thomas Jackson Christian, is a matter of much interest to me and should be to the many who love the memory of your illustrious and lamented husband.

Your request that I will consent to serve as Trustee for this fund, that is, such monies as may be delivered to me by the publishers, as per their agreement with Mr. Chase and their letter to which you refer, I gratefully accede to; it gives me the utmost pleasure that you have made the request, and I will discharge the trust imposed to the best of my ability.

I hope that the results of the sale of this work will create a fund worthy of the memory of General Jackson.

The absorbing story of his career is fully known to but few, and the examples furnished by his life are richly worth study by all.

I am assured that the book has been prepared with exhaustive care, will be placed on the market at a most reasonable price and will be a popular feature of our literature.

I will do what I can for its success and believe the press and people will take an active interest in contributing to make the fund a large one.

Again thanking you for the compliment of selecting me as Trustee, I am,

Very sincerely and respectfully yours,

Hoke Smith

Messrs. D. C. Luther Pub. Co
Atlanta, Ga.

My dear Sirs:

I have just been informed by letter from Mr. Wm. C. Chase, of your very considerate and generous offer to devote one half of the publisher's profits - that is, "half of all profits over and above the expenses connected with the publishing and marketing the book" - "Story of Stonewall Jackson", to the benefit of my grandchildren, Julia Jackson and Thomas Jackson Christian.

I have requested Hon
Hooke Smith of your City to act
as Trustee for such monies as you
may turn over to him, under the
above kind offer

Thanking you,
and wishing every success in your
publication and sale of the
book, which I understand is to be man-
ufactured entirely in your City. I am

Very truly yours,

Mary Anna Jackson

Address

507 W. Trade St., Charlotte, N. C.

Mrs. M. A. Jackson,
Charlotte, N. C.,

Dear Madam:

When the subject of the printing and publishing of a book to be devoted to a life story of your illustrious and beloved husband, General T. J. Jackson, (but gloriously known to the world and to history as "Stonewall Jackson"), such book to be written in a popular, narrative style and for the general public, that they might read of the man as a man, rather than as an august military leader, thereby knowing him in all phases of his brilliant and wonderful career, we were at once deeply impressed. But when the author, Mr. Chase, informed us that in addition to the style of the book, that it was to be dedicated to General Jackson's grandchildren, and asked if we would consent to publish the book and give to these sole living descendants of General Jackson a half interest in the publisher's profits on the book, we were deeply impressed with the need of such a book, and so thorough enthused by this happy opportunity to afford the people of the United States the means of having a full and complete story of the most illustrious product of American manhood--a life story of Jackson--and each one thus to contribute to the happiness, comfort and pleasure of the only two living creatures through whose veins his blood flows, his two grandchildren, we did not hesitate, but informed Mr. Chase that our facilities and our best efforts would at once be

placed at the service of so laudable and patriotic an undertaking.

It is now our pleasure to tell you, Mrs. Jackson, as the loving grandmother of these children and the widow of a man all the world honors itself in honoring, that we have spared no expense, time or effort in producing a book which we take additional pleasure in informing you was written by a Southern man and published by a Southern house.

Your letter to us, received some time ago, informing us of your having appointed Hon. Hoke Smith of Atlanta trustee to receive the funds coming from the sale of the book, in the amount that shall be due your grandchildren is entirely satisfactory to us; and the amount will be delivered to Mr. Smith as per our agreement.

We have every reason to believe that the sales on this book will be large, and to express our firm belief in the universal desire of the people to testify, in a manner at once profitable and pleasurable, to the memory of Stonewall Jackson as they do in the purchase of this book, "Story of Stonewall Jackson."

With kindest regards, we beg to remain,

Yours very truly,

J. E. Luther, Pub. Co.



**General Jackson's Grandchildren,
Julia Jackson and Thomas Jackson Christian,
when three or four years of age.**



Jackson's Birthplace.



General Jackson's Father.



Jackson's Father's Grave.

Story of Stonewall Jackson.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON ("Stonewall" Jackson) was born in a small country village, Clarksburg, Virginia, now West Virginia, in 1824, on the 21st day of January.

His family was a representative one in the Old Dominion State, and many of the leading men of America are of the same blood. We state this in the beginning, as there is an impression existing that Jackson came of obscure people. It may also be well to refer to the fact that other impressions made upon the public mind concerning General Jackson are erroneous. Lecturers as well as writers have attempted to surround his life with enigma and illusions. The reality in Jackson's life is sufficiently thrilling and entertaining, instructive and unusual, to satisfy requirements of the most exacting reader or student.

There should be nothing of fiction associated with the memory of a life so absolutely truthful as was Jackson's. If Jackson appeared mysterious to some persons, such impression would have disappeared after a short acquaintance with facts concerning his history. His career was replete with absorbing interest, material example and charming precept. He possessed in the superlative, the strength of elevated manhood, Christianity, love, wisdom, chivalry, patriotism.

Let us remember that Jackson came of a people who had made history. Scotch Presbyterians differ from both Puritan and Cavalier alike; and made history in time of the Stuarts. Jackson's great-grandparents on his paternal side came from England and Ireland, and were of Scotch and Irish families. His great-grandfather and great-grandmother were fellow voyagers in the year 1748 on a ship sailing from England to America and bound for Baltimore, Maryland. They met for the first time on board this ship, and the acquaintance soon developed more than casual interest; in a word, these young people fell in love under the power of "first-sight." They

were taking a brave trip, leaving their native country, to try their fortunes in the "land beyond the sea"—America. Youthful colonists, who were courageously assuming life's wage, on their voluntary motion.

The young man's name was John Jackson and the maiden's name was Elizabeth Cummins, two excellent names of their respective nationalities, the former being Scotch and the latter Irish.

John Jackson, great-grandfather of Stonewall Jackson, was a blonde, strongly built and six feet tall. He was noted for his strength, both of mind and body; he was possessed of what is called good looks and a manly bearing in every relationship.

He was at the time twenty-three years of age.

His life proved him to be of that material heroes, patriots and makers of nations are made of. He was courageous, truthful, energetic, honest, prudent, and temperate. Mr. Jackson wished to go at once into the far West on his arrival at Baltimore, but as Miss Cummins would not consent to leave her friends, Mr. Jackson remained near Baltimore, living in Calvert County, Maryland.

Miss Cummins was of a family in Ireland that owned considerable property, real estate, which was not common at that period and was a privilege enjoyed by a favored few. Her mother having married a second time, Miss Cummins was very unhappy. It is related her stepfather was repulsive to her, so much so, that upon one occasion, when exasperated by him, she struck him over the head with a water-pitcher; and though this was not the gentlest manner by which to express one's indignation, the vigorous act proved effectual in her case. She was only a girl, fifteen years of age, but she possessed true Irish spirit, and this stepfather became so overbearing that she finally ran away from her home; and it was upon the occasion of her determination to forever leave her home and go to America that she met Mr. Jackson.

After making the acquaintance of Miss Cummins, Mr. Jackson learned of her present purpose and situation, and immediately offered her his hand and purse; but she declined to

accept any favors from the young man. She was well educated, of unusual intellect and self-reliance, was of true Saxon type, and in personal appearance very tall and of commanding physique. She met friends on the ship going to Baltimore, and lived with them long enough after arriving in Baltimore to pay her passage to the ship-owners, which they had advanced for her.

This young girl, a refugee from an unhappy matrimonial venture (her mother's second marriage), became the wife of a sturdy and worthy man, and the great-grandmother of one of the most prominent men in all history, Stonewall Jackson, who possessed some of her traits.

These young people soon after their marriage migrated into the northern part of Virginia, known as Moorfield Valley, taking with them stock, wagons, implements, etc. It is of interest to state here the fact that Jackson, one hundred and twelve years after, in his memorable campaign (the Romney and Moorfield campaign of 1862), which has been compared to Valley Forge, routed the invading army from the North on the lands once the property of his pioneer ancestors.

The lands of this section are notoriously fertile, but there has always been some kind of fever existing. The young couple were not content to take chances, so moved across the Alleghany Mountains to far western Virginia and settled on the Buchanan River, in a charming valley. Here they found fine timber, pure mountain water, salubrious climate, and rich lands.

The Indians were still in that portion of Virginia, but the Jacksons were ~~not~~ intimidated by their presence and remained in their new home, brave pioneers. Owing to the dangers to which settlers were subjected in this wild and remote outlying region, the lands were cheap, and this faithful couple accumulated a vast estate and laid the foundation of a large fortune.

Where they settled is now a prosperous town called Buchanan (West Virginia). When the Jacksons established themselves there the settlement was known as Fort Jackson, and consisted of log houses, stockades and forts. In time of Indian raids the settlers for miles around would take refuge

in these forts, which were built of logs and afforded safe protection.

Mrs. Jackson has left behind her many records of her bravery. The war-whoop of the savages did not cause her to quail. She would fight the Indians, we are told, "like a man," and, although a kind and gentle woman, she possessed a vigorous nature and had no patience with anything like weakness or timidity in men. She was all sympathy with women and children, but she required in men staunch courage and sterling manhood. She would soothe the frightened women and care for the terrorized children when Indians were on the war-path, but she thought nothing of doing a man's part in defending against the red man when attacking the settlement. This spirit she transmitted to her posterity.

The Jacksons manifested a proper appreciation of their advantages and, as stated, accumulated lands. It is a fact that Mrs. Jackson filled the Biblical words, "She considereth a field and buyeth it, and with the fruits of her hands she planteth a vineyard." Many grants of lands are still on record as once belonging to her, in her own right and name.

The Jacksons had an inherent love of liberty. At the age of sixty the father took his sons and went to fight for American independence in the war with England. The mother shared all the dangers of frontier life. She had the temperament of her Irish nativity, she possessed a strong spirit of resistance. Her surroundings compelled her to look upon the hardships and dangers of her new home with a trust that knows no other law than unflinching courage and fortitude.

The Jacksons were valiant; they belonged to that class of Americans who made a nation and did not fall heir to it. They labored and suffered untold privations and hardships, both feeling that their children would share the results of their sacrifices, as they grew up about them, to see the dawn of individual and national liberty. They left to their posterity that which will live among the Jacksons as long as the hills last—LOVE OF INDEPENDENCE.

As time passed and the country grew and their sons became men of affairs and leading citizens in their State, mov-

ing to their several selected homes in different parts of the country, the old couple were left partly alone on the plantation. In 1801 Mr. Jackson, then a man of eighty-six years of age, died at his son's, Col. George Jackson, at Clarksburg.

He was a man of marked ability, well-educated, and a natural leader of men. Up to the time of his death he had enjoyed excellent health. He expired in the arms of his faithful wife.

Mrs. Jackson survived her husband about twenty-five years, and up to the end retained, in a wonderful degree, her mental faculties. She died in 1825, *at the age of one hundred and five*. She lived long enough to see her tree of life flourish into the "fourth boughs." The year before her death her great-grandson, Stonewall Jackson, was born, and in the same town where she died, Clarksburg. She left an honorable record and thousands of friends to mourn her loss. Many of her descendants have become famous in the United States.

This couple of truly stalwart citizens of the new republic left, as we have said, valuable lands and estates, but most of all, they left a legacy rich in example of devotion and marital strength, sympathy and faith. Before they were called to their reward in the other world, they lived to see some of their sons receive distinguished honors at the hands of their fellow citizens, which in those days was honor indeed.

Their son George was promoted to the position of colonel in the Revolutionary War, was sent to Congress from his district, and after moving to Ohio his son, John G. Jackson, was elected as his successor in Congress and married the sister of "pretty Dolly Madison," the wife of President Madison, and upon her death, married the only daughter of the Governor of Ohio, Miss Meigs.

Judge Wm. L. Jackson a cousin of the hero, Stonewall Jackson, was Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, at a period when there was exalted honor in the position. The family has grown into thousands, including all connections, and among them are distinguished jurists, physicians, clergymen, commercialists, financiers, planters, and others who fill the walks of life with credit to the name of Jackson. During the

war for Southern Independence (called by some the Civil War, War between the States, etc.), Jackson's relatives served in the army of the Confederacy—the defenders—with great courage, notably his cousin who fell at Cedar Run, Virginia, in 1862, a colonel on Jackson's staff and who is buried near his illustrious uncle in Lexington, Virginia, Major Gittings and others.

Edward Jackson, brother of Col. George Jackson, and son of the original Jacksons, John and Elizabeth, was the grandfather of Stonewall Jackson. He located in Lewis County, Virginia (now West Virginia), near Weston. Being a civil engineer and surveyor, he amassed a comfortable fortune, as surveying was very lucrative in the early days of the Old Dominion State, Virginia. Edward Jackson married and had three sons and three daughters—one of the sons, Jonathan, was the father of Stonewall Jackson. In a second marriage of Jackson's grandfather, Edward, there were nine more children born, and among them Jackson's benefactor and lifelong friend, Cummins Jackson.

Jonathan, the father of Stonewall Jackson, was like the founder of the family, John Jackson, in personal appearance, having an excellent physique. He was a man of clear intellect and possessed a nature of characteristics combining the traits of the Irish and Scotch—generous and impulsive, but diligent in business affairs. He studied law with Hon. John G. Jackson, of whom we have spoken, and was admitted to the bar in Clarksburg, Virginia, and immediately begun the practice of law there.

Jackson took a great deal of interest in his family. He possessed what is called family pride, to a marked degree. He wrote once to his cousin, Governor Jackson, in behalf of a kinsman who was running for some public office: "I am most anxious to see our family enjoying that high standard of influence which it possessed in days of yore."

Jackson's mother was named Julia Beckwith Neale. Her family are people of prominence in West Virginia, and her parents lived at Parkersburg (then Virginia). She is described as a lady of much beauty, having dark gray eyes, soft

brown hair, wavy and abundant ; gracious in manners, attractive voice and handsome face. She was a most devoted Christian, devout and charitable ; a mother of rarest gifts of affectionate concern. She was a belle in society and one of those gentle and yet positive characters everybody loves to love—"the great and small, rich and poor, white and black, all alike, held her in highest esteem."

Just after the war for Southern Independence, Gen. R. E. Lee wrote to an aged schoolmaster who had conducted a school at Clarksburg, West Virginia, for information concerning Jackson, who had been "Lee's right arm" whom Lee leaned upon, loved and trusted. General Lee wanted to ascertain more concerning this wonderful man, Jackson. The old schoolmaster, though ninety-one years old, wrote General Lee a long and full letter about the Jacksons, the Neales, and their histories. In all there is everything to be proud of and at which to rejoice, and nothing to regret.

The school-teacher had taught Jackson's mother, Miss Julia Neale, and thus the faithful old master writes of her : "When Julia Neale became our pupil, she was about thirteen years old ; endowed with good natural mind, she soon acquired the habit of close application, and gave us no trouble in her recitations. She was rather a brunette, handsome face, and when at maturity, of medium height and symmetrical form. And now at the close of our ninety-first year, we still in memory behold her as standing before us, reciting her lessons with a pleasant smile, and also in the maturity of womanhood, when her affianced lord came to pay her homage, which soon terminated in a matrimonial alliance."

Jackson's father was a lawyer, and, like all young professional men, with comparatively limited means just starting out in life should do, he lived economically, and took his bride to their little home, a comfortable brick cottage, in Clarksburg, surrounded by a commodious plot or ground upon which it was his purpose to build a large house. The home was a happy one, and the husband and father was a model of both,—the soul of gentleness and affection.

He was a successful lawyer, particularly in the higher range

of that intellectual, literary, and skillful profession, known as the chancery practice. Unfortunately for his children and wife, his friendliness and kindness of heart lead him into the error of endorsing notes for those who took advantage of his generosity, and as some of these false friends betrayed him, and he had the monies pledged to pay; and in discharging these debts of honor for friends he lost his entire fortune and all his property.

To this devoted couple were born four children—two boys and two girls—Elizabeth, Warren, Thomas Jonathan, and Laura. These children lived happily in their home and all went well until the eldest child, Elizabeth, was taken ill and died, and her father, who nursed her in her grievous malady, soon followed his child to the grave, dying with same disease. He never left her bedside day or night and literally sacrificed his life for her. Of Jackson's immediate family, Laura (Mrs. Arnold, of West Virginia,) is the only survivor.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JACKSON. MARRIAGE AND DEATH OF
HIS MOTHER. HIS LONG WALK TO CUMMINS JACKSON'S.

We come now to our hero, Thomas Jonathan Jackson (Stonewall), and we find him at the *age of three years* a fatherless and penniless child. We take him by the hand, as it were, and lead him along, until he is large enough to lead us—as his name finally lead the whole world in fame!

We can picture him as a sweet-faced, blue-eyed child, his waving brown hair falling upon the grief-stricken breast of his young mother, widowed scarcely ere life had begun for her, and see the tears start as her weeping eyes look into her infant son's and read there the story of a life too great for her breaking heart to fathom. A child grieves by seeing others grieve. This little child knew something was wrong, and was grieved. No child passes from a great sorrow untouched. Jackson begun life in sadness.

As at least the main portion of the property belonging to Jackson's father was lost through his acts of generosity for those who abused his friendship, the family at the death of the father was in circumstances next to poverty. They had to give up the Jackson home and go to a cottage prepared for them by the Masons, in which order Jackson's father had been a prominent member and officer.

In this cottage the widowed mother taught a small school, and also did some sewing for her friends, and by means of this scanty income she managed to keep her children with her. Several members of her own and her husband's family offered her a home, but she was a woman of independent spirit and pride and did not wish to go to any of her kindred, and feel dependent. There was but one room in her little cottage home, and the inconvenience must have been great, as her girlhood and married life had been spent surrounded by comforts.

Mrs. Jackson's health prevented her continuing very long

in this cottage, and finally she consented to visit her brothers and other relatives. She was predisposed to pulmonary trouble, and the confinement, discomforts and the distress of her bereavement weighed heavily upon her.

About three years after the death of Mr. Jackson, she married Mr. B. B. Woodson, a gentleman of excellent social connection, a resident of Cumberland County. Mr. Woodson was much her senior, and while a man of purest character and generous to his stepchildren, was an impractical man, and having no other income than that created by the limited practice of his profession, law, Jackson's mother was compelled to make arrangements for her children, and she sent the boys to their relatives and kept the girl, Laura, with her.

This was a great trial for the mother and she rapidly declined in health. She had struggled to keep her children with her, and her relatives warned her against marriage, and offered her a home of her own if she would remain unmarried, but she hoped for the best and fate was against her. Another sorrow to her was the appointment of her husband to the position of clerk of court, in a county far from her relatives, and this distressed her deeply.

The scene of the parting from her little boys has been described by an eye-witness as one of the most affecting he had ever witnessed. Warren had gone to an uncle's, and Thomas's time came to leave. An old family servant of the Jackson family, "Uncle Robinson," was sent for and the child was to return with the servant on horseback. The little fellow was provided with comforts for his journey, but he was parting from his mother. This parting Jackson never forgot; it made a deep impression upon him, as he was a precocious child, and understood; he was devoted to his mother and loved her with all his nature. It is said that the parting came near breaking his mother's heart and she never was reconciled after the child left her.

Thomas was mounted on the horse behind "Uncle Robinson," who had been with him from his birth almost, as he was a slave of his father's. The moment came for the final parting of the mother from her little son, but she

called him back even after the horse had started, and again pressing her darling one to her heart, wept bitterly. Jackson went to his aunt's, and his brother, Warren, was placed at another aunt's, sisters of Jackson's father, who lived in the country.

About a year after Jackson left his mother, she died. Thus he was *an orphan at the age of seven*. He was sent to see his mother before her death, and was by her bedside when she passed away. The impression of those moments, and the prayer she uttered for her child, as he stood by her death-bed, he never forgot, and often said in after years that to his mother he owed a life of consecration to her God.

He could never speak of his mother without exhibiting deepest emotions. She was revered by all as a woman of deep convictions, earnest faith, great piety, and devoted to all matters pertaining to the life to come. Truly is a pious mother a blessing from Heaven, and to the pious mothers in the homes of our land we owe the civilization for which America is famed throughout the world.

Jackson's mother is buried in a small, out-of-way mountain burying-ground, away up in the wild, scenic regions of West Virginia, near what is known as "Hawk's Nest." Several illustrations will be given of this rugged country and a photograph of the grave of Jackson's mother has been procured and reproduced.

The Southern people should see to it without delay that the remains of the mother of their faithful defender, who gave his noble life for their cause, be placed near his at Lexington, Virginia, and we hope to see the children of the Confederacy pay this tribute to his memory by moving her remains and having erected a shaft to her memory, worthy of her patriot son. To whom of all the grand women produced on this continent should we pay more homage and honor, than the mother of America's illustrious and world-famed son, Stonewall Jackson!

In the year 1855, Jackson visited his mother's grave. He had placed over his father's grave, at Clarksburg, a handsome

tombstone and he intended to have his mother's grave suitably marked, but by one of those strange, yet most common lapses in life, he failed to do so, and in the excitement of the times and the war coming on, the intentions of her devoted son were transmitted, and to one of Jackson's faithful soldiers, Captain Ransom, of Staunton, Virginia, who loved his chief, this sacred privilege was given. Soon after the war Captain Ransom, at his own expense, placed a monument over the grave of Jackson's mother. Up to that time her grave was unmarked.

It has been said that Jackson's first serious impressions of his conversion were experienced at the time of a visit to his mother's grave, above related. There were many scenes in the life of Jackson, which, had they been transferred to canvas by the hand of a Guerry or a Devolso, would have added to the world's grandest emotional beauty and pathos.

Sublime as he was in battle, humble as he was in his lonely prayer-walks, great as he was at every moment of his illustrious life, who would not cherish a privilege so lofty as relating from personal observation, this scene—Jackson at the grave of his mother on that calm summer day, away in the listening recesses of her native mountains? Behold the young officer, who had passed the baptism of battle on the Mexican plains and won his nation's reward, weeping by the crumbling mound that marked his loved mother's last place of sleep, in mountain solitude, alone!

He has himself written: "While standing at her grave I experienced feelings to which up to that time I had been a stranger." Then, to this spot the world owes a character in its history which many declare has no parallel! Poets, sculptors, artists, authors, have thrilled the ages with their portrayals of events that seem to call to their creation the hand of Him who claims all record of His children and His creation, but where is found a scene about which all would linger—Jackson's visit to his mother's grave! There he was inspired. There the voices of heaven entered his soul. There he resolved: A resolution that has given the world a Christian soldier whose example will live to the end of time.

When a child, a bright-eyed, cherry-lipped, curly-headed mountain boy, she was to him the sweetest of all ladies, the gentlest of all people, the prettiest person in all the world. A kiss from her gave him the happiest of pleasures. Her hand alone could heal the wounds of his daily trials, her voice drive away discords of a child's fancy. Her eyes and fair cheeks were as lessons in beauty to him. He thought as the poet, "Angels are painted fair to look like thee."

But she was more than all of this to Jackson. She was his guide from evil thoughts or vicious deeds to the end of his life. To think of her, and his prayers at her knee when a child, would lead him to those realms beyond mortal ken—there he would see his mother. Thus he learned to pray. He became the greatest of all Christian soldiers the world has ever known through the influence of that pious mother.

Jackson is pictured to us by those who knew him from infancy as a child of rare beauty. He had very blue eyes, pensive and deep; his hair was curly and worn long, of a brown color not as dark as his mother's; he was formed something like his father, stout. His complexion was fair almost like a girl's, and this complexion he retained until his severe army campaigns and exposure as a soldier, imparted the tinge of sunburn. He was a very polite and gentle child. These traits never left him. He was courteous to the last moment of his life. Among his chief characteristics were his uniform urbanity and courtesy.

He was a headstrong boy, but not stubborn. He is on record as doing what no child has done before; that is, as far as we have account. He took offense at something his aunt's husband did, and the determined little fellow took his hat and left the house. He was only eight years old. Think of it, a child of his age deliberately leaving his home and going away because he felt himself imposed upon or insulted. He went to Clarksburg, to Judge Jackson's, a cousin, walked into the house and went directly to his aunt and asked her to give him some dinner, saying that he was very hungry and had just had a long walk.

His aunt was confused, but after he sat down to the table, he, without lifting up his head, said, very coolly : "Uncle and I don't agree ; I have quit him. I shall not go back any more." His kind aunt thought it only a childish whim, but could not help feeling a certain pride in the plucky little orphan. The uncle whom Jackson left was related to him only by marriage to his aunt, his father's half-sister. He was of German descent and while a man of excellent character, was not accustomed to people of Jackson's mettle, and undertook to govern the child by force. Had he appealed to Jackson's sense of conscience or affections, results would have been different. This is the respectable way to govern children. A child of proper spirit is by kindness, easily governed.

The practice of whipping and abusing children is barbarous, and only to be tolerated among savages. Nothing is more cruel and cowardly than the whipping or abusing of a helpless child, and there should be strictest laws enacted to punish any parent or person who whips or abuses a child. No school officer or teacher should be permitted to inflict corporal punishment upon a pupil. Solomon lived in an age when science was comparatively unknown. Christianity can not tolerate consistently, child-beating. Society and civilization must revolt at the thought. Kindness, sympathy, and encouragement will develop highest types of child-men and child-women.

While eating his dinner, Jackson listened to his aunt and all she had to say, but did not change his mind. He responded each time in the same words he used at first, that he had disagreed with his uncle-in-law, and he would not return to the place again. This boy was truly "father to the man."

The same firmness and resolution manifested in him as a mere child of eight was characteristic through life, and was illustrated on the last day of his brilliant career in battle when he fought the battle of Chancellorsville—his last battle—and made up his mind to flank Hooker, which flank movement is pronounced the most forceful in all military history for skill and courage and faithful execution. He defeated Hooker, and rebuked Hooker's arrogant boast recorded in history.

Jackson had another relative in Clarksburg, a cousin who

had recently married and gone to housekeeping. This was his favorite cousin and it was thought she would have some influence with the child, but she failed to change his mind in the least. He spent the night with this cousin, and the next morning, when she remonstrated with him, he replied; "No, uncle and I don't agree; I have quit him. I shall not go back any more."

But what astonished his relatives more than his action just related, and will astound the reader, as it has every one, occurred next morning when Jackson took his departure for his uncle's, Mr. Cummin Jackson, who lived *eighteen miles away*, over the mountains. This child walked this distance alone! Does the determination of a Warren Hastings or a Newton compare with this bold determination of Jackson at the age of eight?

The country about Clarksburg, West Virginia, is mountainous. The lands are productive even on the hills, while the valleys and coves are equal in fertility to any in the United States. In the time of Jackson's remarkable walk to his uncle's, over seventy years ago, the country was thinly settled, and the timber even at the present day is dense in many parts of the way over which Jackson's child feet passed.

His adventure awes one when we contemplate the entire surroundings of the event. The child could not have known fear, else he would have returned to his relatives in Clarksburg, but from accounts of his life, written and verbal, we conclude that his pride was equal to his sensitiveness, and his love for liberty and independence all-bounding. He had his mind firmly fixed that he would never submit to conditions from which he was taking a final leave, and this thought urged the brave little orphan to his goal—his uncle's, Mr. Cummins Jackson, who was always his friend.

Who reads this book and calls to mind this heroic deed of the child, will not wonder at his mastering lessons at West Point with a degree of success that astonished even his fellow students, who saw his constant labor at his books and knew how unprepared he was when he entered the Academy. Nor will they wonder at his fighting the Mexicans in overwhelm-

ing numbers—a whole regiment—with one cannon, and he managing that alone, or nearly so, or that he knew no such thing as defeat when he fought the invaders of his native country—Virginia, which he believed was wronged by the North. He knew no fear as a child, and certainly he knew no fear in battle, as he swept his foes, who often outnumbered his forces five and six to one, like chaff, from every field he met them on. He made up his mind, he felt he was right and fought to the death in that honest belief.

If the boy is parent to the man, then may be expected a determined man and a brave one to come of a boy like Jackson. His love of independence and disregard of anything like danger was largely the result of parentage and the environments of his childhood. On both sides his ancestry had lived in the far western part of Virginia, then sparsely settled, and the inhabitants were exposed to every kind of danger. Indians and wild animals were plentiful.

No one can doubt that Southern people inherit a certain degree of their confessed high courage from their ancestry, who, like Jackson's, braved for generations, the dangers and hardships of a hazardous life among savages and semi-savages, negroes, wild animals, etc. Their independence of spirit and will arises from their lordly domain.

At Mr. Cummins Jackson's was Warren, Jackson's brother. This gave Jackson a playmate as well as a brother and natural companion, which made Jackson very happy, and had it not been for the absence of his sister and the sense of his orphanage, his happiness would have been perfect. His uncle was always kind to him and his two half-aunts, who lived with Mr. Cummins Jackson, were like mothers to him.

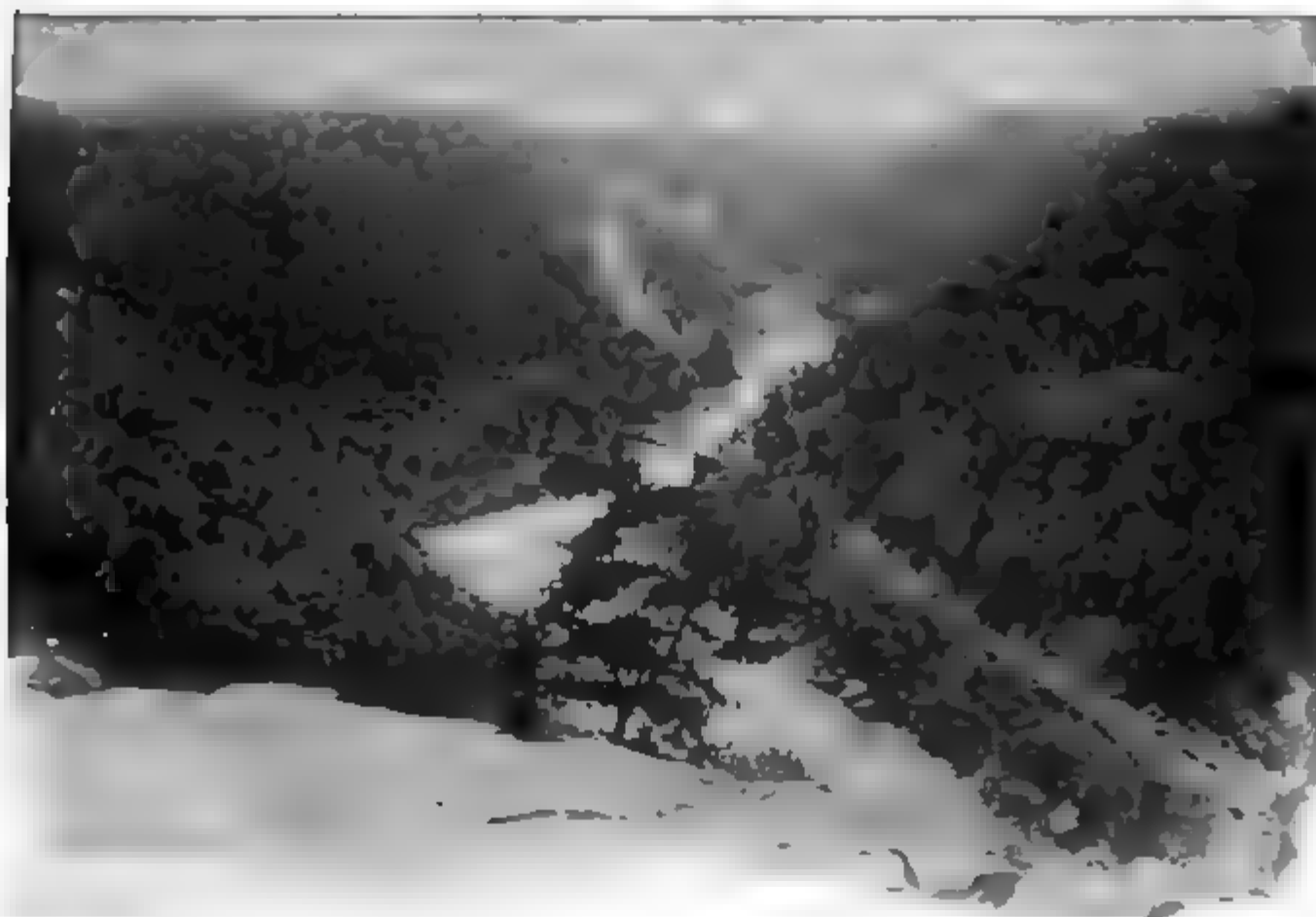
We give here a picture of the house in which Jackson spent his boyhood, also the mill where he worked as a boy and youth. Jackson is represented as being a very industrious child and youth, and was a stand-by with his uncle, who took pride in the courageous little orphan whom he loved so well.

Mr. Cummins Jackson was a planter, stock-raiser, mill-owner, lumber-manufacturer and a man of affairs generally. He was a busy man in consequence, and as he raised horses

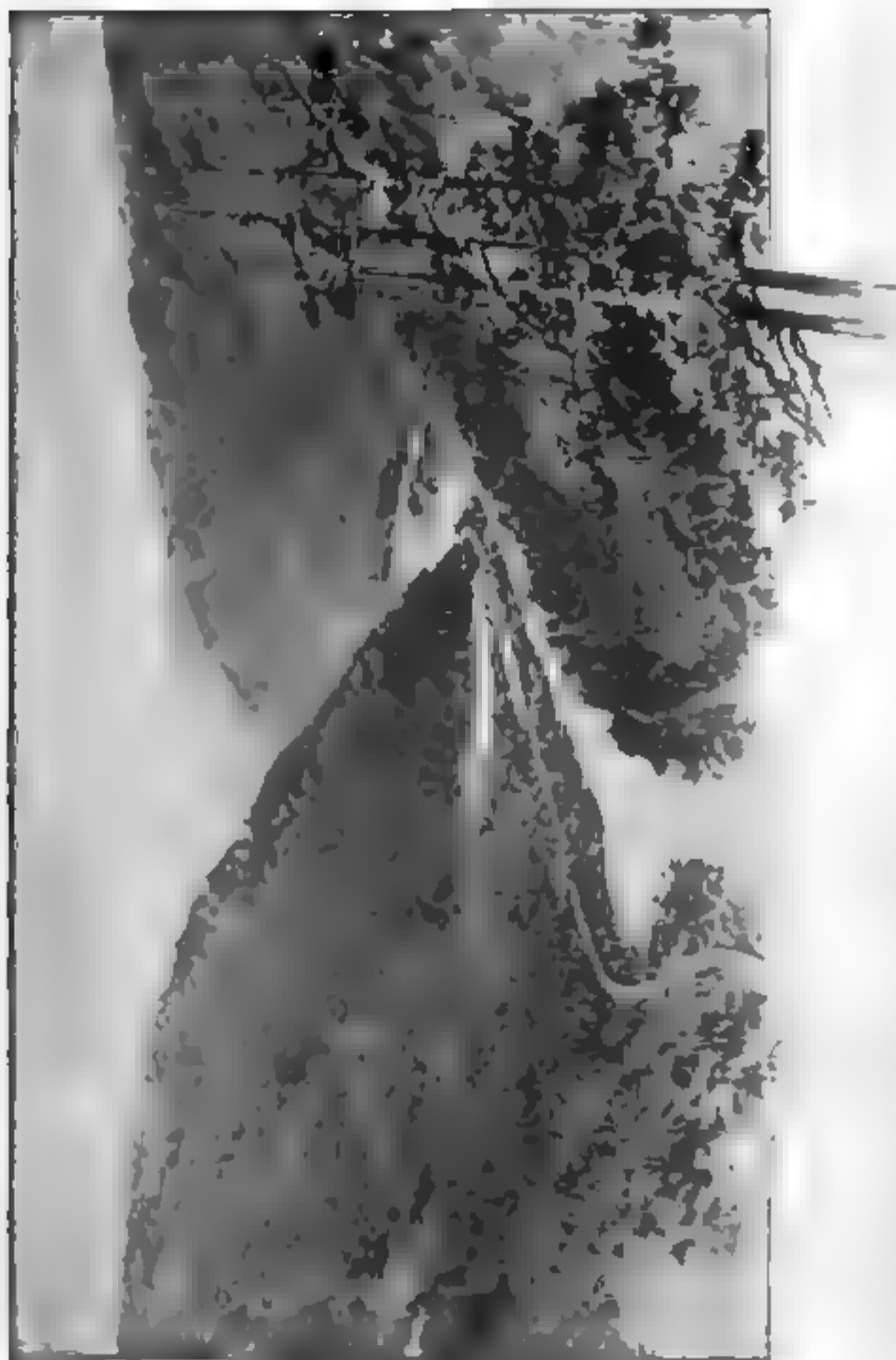


House in which Jackson's Mother Died.

Facing the grave yard and about 300 yards distant may be seen the little cottage where Jackson's mother died. Though somewhat remodeled it is about as it appeared when she died.—*Ben D. Koontz.*



In the West Virginia Mountains.—On the Scenic Chesapeake & Ohio R. R.



"Hawk's Nest" on New River, West Virginia, Near Burial Place of Jackson's Mother.

This grand Scenery is on the C & O. R. R. in West Virginia.



New River near Jackson's Mother's Grave, On C. & O R. R.
West Virginia Division.



C & O. R. R. near Ansted, where Jackson's Mother Died.

"Here Lies
JULIA BECKWITH NEALE,
Born
Feb. 28th, 1798,
In Loudon County, Va.
Married First,
JONATHAN JACKSON.
Second,
BLAKE B. WOODSON.
Died September, 1831.

To the Mother of
"STONEWALL JACKSON,"
A last tribute from
One of His Old Brigade."



Grave of Jackson's Mother.

and cattle for the markets, he was often away from home. He was for that day and time, a rich man, lived well and enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most influential men in that section of Virginia. He was not, however, like Jackson's father, in that he was not a religious man. He was upright, honorable, and a good citizen. Was fond of amusements, and these took the shape mainly of racing horses, which, as is well known, was in the early days of Virginia a great sport and indulged in by the foremost men of the time. Jackson used to ride races for his uncle, and when a boy only twelve years of age, there was, according to the old men who remember Jackson, and who tell of his boyhood life, no rider who could excel him. His uncle owned many horses; and nothing pleases a boy as much as a spirited horse, especially to be allowed to race one. Jackson was full of spirit and he is said to have thoroughly enjoyed racing his uncle's horses, and never allowed them to lose, if good riding could prevent.

Mr. Cummins Jackson was a large man, resembling the Cummins side of the Jackson family, his grandmother having been six feet tall and very large. He showed too the Cummins and Jackson powers of resistance and will to fight for one's rights, even to litigate. He loved excitement and took part in political races at times, not because of any personal interest particularly, but for the love of the tilt and to do some personal friend a favor. A man was considered fortunate who won his good will in a political contest, as his candidates usually won. He bore no malice, was notoriously liberal and was a benefactor to many in need, and was adored by his neighbors. He is said to have been a harsh enemy when once convinced a person intended to injure him. He was the fond patron of Stonewall Jackson, and for this, his countrymen owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude.

As stated, Mr. Cummins Jackson was not a religious man; that is, he is said to have been respectfully indifferent to religion. It must be remembered that seventy years ago, in that remote part of the country, the cause of religion was not

as fully advocated as to-day, and then too, with all due respect to the good men who at that time, in the distant West, labored in the vineyard of the Lord, they were not likely of such mould as would reach a man of Mr. Jackson's calibre, and thus probably, his early training was neglected in the dire claims of a severe frontier life. Under this man's influence Jackson passed that period in which he most needed moral and religious training—the age of childhood and early youth.

He had scarcely any church privileges or religious training; but at the knee of his sainted mother, he had received the blessings of her prayers, and at her death-bed she had passed to him her dying legacy—a firm and beautiful faith in Christ which never deserted him. Although he had no one to counsel, warn, and cheer him after she was gone or with the same degree of love and interest, he never strayed from the path into which she had turned his feet, and his life of innocence and freedom from vice, wickedness, and malice, is a monument to her, but casts no shadow upon those kind friends who cared for him and who watched over him, a tender, orphan child. That he had careful training his life clearly proves, but naturally, had his surroundings been more to the note that ever sounded in his childish heart, he would have been likely as eminent a minister of the gospel as he was a warrior and Christian soldier.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY RESPONSIBILITIES. SCHOOL DAYS. BOYHOOD AND CHARACTERISTICS.

We are told that Jackson's uncle treated him more like a companion than a child, and confided in him many of his affairs. At an early age his uncle assigned duties to him that made him self-reliant; and a picture of the mill, which was the largest in that country, is given. The dilapidated appearance is due to age and neglect. Steam-mills have supplanted these old water-power mills.

Here Jackson was often in charge when only a lad scarcely in his teens. He knew his uncle's affairs better than any one else, and no doubt the duties and confidence bestowed by his august relative, made Jackson appreciate confidence and duty in after-life. One of his characteristics was his care in all matters, small or great, his deliberation and minute consideration of subjects and affairs.

Jackson, too, was noted for his reticence, and this no doubt was the result of early responsibilities and the value he attached to secrecy in matters requiring business tact and care. All who came in contact with Jackson were impressed by the calm repose marking him as an auditor; and the precise, prudent and thoughtful replies he would make. Quick as a flash when called upon suddenly to *act*, he was equally slow in giving an opinion upon matters coming under his observation, in a casual way. In other words, Jackson was rather a man of action and self-confidence, than one given to words.

The educational advantages of the child were very meagre. His uncle sent him to the "old-field school" and there he showed the trait of intellect that marked him through life. There was not that action and excitement in letters necessary to bring the latent forces of his being into play, and he staggered under the droll of text rote. Like the eminent statesman, Webster, the schoolroom could not develop those forces

within him that action brought to the front, and that made him as a man of action, unsurpassed. Many who are accounted dull in their classes dazzle the world when the time comes for action, and the quality of their minds are called into exercise upon original propositions and occasions.

He was a determined little fellow and labored over his books faithfully. In all studies but arithmetic, he was unable to keep up with his classes. In arithmetic, none surpassed him. If he was not prepared to recite a lesson he would say so, and was often a day behind his schoolmates in the class lessons. When asked to recite his lessons, if he did not know them as well as he thought he should, he would confess the fact before the entire school and next day would be prepared. Would tell his teacher he did not know anything about "*that* lesson" as he had not gotten to "*that* one," but would recite the one he had failed on the day before.

Nothing would induce him to skip a lesson or make mere guesses at it, and he would not tell a lie even as a child, or pretend to know or do something that he knew nothing about. He was a painstaking student as a child, and when he knew a lesson he knew it, and there was no mistaking the tact.

An instance of his determination is related by an old acquaintance who knew him well. Once at the school he was engaged during recess in making what all country children have seen, a corn-stalk fiddle. The bell rang, terminating the recess, but Jackson worked on and did not heed the signal. His sister was sent out for him but he refused to go into the schoolroom, and not until the teacher came for him would he abandon his fiddle-making. He told the teacher, "wait till I finish this fiddle," but being compelled to go into the schoolroom, immediately upon the closing of the school for the day he resumed his task, making the toy fiddle.

At that period, owing to the scarcity of labor and scholars, the schools were sparse and were taught only a few months during the year, and these months were in the winter, as the children were required to work in the fields. Slaves

were, with few exceptions, not taken to that region and nearly all labor was performed by the white people.

Jackson must have possessed a fondness for the violin, as he learned to play the violin when very young, his favorite tune bring a popular air of the day, known as "Napoleon's Retreat." He was a great admirer of Napoleon; and his life, in some respects, especially the military experiences, has been often compared to Napoleon's. In our childhood and youth we often imitate unconsciously those whose lives impress us. "Lives of great men all remind us," etc., was not written in idle thought by America's poet.

Another instance of the determination of Jackson in his childhood is illustrated by his disposition to overcome all obstacles. On his uncle's farms were forests of trees and among them many sugar-maple trees. These trees in the spring or late winter emit a sap, which, when prepared properly, makes a delicious table syrup and confection. The sap is obtained by boring holes in the trees, into which holes a tube made of thin bark is inserted, this tube acting as a syphon. Jackson was expert even as a child in making these succiferous appliances. The sap is caught up in vessels of any convenient kind, usually buckets, and is boiled in pots until the proper consistency is obtained, when it is deposited in barrels, kegs, jugs and bottles, and shipped to all parts of the country and sold as maple syrup. By boiling the sap longer the reduction reaches the consistency of sugar, and while warm is run into various kinds of moulds, forming what is called cakes. This product is known as maple sugar and is popular.

Jackson and his sister would roam over the fields and hills of their uncle's farms, and in maple-sugar season they were very busy in making sugar and syrup. These trees, the sugar-trees, were some distance from the residence and beyond a creek or stream, so Jackson made a bridge himself, with his little sister's aid, and they used it in all their trips to and from the trees and their operations there. They got the sap, boiled it themselves, and conducted their own enterprises.

It is notable that this bridge was a credit to a child much older than Jackson; but when he was called on in after years.

to cross streams with his army, and the streams required bridging, he was not at a loss to build them and aided in person in their construction. He made one bridge over the Shenandoah River, the day he defeated both Fremont and Shields of the invading army, and built its supports with the running gear of wagons.

Jackson was a boy in every fibre of his being. He loved to hunt, shoot, trap, and fish. He drove oxen "like a man." He broke horses and oxen, and trained them to work. He had bird-traps, snares, deadfalls, with which he caught game, and fish-baskets that he would fix in the streams and catch fish. He and his sister hunted together and caught many rabbits jointly.

They would often run the rabbit into a hollow log, and he would place his sister Laura at one end and by means of sticks, split so as to catch the rabbit's hair or fur, would often get them out alive. This requires perseverance, as all know who have tried the experiment. Some of his soldiers during the war, who knew something of Jackson's boyhood ways, said he was delighted when he got his foe, the invaders, "in a hollow log, and stopped up both ends."

A story is related of Jackson when about eleven years of age. He was a "steady fisher" in the parlance of the mountaineers; and a gentleman in the neighborhood one day, noticing the child's determination and desiring to encourage him, said: "Tom, I want to buy all the fish you catch this season. I will pay you ten cents for small fish, and all over one-foot long I will pay you fifty cents apiece for." The bargain was agreed upon, and regularly the fish were caught and delivered.

On one occasion the little fellow caught a pike—a fine mountain-fish, measuring two feet in length. Some men seeing the child going to deliver his fish, noticed this specimen of rare size, and offered him one dollar for the pike. The offer was refused with the explanation that he had agreed to sell all his fish to his regular customer. Two dollars was finally offered, doubtless more in a spirit of humor, and to test the faith of the child. This was refused.

The youthful fisher continued his way to his patron and

delivered the fish. His patron, remarking upon the size of the splendid pike, offered him a dollar instead of the usual fifty cents price for one-foot fish, but Jackson refused to accept it saying. "Some of the fish you paid me fifty cents for, were not quite a foot long, and this one will make up the difference." Taking the fifty cents, he left.

This instance in the life of Jackson bears out the words contained in a letter received some years since, from Ex-Senator Camden, of West Virginia. Referring to Jackson, the senator wrote: "The man developed the characteristics of the boy."

The three orphans, Warren, Thomas, and Laura, were by the generous consideration of Mr. Cummins Jackson, kept from being separated, and the three lived in contentment together. Warren was not a child of as tractable nature as his younger brother Thomas, and he did not like school or the idea of being dependent.

CHAPTER IV.

JACKSON PLAYS ROBINSON CRUSOE ON A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ISLAND, WHEN A BOY UNDER TEN YEARS OF AGE.

Warren was aware of his brother's inclination to see something of the world and that he was not fond of the commonplace, and monotony of the old-field school, so the elder brother used his influence, and persuaded Thomas to do that which he afterwards regretted. Jackson felt it his duty to attend school and was faithful in the application imposed by same, and while he never missed a day from his class, that feeling of independence and resistance against dependence, which no doubt, Warren inflamed, caused him to run away from his uncle's before the opening of the next term of school.

While Jackson may never have forgiven himself for this indirect desertion—yet it must be remembered that he was a child, was devoted to his brother, fond of adventure and was allured by the pictures so intensely attractive to a boy's mind, and he yielded. Then, too, he inherited, though doubtless in a minor degree, impulsiveness from his most amiable and gentle mother.

Ingratitude could not have crossed the child's heart. He was too young to know about this element in human nature so few escape when life advances, and the forgetfulness which is so convenient where obligation is involved. Jackson was too young to consider other than the bright and alluring pictures his brother's boyish eloquence and his own imagination and fancy placed before him.

This consideration of the feature ingratitude, and of the remarkable adventure in the life of Jackson here following, is mentioned because Jackson was a most devoted, considerate, and grateful friend, and he could not have been capable, in his extreme youth, of considering ingratitude towards his noble benefactor, Mr. Cummins Jackson. Jackson was a thought-

ful child; his brother, Warren, was of a different temperament, as subsequent events show. Jackson if at the age of his brother, Warren, when they ran away from their uncle, would never have indulged the impulse, matters not how thrilling the thought of seeing the great world beyond the mountains.

The two runaways, after making their journey over the mountainous country, finally reached their uncle's at Parkersburg, West Virginia. This uncle was Mr. Neale, a planter who owned an island in the Ohio River. He was their mother's brother, and lived a great distance from Mr. Cummins Jackson's, and this distance these children covered all alone and on foot. The country to this day is not what would be called a thickly inhabited region, and at that time was wild and thinly settled.

Mr. Neale, like Mr. Cummins Jackson, was a man of affairs. He was attached to these orphan boys and at once put them at school. Warren in a short time spread his wings to fly. He took his little brother with him, as Thomas would not desert him. He was never known in all his life to desert a friend, and when he left his Uncle Cummins, he certainly did not look upon his leaving as desertion. He may have felt the act an imprudent departure.

They went down the Ohio River on boats, seeking as best they could a livelihood, until they got into the Mississippi River. Finally they landed on an island, and, though one was only twelve and the other about nine, they took a contract to cut cord-wood for the steamers on the river. Their island was off the southwestern part of the Kentucky shore.

They lived in a deserted cabin and were entirely alone on the island; regular Robinson Crusoe life as far as their surroundings were concerned. Their music was the moaning winds in the tall cottonwood-trees, the surging of the river and the song of swamp-birds. Occasionally, a steamer would stop to take on wood and then the boys would see something of the signs of life in the world without. They were veritable little wood-choppers and they were sole inhabitants of that island.

How they managed their cuisine, boudoir, and toilet they

never gave account. In fact, neither would tell much of the routine or details of their life on this desolate spot. Many times they must have sighed for the comforts and beauty of their uncle's home. Many times thoughts of the green hills of far-away Virginia, and "the tender touch of a hand that is gone and a voice forever stilled," must have scored pain upon their tender memory.

The future held for these frail orphan boys but a glimmer of light. Truants hover under clouds that are difficult to expel. Few of us who have attempted in childhood to pass beyond home and its environments, and escape what we imagined were restrictions unduly administered, but felt, before the experiment had progressed to within range of our great expectations, that we had better have borne the ills we had than fly to others we knew not of. To these two boys their experiment began to assume serious aspects, and they realized that, instead of being heroes in the great struggle of life, that they were helpless, disappointed exiles, self-constituted, nevertheless.

The rude roustabouts of the rough river boats that passed the island, on which these boys had taken up their abode, little thought when they saw the pale-faced urchin at the boat-landing, delivering cord-wood his own hands had helped to cut, that he was destined to be the crown-prince in that sphere where heroes and heroes only are permitted to enter; or when they plied the little fellow with their jokes, that the time would come when they would hear of him as the greatest man in history, as a Christian soldier and military genius. But such is American fortune, the possibilities of the boys in this land are not limited; if they do their duty there is no power to keep them from fame and honor and their just reward. So with the immortal Jackson.

The effects of malaria in the swampy islands soon begun to show upon the health of both the boys, especially Warren, and having contracted chills and fever during their several months' stay, Jackson decided to "take the lead" this time himself, and told his brother they must leave that place, and by the next boat that stopped, which they did.

He was alone, practically. His brother was suffering and languishing in the throes of a malignant fever, and he himself wasting in ill health from the exposed life he had lead. Alone, waiting, watching, in the wretched silence and solitude of a dismal jungle, the river island, we contemplate him as the subject of solicitude, even at this remote day, when we think of the loss the world would have sustained had he been of less determined mold.

Can we wonder as we read of Jackson, when, upon the eve of battle, going out into the night and communing with his God, that those great waves of sadness that seemed to sweep over his profound heart, were billowed up by the memory of those hours on that desolate island, in the wilderness of anguish, when in his boyish but brave heart, while there alone, he faced the fitful possibilities of human frailty.

The boys arrived at their uncle's, Mr. Alfred Neale, and after enjoying his lavish hospitality for some time went to their father's relatives. Warren went to his aunt's, Mrs. Brake's, where he was gladly received and Jackson went again to his uncle's, Mr. Cummins Jackson. He too was welcomed heartily. The meeting is said to have been very affecting between the uncle and nephew and Jackson never left his uncle again until he went to West Point Military Academy years after.

Warren's health gradually gave away from the effects of the disease contracted in the swampy island and the worst phaze of a malaria seized him, namely pneumonia, and finally consumption. Jackson went to see his brother often, but when the end seemed near he went after their sister, Laura, who had gone to live with another relative in Wood county and they went to see Warren—a long journey, and taken on horseback. Warren did not live a great while after his brother and sister came. He died at the age of eighteen.

His sickness had softened his heart and he was no longer a wayward boy, but became a devoted Christian and died in the true faith of his fathers. By the death of Warren only the two children were left, Jackson then about fifteen and Laura about thirteen years of age. They returned to their

separate homes, and after this they saw little of each other. This separation from his sister was the source of Jackson's greatest sorrow. He loved his sister and the first money he ever earned, amounting to anything, he saved and purchased her a silk gown with it.

The ill effects of his experience on the island soon passed away and Jackson entered a private school taught near his uncle's mill, by a Mr. Ray, a school from which went some of the most prominent men who have figured in Virginia history. Here Jackson showed great application, but experienced the same difficulty in preparing his lessons that he felt at the former school. He gained the reputation of being a boy full of the right kind of spirit; was quick to resent an insult, and would fight any boy that undertook to insult him or offer him any indignity.

Nothing of a quarrelsome or fussy nature, he would nevertheless handle summarily any one who offended his pride or attempted to impose upon him oftener than the first experience. It is related of him that during his entire school days, when the habit among boys was to "fight for the fun of it," he never was known to pick a quarrel or begin a conflict, but once in it, *he never was known to be conquered*. He had a high regard for the rights of others, but promptly brooked interference with his affairs and rights. In a fight a boy might pound him, scratch or bite to his content, *but Jackson never surrendered*. He kept on with his fight until the adversary gave in. The fight over, he was ready to shake hands and begin a new relationship or resume the old friendship.

He loved to run foot-races, play ball, and other games of sport. The ball game in that day was called "town ball;" there was another game called "bull pen." The latter was decidedly more severe than any ball game of this day, football not excepted. He was a swift runner and a good wrestler. His schoolmates say that he was invariably selected as captain in the ball games, and whether from their admiration of their illustrious schoolmate or not, they tell us that Jackson's side never was defeated. And as he grew older he became an expert fox-hunter, and while never what would be called a

graceful horseman, was one of the kind that no horse could dislodge. He had his own hounds for fox and deer hunting.

As a gallant, he was notoriously courteous, but did not devote much time in the company of the gentler sex. He was fond of dancing and attended the country dances frequently and had the reputation of being an average dancer in matter of skill. He was ever deferential to all members of the female sex, without exception. Once when a mere boy, while on the way to school with other boys and girls traveling the same road, a boy offended one of the little girls. Jackson demanded without a moment's delay that the boy apologize; the boy hesitated and Jackson then *ordered* him to apologize and when the boy refused Jackson flew at him "like an infuriated tiger," and before he knew what had happened Jackson had him completely whipped and he was glad enough to have Jackson, though much smaller than his adversary, to "let him up," when he promptly apologized to the Virginia miss. He was a born cavalier and his sense of resentment, loyalty and friendship was to him paramount to every selfish consideration or thought. His sympathy was ever with the weaker—the "under dog" was the one he selected as his.

A visit to the old home neighborhood of Jackson is refreshing in the soothing melodies of a sweet memory. Every one around his old "stamping grounds" vies to do honor to "Tom Jackson." We could fill a small book with various relations, stories, of his experiences as a child and youth in that beautiful mountain region where he spent his early days, among those who love to tell of him and everything connected with him. There stands the house where he lived with his benefactor, his kind uncle and aunts, the mill at which he worked many months for his uncle, the fields where he played in childhood's innocent pastime, a thousand objects sacred to the memory of the glorious son, of his devoted people!

CHAPTER V.

DEPUTY-SHERIFF AT AGE OF EIGHTEEN. HIS OLD BLACK-SMITH FRIEND. WEST POINT LOOMS UP.

The days of childhood's charm begun to wane. Jackson felt that he must do something for himself and not tax his uncle, who, though the soul of generous hospitality and for whom Jackson delighted to labor, like Jackson, had a great deal of spirit, and he was glad when his nephew told him he was going to "strike out" for himself and try and get the position of deputy-sheriff, then vacant. Jackson was only eighteen years of age and the law requires an officer to be twenty-one years of age, but his uncle had influence and Jackson was very popular.

He had the courage all knew. One night when he was returning from the village just before he was made an officer, the following took place: The night was quite dark as Jackson came along. An object sprang into the road, white, frisky and gruesome; the horse shied. Jackson whipped and spurred his horse on by the manufactured ghost and for a ghost the results were severe. "The joke was not again repeated on Tom."

The position of deputy-sheriff was not one calculated to suit the temperament of a youth like Jackson, but the pay would be of service to him and the position might lead to something better. He was appointed, and acted as constable or deputy-sheriff. The duties required an iron nerve, for the country was rather frontier in its tendencies, and there was more or less lawlessness and "tough characters" to deal with. Jackson knew all this and liked the excitement. The position at that time, too, was one of more importance than at present and a better class of men, as a rule, were employed.

There were some duties connected with it that are always offensive to a person of refined feelings, that of debt collecting by force. No one who possesses acute sensibilities can with

certainty rely upon his relishing the idea of inflicting hardships upon delinquent debtors by enforcing legal fiats; and so Jackson soon found that something more in keeping with his nature and inclinations, as a man above the common place things of life, would better suit him, and he resigned. Before doing so, however, and before he had been initiated in the devious ways of some chronic debtors, he pledged to a client of one of the magistrates, for whom Jackson had to serve papers, a certain debt.

It seems that Jackson told the man—the creditor—he would have his money for him on a certain day. He did this on the promise of the debtor. The day came and Jackson found that promises are sometimes rather brittle in financial matters. He paid the creditor, however, promptly on the appointed day from his own funds, and then watched his chance to get his money from the debtor.

The man who had broken his plight with Jackson came riding into town some days after upon a fine horse and with the air of a man who never owed a farthing in all his life; but Jackson knew one person he owed, and he walked up to him and accosted him without any preliminary; the man undertook to scare Jackson. Just here he counted on too much from his candid presumptuousness, for Jackson took hold of the bridle-reins and deliberately took the man and horse into a stable near-by, or would have done so, had not the door been too low.

Jackson, fully angered by this time, both at the man's trying to deceive him and then attempting to scare him, would not release the hold upon the man's horse until the money was paid.

He did not long hold the position and as the duties were irksome in many respects and by no means congenial, Jackson was glad to leave it. While he occupied it he made an excellent officer and was faithful in every part of the duties of the position.

A few may imagine that such an experience is calculated to make a man severe and heartless. This is a mistake. True the sheriffs see the seamy side of life, but they have it is their

power to do much good and many of them take advantage of this. A president of the United States was once a sheriff, and no doubt some things he learned while in that position taught him to sympathize, aid and lean to the unfortunate in life, who are abused, and rough ridden by those unworthy to live in the same world. The experience as deputy-sheriff in those wild mountains often made Jackson rely upon himself in moments of danger, and exercise consideration for unfortunate persons.

In the year 1842 there lived in the quiet little village, Weston, Virginia (now West Virginia), a German who plied the trade of blacksmithing. This industrious man always found time to talk to his customers, and in those days when there was but little to interest the public—there being but few newspapers, and the country thinly settled—it is natural that blacksmiths, where all kinds of travelers often stopped to have smithing work done, water their stock, exchange greetings, etc., should be gatherers and dispensers of neighborhood and general occurrences and news.

There being no railroads in that section, in 1842, travel by stage-coach and private conveyance was the sole means of transportation. Long routes extended from old or eastern Virginia over the mountains through Weston to Lewis county, then a large territory, larger than the State of Connecticut, of which Clarksburg was the county-seat; consequently considerable numbers passed this good old German's shop. Nearly everyone during a voyage by horse delights to hold conversation with these country blacksmiths and repairmen even to this day. The pleasure of listening to the stories of the masters of these establishments and the telling of same seems mutual. They are fond of telling all they know, enlarging upon what they do not know, and entertain their callers with a piquant and picturesque charm, their gossip being peculiar to these quaint oases in horse-travel.

Thus it happened one bright afternoon, while young Jackson's uncle, Mr. Cummins Jackson, was returning from the village Weston, seventeen miles from Mr. Jackson's home, he stopped to chat with this friendly man of the anvil and bel-



**Jackson's Sixteen-mile Walk Alone, Through the Mountains,
at Eight Years of Age.**



**Cummins Jackson House.
(Where Jackson spent his boyhood.)**



As a "Runaway." On the Island in Mississippi River.



Old Mill where he Worked when a Lad. In the Mountains of West Virginia



Entering "West Point," U. S. Military Academy.



lows, who was doing some work on a broken piece of mill machinery belonging to Mr. Jackson.

The blacksmith told Mr. Jackson of the current talk concerning a young man who had been appointed from that section to the United States Military Academy at West Point and had relinquished his appointment and returned to his home. After commenting upon the indiscretion of the young man for not holding his West Point appointment, he proceeded to suggest to Mr. Jackson to speak to "Tom" and urge him to "strike out" for the vacancy. Like everyone else he was fond of "Tom Jackson" and desired to advance his fortunes in life.

It was late in the evening when Mr. Cummins Jackson returned to his home. At a convenient moment he called his nephew and related to him the conversation he had with the blacksmith and commended the suggestion of their old German friend to Jackson's favorable consideration. Jackson was not long in deciding; in fact, immediately concluded to act upon the opportunity and discussed the important suggestion for several hours with his uncle. To this simple-minded mountaineer, Jackson's blacksmith friend, is due, in a measure, the chance that brought him before the world and finally the very zenith of fame.

Popularity of the right kind is one of the most valuable possessions one can claim, and it will be noticed that through the career of Jackson as a child, youth, soldier, professor, and commander of a great army, he was universally popular. His popularity was not of the kind that rests upon any uncertainty in the estimate men place upon their fellow man. His was a popularity that fastens itself upon the mind and heart of all who appreciate noble and lasting traits of character.

The reputation that Jackson bore at that time when a constable under a mountain sheriff, in a country rugged in its every aspect, the topography, climate, hardships, and general lack of the refinements that are possessed by its present inhabitants, required that the men be themselves like their natural surroundings—rugged—imparted to Jackson elements of strength and force, that made him conspicuous as a type worth:

to represent the stalwart citizens, living on the western slope of the Old Dominion State.

He bore a reputation for truth, courage and honesty, sagacity, alertness, application, vigilance, and perseverance, that won for him the esteem of the high and lowly. This old blacksmith admired Jackson. He saw in him the essentials of greatness. The secretary of war, before whom he appeared an almost unlettered and untutored applicant for appointment to the government's military training-school, saw in Jackson indications of material that would make for the country, an able and brave soldier and commended him without hesitation.

There were many young men in the community who had enjoyed many advantages in the way of preparation for the appointment to West Point that Jackson had been unable to receive because of his comparative poverty, but this blacksmith knew Jackson and loved him, and, as we have said, met in him the man for the call. Likely no one else would have spoken of the vacancy, not, however, because of any lack of interest in Jackson or admiration for him, and the chance would have passed Jackson, to the injury of example, his great career has afforded.

Goldsmith, whose estimate of friendship has so frequently been quoted by those who feel that friendship is but a myth, did not add to the charm of life by his morose condemnation of the highest and purest emotion of which the human heart is capable—friendship. We should make friends, and in making friends, it is not necessary that we take them into all the secret confidences of the heart; but by word or deed, some act of kindness—the one touch of nature that makes the world akin—is too frequently shunned, slighted or ignored, when by allowing its tranquil and solacing influence to mould our thoughts into pleasant words and the motion of our hands into friendly beckoning, instead of repulsing, outturned palm, would win to our life friends from all climes, conditions, and aspirations.

Frequently an humble person, for whom we have done some kind or friendly act, or to whom we have uttered a pleasant word, may be the means of placing us in the way of many

good things, repaying us tenfold. But never make friends merely to use them in some way ; to do so, is abuse of the sacred privilege ingenuous nature has appointed to us—a gift of priceless worth—friendship.

The next morning after the talk with his uncle concerning the application for West Point, Jackson “struck out” for Weston, there to see a gentleman he hoped would aid him with his books in preparing for the examination necessary for entrance at the United States Military Academy. This gentleman, Mr. Edmiston, was a lawyer, afterwards judge. Then begun the task of procuring influence with and through which to obtain the coveted appointment. He was aware of his great lack of preparation in the matter of education, and knew considerable influence would therefore be required.

He went to the court officials of the county in which he resided and each official cheerfully added his endorsement to a strong letter commending him as a brave, truthful and industrious lad—three essentials to the making of a great soldier, and appreciated by the government in men who are to represent the people in the hour of crises, when war is upon them.

Jackson went next to a prominent lawyer, who was distantly related to him, and possessed influence throughout the State. This lawyer, in order to impress upon Jackson the gravity of his ambition and the importance of the position to which he aspired, candidly told him that his imperfect education was an almost insurmountable barrier. He was, it is related, rather critical in his remarks concerning the lad’s desire.

Jackson’s countenance evinced his mortification for a moment, but he lifted that brave brow and, looking the lawyer in the face, said : “I know that I shall have the application necessary to succeed, I hope that I have the capacity ; at least I am determined to try, and I wish you to help me to do this.” Without a moment’s hesitation the letter was written, a strong one at that, full of the praises he deserved for genuine merit. These letters were all sent to Washington to Mr. Hays, the congressman of the district in which Jackson lived.

Mr. Hays replied promptly, which is not the usual custom

with present day congressmen, assuring his young friend of his aid in furthering his ambition. This was highly complimentary of the orphan boy, for the position was one greatly sought by the best young men of the country, and being a political appointment, more or less, the action of Mr. Hays in favor of young Jackson is worthy of note.

The young man who had been appointed, and who had turned his back on West Point by his act, made Jackson's application more noteworthy, as he, Jackson, had to overcome what prejudices that might have gathered about any appointment from Mr. Hays's district.

A bad example is not favorable to those who have to follow as successor, and we should never do or say anything by which we may cause others to suffer. Jackson's predecessor gave up to his self-ease and was not willing to abide by the discipline of the military school. Jackson eagerly sought a chance to endure all for the sake of an education. That he possessed martial spirit or military ambition at the time is not unlikely.

CHAPTER VI.

LEAVES FOR UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY. HIS FIRST YEAR AT WEST POINT.

Acting upon the principle that if one wants a thing well done it is wise to perform such thing in person and not trust to others, Jackson left his uncle's as soon as he heard from Mr. Hays and went to Washington to help his cause all he could in person. He made a hasty preparation, borrowing a pair of saddle-horses from a friend and a negro to bring them back ; he hastened to overtake the stage-coach that ran between Parkersburg via Clarksburg to Winchester, Virginia, and thence to Washington. His garments were of common country homespun woolen, his hat the kind worn by the average mountaineer of the present day, low crowned and broad brimmed, *the rest of his clothing was put in a pair of old weather-beaten saddlebags.*

Fancy a young man of this day and generation having the courage to start to the capitol at Washington, to seek an appointment to West Point Academy, prepared in so crude a manner as was this lad. And yet there are boys in America who have the personal independence to do so. Certain it is Jackson had.

When he reached Clarksburg, about eighteen miles from his uncle's, the stage-coach had gone, but he hastened to follow and caught it at the next stopping-place. He took passage and reached Washington in due time. Upon arrival at Washington he lost no time in going direct to Mr. Hays, and was kindly received. Jackson had not even taken time to remove the stains of travel, but asked to be taken at once to the Secretary of War and procure his appointment.

The Secretary of War is a member of the President's cabinet and has considerable authority, and his position gives him high rank among the leading men in the administration of the business of the government ; therefore, this young farmer lad was

to stand in the presence of a man who had it in his power to decide his fate and either send him to West Point or back to his home in the hills of Western Virginia. The moment came, and entering the presence of the Secretary of War of the United States, this lad at one glance, won the admiration of the official.

Mr. Hays explained to the Secretary young Jackson's hardships in life and his failure to obtain educational advantages for want of means, but vouched for Jackson's will and good character and told the Secretary all about his family and the lad himself, personally.

The Secretary, however, wished to try something of the young applicant's metal, and plied him with several rather severe questions. A gentleman present at the interview described it as "gruff and heroic, but with the grit of 'Old Hickory,' this young Jackson was neither to be bluffed or driven from his purpose." In giving him his appointment the Secretary said, "Sir, you have a good name. Go to West Point and the first man who insults you knock him down and charge it to my account."

His friend, Mr. Hays, invited him to stay a while in the city, as his guest and see something of Washington, but the eagerness of the appointee to reach the school caused him to decline; remarking that as the classes at the Academy were going on with their studies, he wanted to get to West Point at once.

Mr. Hays encouraged this spirit of energy and at the request of Jackson, he took him to the top of the Capitol and from the unfinished dome, Jackson had a view of the beautiful panorama stretched out before him. He told Mr. Hays he was ready now to continue his journey to school, and they descended.

Mr. Hays was so impressed with his young appointee's calm determination to lose no time, and feeling that he would need some aid at the Academy in the examination for entrance, that he wrote the authorities at West Point a letter in which he told them of Jackson's excellent character and courageous spirit, and asked that due allowance be made for the limited

education and preparation of the candidate. The letter accomplished the desired effect, and Jackson was admitted. There is likely not a parallel instance in the history of the Academy.

Only a very short time had passed since the evening his uncle told him of his chance to go to West Point, where he had longed to be. He had overcome defective preparation, the embarrassment of a meagre supply of clothing, etc., and obtained the prize. This was in the month of June, 1842. Now we leave him to work out his experiment at the strict military school; his friends had assisted him, hereafter he must rely upon himself. He did all of this, and thoroughly.

A distinguished soldier who was at the Academy when Jackson arrived has written some of his impressions when he first saw this new appointee. Among other things he says: "He was apparently about twenty years of age (Jackson was eighteen years old at the time) and was full grown; his figure was angular and clumsy; his gait was awkward; he tramped along beside the sergeant with an air of resolution, and his stolid look added to the inflexible determination of his whole aspect, so that one of us remarked 'that fellow has come here to stay.'"

Elsewhere in this book the general health of our hero has been referred to. At the time he entered the Academy he was fresh from the mountain regions, and with his naturally ruddy and clear complexion, few would have taken him to be other than a strong and vigorous youth. Such was not the case, however; he was never entirely robust, but he so closely watched his health and habits, that he built steadily such strength as his constitution would take on.

The West Point Military Academy is an institution belonging to the government of the United States. At this grand old school are educated the officers for the United States army. There are few locations more beautiful in point of scenery, and the wealthy government, with its great care for all that belongs to its physical properties, keeps this school property and the entire surroundings in perfect condition.

The son of any citizen of the United States may enter West Point if he wins the appointment at the competitive

examination. Each congressman has a certain number of appointments to West Point at certain periods and as vacancies occur, which are seldom, except at times when a cadet has finished the course (four years) or failed in his class.

Proud of his success in being admitted to the Academy, Jackson at once realized his lack of preparation in the matter of education. Let us say, that this cadet did not allow his defective education to prevent his determination to overcome the problems and his texts, and make a name at school. His life had been such as to cause him to think for and rely on himself. He possessed a slow but strong mind; he could not be called a brilliant student. He says himself that he "*studied very hard* for what he got at West Point."

Some minds seem to take in lessons at a glance. Not so with Jackson. At West Point, as he had been in the country school, he was often a day behind his classes, and with his frank truthfulness would say so when called to recite. But when he did learn a lesson, it was stored in his mind for all time. He was an honest student. He would not shirk a hard lesson, but master it even if it took him a day or so longer than his class to do so.

When the lights were put out at night, at the hour they call in military schools "taps," he would pile coal on his grate; they used hard coal and this kind of coal does not give much light, but Jackson would spread himself prone on the floor before his grate and study until late in the night by the uncertain blaze of the coal fire. This was hot work and must have been painful, *but this lad wanted an education* and wanted to be a great soldier when time came for battles, not an ordinary, obscure officer.

He was so afraid he would fail to pass the first year and would be sent home, that he prepared the words he would tell his old boy friends at home. He said he would tell them: "If *they* had been there and found it as hard as he had, they would fail too," and doubtless they would.

But he did not fail, much to his delight and secret surprise, no doubt. But his getting through the first year made him

more ambitious than ever, and the second year he made a decided improvement.

He is said to have always taken much delight in telling how he was elated at the idea of his progress, and was amused when he spoke of the importance he attached to the opinions of his young friends at West Point. He was ever a sincere person, and while he made few friends, he was a friend indeed and admired no one for their social or monied or political connections; his friendship was the kind that luck has nothing to do with.

It is always interesting to follow truly great persons in all their ways, especially during their school-days, when they are forming character and shaping their forces for the future. Let us now follow the cadet at West Point. See how he grew in stature, mind and spirit.

It is said of him his manner was somewhat constrained, but he was a dignified boy at all times, and though rather reserved, or quiet, his ways were pleasing—one of those boys that draw you to them for their plain goodness. But even Jackson's kindly manners and dignity did not shield him from the practice among the students, to make sport of all new-comers at the Academy.

They made Jackson sweep the grounds, under the inspection of their more advanced fellow students, and made him drill very severely in military exercises. The authorities while not openly supporting these little pastimes of the students did not interfere. They considered the treatment good for the new boys; made them feel subordination; gave to them hardihood and soldierly discipline.*

These students saw Jackson was a country boy out and out, and looked upon him as a subject of first-class material to practice upon. It has always been until recently a great sport at West Point to do this teasing, or *hazing*, as it is called. A boy who gave way to temper or resisted got additional

*Hazing in 1901 was pronounced by the authorities at the Academy as an offense equal to prompt expulsion. This decision is the result of fatal termination in instances of hazing.

torture. Here is shown the strength of Jackson's natural temper and heart; he was brave and unflinching.

In a very few days the fourth class men took Jackson in hand, and after putting him through all manner of absurd and often very rough exercises, and playing various tough tricks on him, they found he was their match, and let him go as a poor subject to make either mad or cringe. Jackson in his simple-hearted way, suffered the *initiation* courageously and won the hand of all the cadets.

Jackson studied, as before related, by the light of his hard-coal fire after "taps" at night. He sometimes was so slow in preparing his lessons that he would be unable to recite, and had to tell the professors that he was not ready, frankly saying, "I have not gotten to this lesson yet" and the next day he would recite the lesson of the day before.

It is not wonderful that so slow a mind as Jackson's, should in time, be so developed that he came on toward the top of the list, and had he been at West Point another year, would have graduated at the head of his class.

Jackson's splendid example at West Point shows what can be accomplished by the slowest boys and girls when they persevere. Will-power is the student's gauge.

Among his classmates were the following, who became generals in the respective armies in the war for Southern independence, some serving in the army of the invaders, the others in the army of the defenders. In the former, spoken of as the Federal army by writers, were, Generals McClelland, Foster, Reno, Stoneman, Couch and Gibbon; and Generals A. P. Hill, Pickett, Maury, D. R. Jones, W. D. Smith and Wilcox of the latter, generally spoken of as the Confederate army. So his fellow students were men of ability.

At this time, Jackson's first year at the Academy, he is described as being a lad who walked rapidly, bending slightly forward as he walked. He had a grave, thoughtful face—some considered his countenance dull—but when anything excited or interested him his form became erect, his eyes brightened, and he would smile pleasantly, we are told "as sweetly as a woman."

A classmate says of him: "In the riding-hall I think his sufferings must have been very great. He had a rough horse and, though accustomed to horseback-riding, was awkward, and when the order came to cross stirrups and trot, 'old Jack' struggled hard to keep his horse. When he had advanced to riding at the heads, leaping the bars, etc., his *balance* was truly fearful, but he persevered through the most perilous trials, and no man in the riding-house would take more risks than he, and certainly no one had our good wishes more than he."

His favorite recreation was walking, and almost every afternoon he might be seen alone, or with a single companion, walking with energy and evident enjoyment over the hills surrounding West Point. He was also fond of sitting on the headlands that overhang the waters of the Hudson River, upon the banks of which the Academy is situated.

In these walks his topics were elevated in their subject-matter, and it will be observed by reading from Jackson's journal, extracts of which are made herein, that his mental development broadened and sought fields of the higher science of life. Moral, mental and political science he discussed with a reach of appreciation and understanding, that won for him that admiration which at all times attracts one to a profound student.

The life he led at West Point and the daily exercise of drilling and horseback-riding developed his frame. He grew rapidly into physical proportions and his appearance became that of an erect soldier, but we are told by his fellow students he was never graceful.

It seems that Jackson's lack of gracefulness was enlarged upon by some of the West-Pointers who have written of his deficiency in this respect. We are rather inclined to the belief that Jackson's indifference to some of the graces, that some college boys cultivate, was caused by a disposition to make light of a student who does not coincide with their views of outward accomplishments.

The many advantages imparted by a military training has induced numbers of schools of the present day to add military features to their work. At West Point punctuality, neatness,

and system, thorough drilling and exercise, is uncompromisingly required. Jackson acquired these essentials to a successful military life, or, for that matter, to civilian life. The record of his career in the army demonstrates the results of these influences upon him. He was an orderly, neat, and exact man in every particular.

At all institutions of learning the custom prevails to select friends, as a rule, from among members of the class one is enrolled in. Jackson disregarded this custom or habit in forming his associates or friends among the cadets. He chose, rather, his associates from those he found worthy and earnest, without regard of class. In all matters Jackson was independent and rose above trifles. He was kind and courteous to all cadets, and at all times and under all circumstances, was a gentleman. He despised snobbery.

CHAPTER VII.

SECOND YEAR AT UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY. "YOU MAY BE WHATEVER YOU RESOLVE TO BE." HIS MAXIMS.

During his second year he received some demerits, which he did not deserve, but rather than expose those who had caused the demerits to be charged against him, he remained silent and shielded them. In this year he developed to the height of six feet, and when he returned home on his furlough, his friends were proud of his general improvement. His neat and spotless cadet uniform and well-developed form gave him a very handsome and soldierly appearance. He was not a stupid young man in conversation. He was shy and rather reserved, but was fond of bright conversation and took part when few were present. In a crowd he was a respectful listener, seldom attempting to display his abilities.

One of the most pleasing traits of his nature was his tenderness to anyone in trouble. A case of sickness or a sorrow among the cadets, especially the younger ones, always found in him a comforter. Often he was so attentive to the distressed and so womanly in his sympathies that some of the less considerate cadets would ridicule him. This never had any effect upon him. His human sympathy was great, and he had been a sufferer, and was himself not strong. He practiced many ways to prevent any chronic or fatal disease from fastening upon him, and would sit up straight in his chair when studying. He might as well have had no back to his chair. His mother having died with consumption, he feared any strain upon his chest, therefore would not lean over when studying.

"YOU MAY BE WHATEVER YOU RESOLVE TO BE."

While at West Point he wrote in a book, a kind of journal, which he kept for his own use, a set of *rules* and *maxims* relating to morals, manners, dress, choice of friends and the aims in life. Among them were these words: "YOU MAY BE

WHATEVER YOU RESOLVE TO BE." Others show that he had good rules by which to guide his way and shape his character. We give them in full :

"Through life let your principal object be the discharge of duty. Disregard public opinion when it interferes with your duty. Endeavor to be at peace with all men. Sacrifice your life rather than your word. Endeavor to do well everything you undertake. Never speak disrespectfully of any one without a cause. Spare no effort to suppress selfishness unless that effort would entail sorrow. Let your conduct toward men have some uniformity.

"*Temperance*: Eat not to dullness, drink not to elevation.

"*Silence*: Speak but what may benefit others or yourself. Avoid trifling conversation. Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

"*Frugality*: Make no expense but to do good to others ~~or~~ or yourself; waste nothing.

"*Industry*: Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off unnecessary actions.

"*Sincerity*: Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and if you speak, speak accordingly.

"*Justice*: Wrong no man by doing injuries or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

"*Moderation*: Avoid extremities; forbear resenting injuries as much as you think they deserve.

"*Cleanliness*: Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes or habitation.

"*Tranquility*: Be not disturbed at trifles, nor at accidents, common or unavoidable.

"*Motives to Action*: 1. Regard to your own happiness. 2. Regard to the family to which you belong. 3. Strive to attain a straight elevation of character. 4. Fix upon a high standard of action and character.

"It is a man's highest interest not to violate, or attempt to violate, the rules which Infinite Wisdom has laid down. The means by which men are to attain great elevation may be classed in three divisions—physical, mental and moral. Whatever relates to health, belongs to the first; whatever relates to

the improvement of the mind belongs to the second. The formation of good manners and virtuous habits constitute the third.

“Choice of Friends : 1. A man is known by the company he keeps. 2. Be cautious in your selection. 3. There is danger in catching the habits of your associates. 4. Seek those who are intelligent and virtuous; and, if possible, those who are a little above you, especially in moral excellence. 5. It is not desirable to have a large number of intimate friends. You may have many acquaintances but few intimate friends. If you have *one, who is what he should be, you are comparatively happy.* “That friendship may be fond and lasting, there must not only be equal virtue in each, but virtue of the same kind; not only the same end must be proposed, but the same means must be approved.

“Good breeding, or true politeness, is the art of showing men by external signs the internal regard we have for them; it arises from good sense, improved by good company. It must be acquired by practice and not by books. “Be kind, condescending and affable. Any one who has anything to say to a fellow being, to say it with kind feelings and sincere desire to please; and this whenever it is done, will atone for much awkwardness in the manner of expression.

“Good-breeding is opposed to selfishness, vanity or pride. Never weary your company by talking too long or too frequently. Always look people in the face when addressing them, and generally when they address you.

“Make it a rule never to accuse without due consideration any body or association of men. Never try to appear more wise or learned than the rest of the company. Not that you should affect ignorance, but endeavor to remain within your own proper sphere.”

What girl or boy in all the schools of the world, or man or woman, could not copy each of these excellent *rules*, and follow them through life with exalted results?

Nearly all boys at school have some sort of experiences in the way of personal differences with some of their schoolmates. Although Jackson was considered by both the professors and

the cadets a young man of very amiable disposition generally, he was known to have a temper not easily mistaken. He was not quarrelsome, fault-finding or fussy, but when he was aroused, the offender must convince him that he was being fairly treated, and satisfy him thoroughly.

The only personal difficulty Jackson had with a fellow student at West Point shows by his experience the difference in the final results in the lives of the two young men, the value of integrity and the baseness of relaxed principles. This cadet, who was Jackson's sole enemy, resembled him in some respects: he was an orphan from the far West, poorly prepared as Jackson was when he entered the Academy, was anxious to learn, was a country boy and capable of great exertion. Like Jackson he incurred the same jokes from the cadets when he entered West Point, but he showed such good sense when the boys were teasing or *hazing* him that at first the boys seemed to like him. He studied well and progressed.

There was no reason as far as any one could see why he and Jackson should not be friends and let their careers run along together. And no doubt these two country boys would have both shown great strength in the service of their country, but for the reason that one was bad and the other correct and upright. Jackson rose to the highest fame throughout the world, both for his Christian character, and his fidelity and faithfulness to duty.

It was during his second year that Jackson discovered the flaws in the character of this cadet. He had often told falsehoods to escape demerits; had formed associations in the village near the Academy not such as Jackson and cadets of good standing would consent to make companions of. These little things begun to show the real character of the unfortunate cadet, and yet no one had the courage to stand up for the Academy and have it cleansed of such a person; but the time came and Jackson took hold vigorously, and his indignation was so great that had it not been for the pleadings of cadets and professors, the Academy would have been purged of such a person.

One day Jackson's musket (called rifle now) was missing



West Point Scenes—Old Academy.
(U. S. Military Academy.)



West Point Scenes—Cadet Barracks
(U. S. Military Academy.)

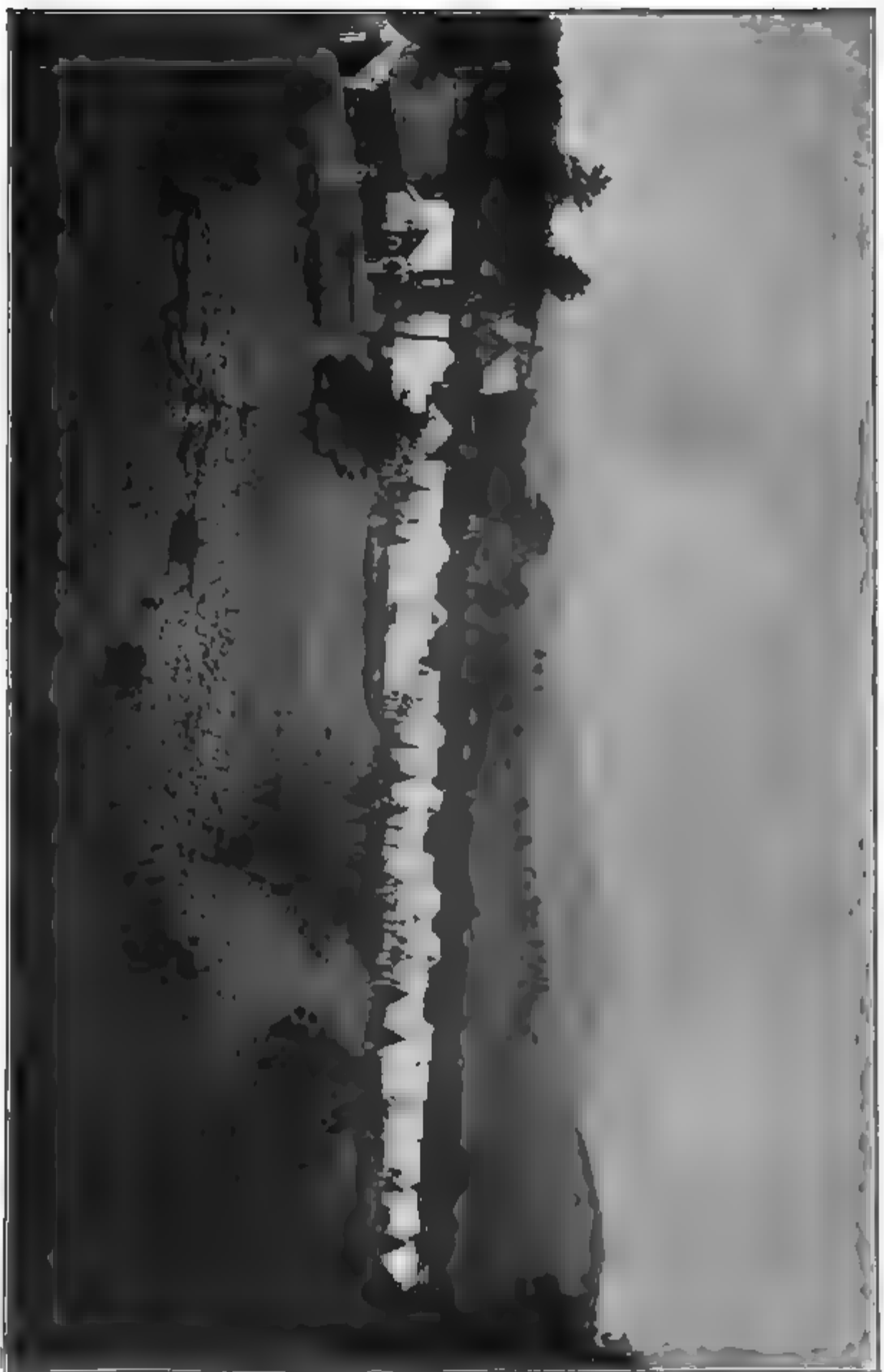




Artillery Squad—Virginia Military Institute, (Lexington, Va.)
(Where Jackson taught for ten years.)



Scenes Inseparably Associated with the Life of Jackson—"V. M. I."
and the Beautiful Valleys and Mountains.



A Camp Scene of V. M. I. Cadets—Valley of Virginia.

and another one was in its place. He kept his musket free from any rust or dirt, and the one he found in place of his was in bad condition. He called the captain's attention to this and told him that his gun had a private mark. That afternoon at the examination of the muskets of the cadets, Jackson's was - found in the hands of the cadet whom he suspected and to whom reference has been made. The cadet at once began to tell falsehoods about the matter, but Jackson showed the private mark. It was bad enough to be too lazy to clean a gun, but was worse to tell a lie to shield such laziness. It was still much more disgraceful to tell a lie about stealing a fellow cadet's clean gun and passing it off on inspection fraudulently.

Jackson had been indignant, but his anger was now unbounded, and he demanded that the cadet should be court-martialed and dismissed from the Academy. Jackson felt the school was possessed of a nuisance and if a boy of that kind got through he would be a bad man in the army. Jackson's conviction concerning the boy was correct, for it was not long until the recreant was tried for disgraceful conduct and violating his parole, and was expelled from the Academy.

This fallen cadet went out to Texas, then a new State, or scarcely that, and pretended to study law. He was not of the material that lawyers should be made of, and he likely discovered this himself, and started out to the far West, to California, on a ship. He attempted to swindle the ship's captain out of his fare, and was put off the ship on the coast of Mexico, without a friend or money.

From the point at which he was put off the ship, he drifted on to the mountains and soon took up with a tribe of Indians, the Tuscans. His training in military science at West Point served him in this extremity, and he was made a "big man" among them. It is said that he was as savage as they needed any one to be and was a robber after their own heart, so he was made a chief, and possessed more wives than the others. Finally he and his outlaw companions had a great row, and, as may be expected, the row was over the spoils of a robbery and murder, in this case of a peddler. The Indians were not equal to his meanness, and they expelled him from their tribe

This was tough indeed, adjudging him lower than a savage.

At the end of his first year, in a class of seventy-two he stood forty-fifth in mathematics, seventieth in French, and was fifty-fifth in general merit. At the end of the second year Jackson stood eighteenth in mathematics, fifty-second in French, sixty-eighth in drawing, fifty-fifth in engineering studies, and ranked thirtieth in general merit. In this year he went from pure mathematics to chemistry and natural philosophy.

At the end of his third year, he stood in philosophy eleventh; chemistry, twenty-fifth; drawing, fifty-ninth; in general merit, twentieth. It will be noticed that in drawing Jackson did not rank high.

This is easily accounted for, when it is remembered that Jackson was original; and copying seems never to have been his forte. Speaking of drawing, an anecdote is related concerning an experience he had with some of his engineers during one of his campaigns in the war for Southern independence. Upon an occasion it became necessary to cross a certain stream, and the necessity for crossing was urgent. He sent for his engineer and they with much ceremony and detail of imposed importance set to work to draw plans for a bridge. Jackson waited some time, and not having a report of his army getting on the other side of the stream, he did a little engineering himself, and by means of the running-gear of camp-wagons and such pieces of lumber as could be obtained he speeded his army across the stream. Imagine the chagrin of his technical engineers when they learned that their plans, though pronounced by Jackson very attractive, would not be required on the occasion for which they were made. Jackson may have stood fifty-ninth in drawing but he stood first in building.

At the end of his fourth year, being the last of the course of the Academy, he stood in engineering, twelfth, ethics fifth, artillery, eleventh; infantry tactics, first; mineralogy, eleventh. His general standing was seventeenth as a graduate.

The rating of Jackson as a graduate must not be judged by the ordinary test or from common comparison. He entered

the Academy, as we have stated, a lad exceedingly poorly equipped in the matter of educational facility. He came from a mountainous region where, because of the scantiness of population, schools were few and comparatively inferior; he was a poor boy, without parents or friends who were specially interested in his education. Without such aid and means with which to obtain an education, his entrance into West Point and the remarkable confidence displayed by him in his ability to overcome the barrier which ever stands before the gates of the great military academy—educational fitness—and his wonderful progress after he had, what some of the military men of the day has termed, “broken in” West Point, is a lasting testimony to his ability, strength of mind, force of character, and indomitable pluck. We do not believe that in the history of this magnificent institution, the supreme military school of a proud people, there is a counterpart of Jackson’s record, in history of any man who has borne a sword, won within its portals.

It is a record of which his admirers will ever feel it their esteemed privilege to refer to their children and to all history; and while many of the ablest and truest men in the history of the United States have reflected honor upon the Academy, yet, as a fact Stonewall Jackson would not have been a possibility in the military history of the world but for the excellence of this school; it is also a fact that Thomas Jonathan Jackson, the mountain lad, who walked into the imposing environments of the Academy with no other baggage than a pair of saddlebags, did not fail to honor the Academy.

It has been said that had Jackson been prepared, as is the average successful candidate for West Point, he would have left the Academy with a rating of first. His rapid progress would seem to make this possible. The marks a student shows at school, that is, the relative number he obtains at graduation, is not the gauge by which to estimate his force and natural abilities. Many strong minds are slow, and, as shown in the case of Jackson, develop steadily and surely. In estimating the quality of Jackson’s intellect, it will be remarked that his mind was of that quality of which statesmen, students, phi-

losophers, leaders, generals, moral reasoners, governing men, is composed. This is demonstrated in his success with ethics, in which he stood fifth.

So many men in discussing Jackson's intellectuality have referred to his lack of brilliancy, basing doubtless their estimate upon his class rating at graduation, that it may be proper to again refer to the fact that Daniel Webster, the acknowledged statesman of his period, failed to graduate, and yet he possessed qualities of mind that won for him imperishable fame.

At West Point were men who became distinguished in after years; in fact, they were called, "The Immortals," and though nearly all were Jackson's seniors in point of age, he passed them all. One of them speaks of him at the blackboard thus: "His struggles at the blackboard were often painful to witness. In his struggles to solve a problem, he would invariably cover himself, face and uniform, with chalk. And he perspired so freely, even in the coldest weather, that the cadets declared whenever old Jack, or the General, as he at once had been dubbed in honor of his name, got a difficult proposition, he was certain to flood the class room. We were studying that winter analytical geometry and algebra, and Jackson was very low in his class."

For a considerable time at the Academy the Orderly Sergeant, whose duty it is to call the roll, was Jackson's roommate; he often told Jackson he need not attend reveille (roll-call) at which every cadet was supposed to answer his name. Jackson did not propose to cheat, and never once did he fail to be present and answer his name properly.

He seemed indifferent to what impression he made upon any one. His love for the memory of his mother and his only living sister, Laura, seemed to occupy his affections mainly: although his fellow students at the Academy say that he was popular, never having received a harsh word from the professors or cadets while there, and all cherished the kindest feelings for "old Jack" as they affectionately called the serious cadet. Jackson's soldiers called him "old Jack"; he was a man who must have appeared much older than he was. He

never was sensitive or vain ; just a natural, true hearted youth, whom all respected.

It is said of Napoleon that he lived on bread and water in order that he might aid in educating his brothers. Napoleon, like Jackson, was poor, and his struggles in early life were not dissimilar from those of Jackson. To this warm and pulsing element in the make-up of him who has stood before the combined authorities in State, military, and social affairs of his century and who to-day is more glorious than he was when at the zenith of his magnificent achievements, and whose life's story is winning the pen of the ablest writers of every country, all must give a choice flower from the collection of manly gratitude. He was despotic, but he was great. He was ambitious, but he was loyal, and loyal in that sense that meets the Biblical words with a query, "He clingeth closer than a brother," and set the example of depriving himself, even of the scantiness of his means that he might advance the fortunes of his brother, and yet Napoleon was ambitious.

A writer upon the subject of the war for Southern Independence has said that Jackson was ambitious. We deny one instance in his whole life where the rankling selfishness of ambition, put a single tendril about the heart of Jackson. He possessed a manliness that knew no more of ambition than that of an over-weaning fondness for the liberties of his fellow man. When on the battle-field, while drinking deep draughts of war's intoxicants, never once did he give a note in the song of praises that went up from his people, or the shout of victory ; but would turn his face to the God of battles and plead that He would accept his gratitude and praise for the good of the hour. And peace of home was the burden of nearly every letter he sent to that faithful wife from whom he was torn by a war, the bringing about of which he had no part ; and had he been ambitious, it is not probable he would in the face of unbroken victories, have longed for home and the peace of the fireside. What part has ambition in the life of a man who is on record as having with the first money he earned, out of the little savings allowed by the United States to the cadets at West Point, entirely forgetting self and his needs, devoted

almost the entire sum to the purchase of a silk dress for his only sister, a poor young girl, who had never before owned such costly raiment. This was the kind of ambition Jackson possessed—unselfishness and loyalty.

At school Napoleon lived with his professor that he might gain aid in recesses and thus sooner reach the end of his educational period. Jackson studied at night after bed-time, (taps) by anthracite firelight, that he might, as far as possible, keep up with his classes. Jackson and Napoleon were ambitious in entirely different degrees and phrases. Their "paths of ambition" widely diverged. They resembled in many respects, but Jackson was Napoleon's superior. Jackson never forgot his childhood, and the hallowed influences of that period of his life guided him to the last hour at Chancellorsville. He possessed a heart as true and tender as it was brave. Many question Napoleon's heart.

On June 20, 1846, Jackson graduated at West Point Military Academy as brevet second lieutenant of artillery. He was twenty-two years of age.

In 1857, eleven years after graduation, he visited the scenes of his old school days at West Point and so thoroughly enjoyed his stay there that, it is related, he was up from early morning until late in the evening each day, among the scenes of that most attractive region. Some of his old friends he met there, and they spent many hours in reviewing the past and the life memories of the Academy, which, up to that period, had never been disturbed by the most unhappy occurrence that has, or will ever be known in the Union. During this visit he would go at daybreak to Fort Putnam and enjoy the sunrise which is said to be one of the most resplendent and glorious displays of the King of Day to be witnessed in America. Jackson loved nature, as all truly great men do.

Usually, a visit in after life to the scene of one's school days is fraught with saddening retrospect, but Jackson always referred to West Point with genuine pleasure; he was grateful by nature, and realizing the benefits received at the Academy, the thought of his life there was always a bright one.

It is noteworthy as a fact, that Jackson lived very close as

far as this world is concerned, to the present ; and while his early life had been saddened, and by nature he was sensitive, he seldom referred to sadnesses, and constantly was cheering and directing the mind and heart of all with whom he was associated, to happy thoughts, to gratitude, and joyous anticipation ; he was not despondent nor over-confident or unduly hopeful ; his was what is usually termed an even temperament, placid, gently firm.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE MEXICAN WAR 1846-47.

Lieutenant Jackson had hardly gotten to his home, from West Point, when he was called to the front in the war with Mexico. He reported for duty to First Regiment of Artillery, and went through Pennsylvania, down to the Ohio River, thence down the Mississippi River to New Orleans, thence to the army in Mexico.

Jackson often referred to the magnificent array of the United States troops as they landed on the shores of Mexico, with colors flying, bands playing martial music, and all ready for battle. He said few men had seen such a grand sight. Jackson participated in the attack upon Vera Cruz, in which the Americans were victorious.

"I wanted to see active service," he said in after years, "to be near the enemy, and in the fight; and when I heard that John Magruder had got his battery, I bent all my energies to be with him, for I knew if any fighting was done, Magruder would be on hand." He was not disappointed.

One feature of the Mexican war may here be noted. General Grant has said, "It was the most unjust war ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation." His views seem to differ from events of the war for Southern Independence, when a powerful section of the same country forced the much weaker, into a war more unjust than the Mexican.

Mexicans fought something like the Cubans, not in large numbers, but by small squads or bands, and though well disciplined, they were soldiers of a different type from the Americans, but fought desperately. Not that the Americans were not brave, for their constant conquests proved them all of this. But the Mexican was a ranger, full of adventure and accustomed to extreme danger and struggle. Jackson was aware of this and was eager to fight them. He was known to envy men who had been in the battle with them. The

Mexican country is enchanting, the historic romances inviting, and he was young.

The heat of summer was upon the army, and Jackson in August was in front of Churubusco fighting desperately. Magruder's first lieutenant, Johnstone, was killed, and Jackson took his place. In this battle Magruder says of Jackson in his report to the commander of the army, these words :

"In a few moments, Lieutenant Jackson commanding the second section of the battery, who had opened fire upon the enemy on the right, hearing our fire still further in the front, advanced in handsome style, and assigned by me to the post so gallantly filled by Lieutenant Johnstone, kept up the fire with great briskness and effect. His conduct was equally conspicuous during the entire day and I cannot too highly commend him to the Major General's favorable consideration."

In reward for this, his first day's work, in which he had anything like an independent command, or chance to display his abilities when left to resources, he was promoted to the position of first lieutenant of the company and the rank of brevet captain of artillery. Jackson had been mentioned honorable for his services at Vera Cruz.

Jackson had not yet "drunk delight of battle with his peers" to the measure of his thirst. September came, and over the Mexican war still hung the soldier's tormentor—doubt. But the situation soon called for action and the United States decided to act. Before our arms stood the stronghold of the Mexicans, their citadel as it were—Chapultepec. Without flinching, Jackson took the outpost of danger in the attack against Chapultepec, and so fierce was the artillery fire of the enemy that General Worth rode up to Jackson and urged him to retire. Jackson replied that if they would give him fifty veterans he would rather attempt to capture the battery that had crippled his, than retreat. In his first war experience he requested more power and was denied. In his second war experience he asked for more power and privilege and was denied.

Jackson was in a road which was being raked by the fire of the Mexican artillery, and his men and horses were nearly

all killed. Magruder rode up and before reaching Jackson, had his horse killed under him. He found that Jackson had almost single-handed gotten one of his cannon over a ditch—there were many ditches about him, as if dug to prevent movement of artillery and troops. He was firing rapidly in person on the enemy, only a sergeant was with him. Another piece of artillery was brought to him and soon the enemy were driven by Jackson's fire.

Just about this time, the castle of Chapultepec was under severe pressure and danger from our men on two sides, and the Mexicans were in full run towards the city. Jackson's horses were all either dead, or so tangled up in the harness, that some time was consumed in getting his cannon moved, and finally he abandoned the caissons of the cannons, and mounted them on the front gear of wagons, and thus, in his eagerness, ran after the enemy, and poured death into their ranks.

Next morning the white flag of Santa Anna, the Mexican Commander-in-Chief, was seen floating from the citadel. The two thousand convicts he had turned loose from the prison the afternoon before, had very little effect. His army was lost. To Jackson was due much of the credit of this great victory, one of the most daring and desperate battles fought in the history of war. The taking of the strongly fortified, heavily armored and walled city, matches the valor of the hosts of battle, with ever increasing glory to American arms.

General Pillow, whom Jackson faced in angry battle, at Chancellorsville, the last battle of his life, thus refers to Jackson's part in the battle at Chapultepec: "After advancing some four hundred yards, we came to a battery under the gallant Jackson, who had lost most of his horses, and many of his men, continued chivalrously at his post, combatting with noble courage." General Pillow like Hooker, was associated with the beginning and ending of Jackson's military career. In the former as companion-in-arms, in the latter antagonists in battle.

Magruder thus refers to Jackson in his battle's official report: "I beg leave to call attention of the Major-General

commanding the division, to the conduct of Lieut. Jackson, of the First Artillery. If devotion, industry, talent and gallantry, are the highest qualities of a soldier, then is he entitled to the distinction which their possession confers. I have been ably seconded in all the operations of the battery by him; and upon this occasion, when circumstances placed him in command, for a short time, of an independent section, he proved himself eminently worthy."

It is a source of satisfaction to refer to this report of Gen. Magruder's, as it will be observed that so soon as Jackson was put in charge of an independent section, he proved himself capable, but more, as regards to a study of his life, that on any occasion when his strength was allowed to be exercised under the direction of his personal control and individual freedom, he was masterful in the last degree and accomplished results, the importance of which invariably proved him worthy of first place where management, action, discretion and mental capacity, were required. In after years in his second war, in the renowned Valley Campaign, he demonstrated that, untrammelled and unburdened by the opinions of others, left to the exercise of his own powers, he was irresistibly successful and eminently a commander worthy of his cause and people.

This report of Magruder's on the battle above referred to, was received directly by Capt. Joe Hooker, who was then acting as adjutant to General Pillow. In the irony of fate, the bearer of the first commendation and nomination for promotion that "this young military genius of the West" had the honor of receiving, was conveyed to the commanding general by Hooker, who commanded the army of the Invaders, at Chancellorsville, which marked the last act in the tragedy of his military life, and the hand that bore Jackson's honorable mention from Magruder to Pillow, held the sword of a powerful enemy, in the closing scenes of that career, so brilliantly inaugurated before the castle of Chapultepec; and, while that sword had no part in the final moment, but went down in defeat before the thunderbolts of Jackson, yet these incidents illustrate that men of the United States were called upon to praise and spurn, to fight with and against each

other. and are equal to either position and are true to the flag under which they serve or the duty of the occasion.

Jackson, Pillow, Magruder, Hooker, the Hills, Grant, Lee, McDowell, Beauregard, Scott, Pope, Johnston, Gustave Smith, Longstreet, Ewell, Edward Johnson and the immortal Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, and others who fought one another in the war for Southern Independence, were comrades in arms in the Mexican war, and often in the same engagement.

The following anecdote is too good to be missed. After the Americans had taken possession of the capital of Mexico, which the battle of Chapultepec gave them, the commanding general, Scott, gave a reception, or levee. Jackson was presented to the general—(his being a subaltern, and, consequently looked upon as a "small fry," the general was not supposed to know him save in an official way. It is one of the peculiarities in military etiquette to bombard subalterns with snubs that would not be tolerated in any other system of society). When Jackson came up to be introduced by the master of ceremonies, the General pretended to be opposed to shaking hands with him, and said: "I don't know that I care to shake hands with Mister Jackson." This surprised and confused the young officer, and he blushed like a girl.

General Scott having drawn the attention of all present by this unusual action, said: "If you can forgive yourself for the way you slaughtered those poor Mexicans with your guns, I am not sure that I can." Then he held out his hand to the young artilleryman.

Who would not be proud of such a compliment from the commander of the Army of America? Yet we are told Jackson did not seem to think he had done anything remarkable in the great battle.

In seven months from the time he landed in Mexico, he had passed all his brother West Pointers of his class, 1846, and was twice promoted, being now a brevet major. "These promotions, too, were won in a day," his old Lexington cadets proudly claimed.

Jackson often said that he would always thank General

Pillow for making his section of artillery separate that day at Chapultepec. He, like Napoleon's marshal, Ney, loved the excitement of battle and was greater in the smoke and roar of battle than in camp. Jackson differed from Napoleon's description of Ney, in that he, Jackson, was always great, whether in or out of battle.

In one of the important battles in Mexico, Jackson's men were either in ditches, skulking behind walls or otherwise hiding from the terrible fire of the enemy. This was a chance for Jackson, and he stepped out in the most exposed place and said: "Come on! This is nothing. You see they can't hurt me!" The soldiers saw a cannon ball pass between Jackson's legs as he stood showing them how harmless cannon balls were, and some one of them said: "I don't want to be stung by a bomb."

Years afterwards when talking to a class of young men at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, one of them asked him why he did not run that day before Chapultepec; Jackson replied: "I was not ordered to do so. If I had been ordered to run I would have done so; but I was directed to hold my position and I had no right to abandon it." One of the students said, "Major, that was a very hot place, wasn't it?" "Yes, very hot," was his calm reply. Jackson is said to have regretted the fire was not hotter so as to enable him to overcome greater difficulties.

A brother officer of Jackson, who was not only an eye witness, but took part in the storming of Chapultepec, says: "Jackson's little six pounders could effect nothing against the guns of the Mexicans, of much heavier calibre, fired from the heights of the fort. But this did not prevent Jackson from doing all he could, and he did a great deal of harm to the Mexicans." "Military officers, like operatic singers are disposed to be jealous."

The storming of Chapultepec consisted of 250 regulars from Twigs, and 250 regulars from Worth's division. These were all volunteers for the forlorn hope. The officers and non-commissioned officers were induced to volunteer for the assault, which was considered extremely dangerous, if not hopeless,

with the promise of promotion, and the men by the promise of pecuniary reward. The Palmetto Regiment (South Carolina) and the marine battalion under Major Twigs, brother of the General, supported the storming party from Twig's division.

When the castle was captured many went in for plunder and liquor, but Barnard Bee, who named Jackson "Stonewall," on the field of Manassas, in 1861, and D. H. Hill, afterwards Jackson's brother-in-law, and a gallant Confederate general, followed down the causeway with their men and pursued the fleeing Mexicans.

CHAPTER IX.

HIS MILITARY RESIDENCE IN CITY OF MEXICO.—REVIEW OF HIS RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATIONS, BEGUN IN MEXICO.

Many of the States have erected monuments to their heroes of the Mexican war. Every State should do so.

While the peace negotiations were going on and which required considerable time, as the Americans wanted the rich and beautiful country north of Mexico, that is, California, which was a large real estate deal, and the conquered Mexicans were very much like the real estate dealers of this day, when their rich California was to be cut away from them, without much coming in return for it, they allowed the trade to drag slowly. The city was not averse to the occupancy of the Americans, as the people had been disturbed by all manner of small and great wars, and plunder and tributes were frequently levied by the little tyrants.

The victors and vanquished lived in peace, and business was resumed. Major Jackson was a popular officer, famous as a fighter. All people love a brave man. He was quartered in the palace. The politicians of the United States had said that our army would lodge in the "halls of the Montezumas" and here Jackson lodged surely, and with gusto no doubt.

He was received in the homes of the gentlemen, who prided themselves upon their pure Castilian blood. Jackson was not what is popularly termed a lady's man, nor a man of any particular cultivation for the ways of society, but the beautiful Mexicana, possessed of great lustrous black eyes and sweet toned voices was enough to win any young man, from his shyness, and draw him into the pleasant ways of the feminine spheres.

Major Jackson spent his time enjoying the rest from the the hard campaign through which he and the army had passed. And it must have been a very delightful rest to him. Mexico is a pleasant country to visit. The climate is one of

many charms, the scenery attractive, the rich lands produce an abundance of everything, fruits and flowers are in great variety and perfection. The people live differently from Americans in many ways, but a stay in Mexico is certainly a charming privilege, and the soldiers fully enjoyed the city they had fought so hard to capture.

To better enjoy the society of those whom the American officers accepted hospitality from, the people of culture and refinement, Jackson and other young officers began the study of Spanish, which is the language spoken in Mexico. As Latin is not taught at West Point, and as Jackson never had the chance to study it anywhere else, he found that the Spanish language was somewhat difficult at first. The only grammar he could find was written in the Spanish tongue.

He would study as best his means afforded, and by talking with educated people around him, he finally in a few months, mastered considerable Spanish. He is said to have become a fluent speaker and writer of Spanish and in his library had many Spanish works.

Napier, who was a French writer of history, and likely leads all others as a military historian in brilliancy of language and descriptive qualities, lived among those who were once his enemies (Spaniards); but he pays many tributes to their personal attractions and cultivation, and was charmed by them. So with Jackson, he could not escape admiring a people so rich in the politenesses of life, and who were always generous, considerate and courteous. Jackson was naturally of a refined nature and such people were congenial to him.

But while they charmed him, yet he belonged to a race of people who did not approve of the light morals of the average Mexican, and he says, "If the people of Mexico were equal to the climate and other natural surroundings of that country, he would consider Mexico an ideal land to live in, more suited to his tastes than anywhere else in the world."

He formed the acquaintance of some educated ecclesiastics of the Roman Church, and invited by them, went to live with them. He found their bachelor life (priests are not allowed



Virginia Military Institute, Lexington Va.

[Note: Jackson's name will ever be associated with this great institution, as Lee's name with the

University Both Lee and Jackson are buried at Lexington.]



Monument at Lexington, Va.



Buildings of Washington and Lee University and Campus, Lexington.
Gen. Robert E. Lee, President from October 2, 1865 to time of his Death, October 12, 1870



Chapel Containing Lee Mausoleum and Statue.
(Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.)

to marry) very luxurious and comfortable. Early in the morning when he would awake, a servant would bring a strong cup of coffee, or chocolate, the custom of that climate, and one used in the far South of the United States, also cakes were brought him. This he took before arising.

Promptly, as military rules require promptness, at a certain hour, he went to the morning duties of his soldier life. After these duties were over he returned to the home of his friends, and there took his regular breakfast. Fruit, game and coffee form a leading part in a Mexican breakfast. His dinner was what is known as the meal of the day. It was a feast. Many times no doubt this young warrior thought that Mexico was a country worth many battles to possess.

His "fine Spanish friends" as he always called them, presented him with several handsome presents, which to-day are among the household treasures of his widow, in North Carolina. One of these presents was a massive silver spoon, which must have been made for the royalty, as there was in the center a compartment for testing poison!

Jackson was very fond of dancing, and as he has been written and talked so much about as a very strict member of the church, and an extremely dignified man, it is difficult for us to think of him as a member of the young dancing and gayety-loving company of his brother officers, and the courtly and graceful Mexicans. But Jackson was young, and up to this time, had taken no part in religious matters. Nor have we any record of his ever having objected to dancing or any other sane, innocent pastime.

Major Jackson, despite the description some are prone to give as to his personal appearance, was a handsome, military figure, an officer of excellent bearing, and, although his hands and feet were above the average in size, this abnormal physical development, if such it could be termed, he inherited from the Jackson family, who were large people. We read in that most excellent book on his life, written by his widow, that even after he went to Lexington, and some time after his marriage, he would frequently dance for her some of the Spanish dances, and gracefully, too.


In the American army at that time was an officer, Col. Francis Taylor, commander of Jackson's artillery regiment, whose services as a Christian among the men and officers, is a part of the history of the war with Mexico. He was a devout man, and was a friend to those who sought to know of the way of life. Colonel Taylor saw in Jackson an earnest and useful man, and he at once talked with him concerning his soul and the things that belonged to God. He showed Jackson that it was his duty to lead a life free from sin, and to associate himself with the work of the church. All who know Jackson will readily understand that this Christian soldier touched the key of Jackson's full attention. For once Jackson was made to feel that it was his duty to do a thing, and his whole thought and strength was devoted to the object, he felt it his duty to encourage and support. He resolved to make the Bible his study, but to take no sides, as it were, with the various religious denominations, as far as any influence upon his views, the facts and truths were concerned. It may be here told, that while he finally joined the Presbyterian Church, he never indulged in criticisms upon other churches, but saw good in all.

Jackson was, at this time, about twenty-three years of age, and the picture here given of him shows a thoughtful and kind face. His early life was not spent among particularly religious people, and, while his uncle, Mr. Cummins Jackson, was a good citizen, we have no account of his being other than a man of the world, even devoting considerable time to what has, in recent years, been called sport.

We all know that Jackson loved the memory of his mother, and to her, as will be seen in this book, is due the real foundation that made Jackson the greatest Christian soldier, under all circumstances, that history gives an account of. We find him talking with the Archbishop of the Catholic Church of Mexico, introduced to him at his request, by the Catholic brothers, with whom he lived. This learned man talked with Major Jackson, as only the distinguished prelates of that great church can, upon matters belonging to their creed. The Catholic Church has a learned clergy.




1. When our work is ended, we shall sweetly rest, 'Mid the sainted spirits, safe on Je-sus' breast; All our
 2. Earth hath man-y sorrows, but they cannot last, And our greatest troubles quickly will be past; If we
 3. When the storm is o-ver, sweet will be the calm, After life's long battle, bright the victor's palm: And the




tri - als o - ver, we shall glad - ly sing, Grave! where is thy vic-t'ry? Death! where is thy sting?
 look to Je - sus, he will give us strength; By His grace we shall be conquer - ors at length.
 cross of anguish which now weighs us down; We'll exchange in Heaven for a shin - ing crown.

CHORUS.



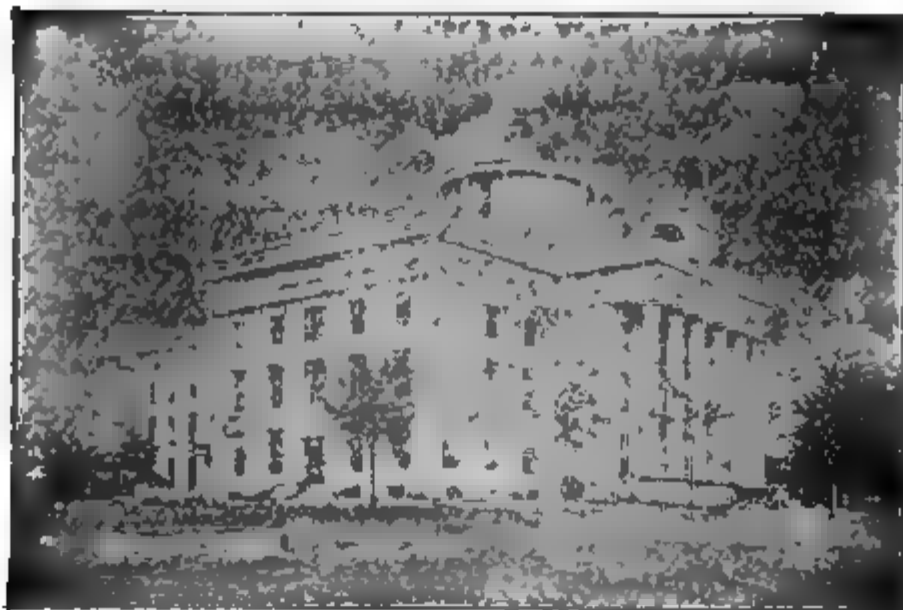
Tho' the dark waves roll high, we will be un - dismayed, "Let us pass o - ver the riv - er, And



rest un - der the shade, rest un - der the shade, Rest un - der the shade of the tree."



Fobey's Statue of Jackson, Richmond.



First Capitol of the Confederacy.

Jackson often spoke of the impression the Archbishop made upon him, speaking of him as a man of deep convictions, and an advocate of his church possessed of great intellect, devoutness and sincerity. But he failed to impress Major Jackson to the extent of his uniting with him as a member of his church.

Thus he had been a listener to a devout and venerable Catholic, and Colonel Taylor, an Episcopalian. His mother was a Methodist, but he was at the time of her death a mere child, and could not therefore have remembered anything of the creed of her church; there can be no doubt, however, that her influence made Jackson a Christian.

A statement has been made that his mother had him baptized by a Presbyterian minister. Jackson was certainly too young to be influenced by this act. This is proven by the fact that while Jackson believed in infant baptism, he would not have requested his own baptism after he reached manhood had he known of his baptism when a baby. The Presbyterian minister who baptized him when in infancy was named Asa Brooks. This must have been about the year 1825.

If accounts are correct, Jackson's mother was a Methodist, that he was baptized by a Presbyterian minister, that a good and faithful Catholic had talked with him, and a personal friend and officer in his regiment, Colonel Taylor, who first called Jackson's attention after manhood to his personal religion, and who was his spiritual friend, was an Episcopalian.

No doubt Jackson examined other creeds, as his views were broad, but we have no record of his having done so.

The religious element of Jackson is one of the most important of his life, and it is proper we should try and find out all we can concerning his life's course in religious matters. It has been said that he was first an Episcopalian. This is not entirely correct. There are facts connected with his religious life that are of record. After the war with Mexico had been finally ended and the American army withdrawn from Mexico, Jackson's command was stationed at Fort Hamilton on Long Island, just below New York City. Col. Taylor, who had been his spiritual adviser in Mexico was colonel

of the Artillery Regiment of which Jackson was a young major. Their life on that beautiful island gave Jackson ample time to think upon the subject of religion. Rev. Mr. Parks, who was the Chaplain of the garrison, was an Episcopalian and a friend of Jackson's at West Point. They no doubt had many conversations upon church matters.

We find this record in the church books where Jackson worshipped at Fort Hamilton (St. John's Episcopal): "On Sunday, 29th day of April, 1849, I baptized Thomas Jefferson Jackson, major in the U. S. Army. Sponsors, Colonels Dimick and Taylor. "M. SCHOFIELD."

(The clergyman mistook Jackson's middle name for that of the ex-president; his middle name was Jonathan, not Jefferson.) R. E. Lee was a vestryman of the same church. Made so in 1842.

This baptismal ceremony gave Jackson the right to become a communicant in the Episcopal Church, and this seemed to have given him comfort, but his mind was not fully made up to be confirmed, and therefore, in fact, was never a member of the Episcopal Church. This is mentioned to show that Jackson was not a man to be easily influenced, or changed, when once convinced of being right. He respected all churches, but he was a *member* of only one church—the Presbyterian.

So much has been said and written about Jackson being a member of this, that, and the other church, thus giving the impression that he had no fixed views of creed or form, we deem it most proper to refer to these unfounded accounts concerning him. We do not intend to say that there is the slightest harm in changing one's ideas of church worship, or to change from one to another church; but, in the case of Jackson, his being a character so prominent in the world's history, any part of his record affects the truth of history and should, as far as possible, be strictly in keeping with the facts and truth concerning him in every respect. Jackson was a friend to all denominations, but was a member of only one church. He was not a bigot, one of the most offensive of all people; he was a simple Christian, and when he joined the church at

Lexington, his surroundings, and the church with which he united suited him, or we may be assured he would never have joined that church.

He was a working member, as active members are called in the church, taught a class of negroes in the Sunday-school. *Some of these negroes in after years so loved the memory of their teacher, that they gave their first money towards raising a monument to him at Lexington.*

When he became a general of an army he called for ministers of all churches to come and aid him in winning the souls of his soldiers to the cause of Christ. He ordered that a Catholic priest be made a chaplain, and had a tent erected for his use for the ceremony of his religion, which required more or less privacy in the administration of its worship and services.

Jackson's religion was as broad and liberal as was the love of Christ for the world, and no man has lived who had less of littleness, of church or denominational egotism or bigotry. Jackson was, if we may be pardoned for using the term, a manly Christian. He loved all denominations and was happy when he could "worship in any church."

He was not capable of taking his church into account in any manner of circumstance, except as a personal preference of his own pleasure, and his personal views. No one can accuse the memory of this humble man of God of proselyting or urging his soldiers or anyone to do more than believe on the Lord and pray to be saved from their sins. There was nothing of the fanatic or martinet about Jackson.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER A SHORT STAY ON LONG ISLAND IS ORDERED TO
FLORIDA. RESIGNS FROM ARMY AND GOES TO THE
V. M. I., LEXINGTON, VA.

Soldiers never know what is to become of them when they get into the army, and here we find Jackson getting ready to leave the precincts of the greatest city of his country, New York, to go to the wilds of Florida. This was not a good move for him.

He was not of a vigorous constitution, he had worked hard in the Mexican campaign and been much exposed there in the swamps for a while. Jackson was raised up in the mountains, and mountain people never thrive in the low lands near the sea line, and particularly so on the coast. He soon arranged to get away from the low country of Florida, and finally resigned from the army.

Remembering Jackson was at this time young and famous, and what all conceived to be a rising man of great prominence in the army; and thinking of his strong partiality for military life, and the excitement of battle, we can sympathize with him when we see him turning his face from his sword, putting his hands against his ears to keep out the sounds of battle, and tossing fame to the winds.

There is so much of the romance in the life of the calm, brave young soldier, so much of sadness, lessons of submission, that to read of him gives us strength. His conquering disappointments and ambitious emotions was magnificent. Here we find him, because of ill-health, turning from the hopes of his life to become a great general; and without experience in any other occupation than the art of war, he was to battle now with commonplace things of the world. Like Cæsar, "His fame had gone before him" and he was soon offered a position of honor, which he accepted. For the present, good-bye to the soldier.

On the shores of the balmy Gulf of Mexico near Tampa Bay, at Fort Meade, in the fall of 1850 and up to February, 1851, our hero was a soldier in Florida. The diligent habits of a nature like Jackson's can not endure the idleness of camp-life, or what is generally called barracks-life. True, Florida is a charming location for the winter, and the Seminole Indians were yet in hostile condition, but there was little for an artillery officer to do but to walk, read, sleep and talk. Jackson was a man who loved movement, to be busy doing something of direct result, and he could not endure the *ennui* and confinement; this, with his poor health, caused him to accept the position referred to in the previous paragraph.

From Florida he wrote Colonel Francis H. Smith, Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, February 25, 1851: "Though strong ties bind me to the army, yet I can not consent to decline so flattering an offer." On the 28th of the next month he was elected professor of Artillery Tactics, Natural and Experimental Philosophy, at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington.

Other names had been submitted to the Board by the Faculty of West Point, all men of high standing for ability and service in the army, McClellan, Reno, Rosecrans, who afterwards were generals in the army of the Invaders, and General G. W. Smith, of the Defenders. So Jackson had strong competitors, but he won the prize.

Jackson did not wish to give up his military life entirely, but he said to a friend afterwards that camp-life, when no war was in progress, was not the kind of military life he wished to lead, and his health was not such as allowed idleness. He said also that teaching would keep his mind fresh, and improve it while he was teaching. He possessed a natural fondness for learning and books.

The Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, was something like the United States Military Academy at West Point, and this was very congenial to him. Then, too, the position as professor was respectable; and while not very profitable in way of remuneration—he only received twelve hundred a year

and a residence house, free of rent—yet there were many considerations of more importance than salary and income.

The location of this Institute was, in every way, ideal to him. Lexington is in the midst of the Blue Ridge mountains, and he was a mountaineer. The scenery was at all times attractive, and the society was famous throughout the country, Lexington having both the Virginia Military Institute and the Washington College, now the Washington and Lee University.

As a profession, Jackson, had he be enable to direct his choice of selection would have preferred some other occupation to that of teaching. He was not a teacher “after the man-or-born,” but teaching, like everything else, required of him sacrifices and a strict adherence to obligation or duty, and imposed upon him diligence and untiring attention to accomplish results worthy of him.

He possessed an original, strong and active mind, therefore did not possess the tact necessary to meet the requirements of teaching, at least, not with the same degree of satisfaction, even to himself, that others, whose training and natural qualifications fitted them to enjoy. But what he lacked in tact, he amply made up in honest, faithful work, and all who knew him gave him the credit for earnestness, exalted character, an example of great value to his students.

In one of the most important parts of education—example—no student who sat before Jackson in his lecture room, during the ten years he instructed at the V. M. I. (and hundreds were there during this period) failed to see in Jackson, a man whom to imitate and to emulate, would add to their place and strength in life.

Jackson's personal character was absolutely without blemish. His habits were of the manliest that Puritan could wish; his honor clean, and his courage superlative; while as a gentleman in expression and action, he had no superior.

To himself he was true, and, while never canting or criticising indiscretions or laxity or idle habit of speech or deed in others, he walked in his own way by lights that no man could bedim. He was strong in his individuality, so much so,

that he won a reputation for eccentricity that has become a part of history, and to which reference will be made in this book, as many errors exist concerning this gratuitous enlargement upon slight, if any cause.

He would not drink alcoholic beverages; he would not use tobacco in any form; he was never known to be profane; he would not associate with unworthy persons, or tolerate uncleanness.

Referring again to his teaching, we are told by men who were under him, both as students and soldiers, that he taught something like he fought—direct, exact and vigorous. He took the student to the subject by methods of his own, and these methods were not always popular with students who were inclined to loiter and slight their studies. He seemed unable to impart that peculiar aid the average student needs at times. When examinations were made, however, he exhibited excellent ability and, while just, was exacting. Many men in after years were grateful to him for his strict system.

Jackson had weak eyes and could^{not}, or would not, use them at night. He would study and prepare his lectures for his classes during the day; and if their consideration required his attention after lamplight he would draw himself away from any persons present, although they were in the same room with him, and conversing among themselves, would close his eyes and go deliberately over all the reading he had done that day, and proceed to digest and fix the lesson in his mind. Pity he could not prevail upon his students to do the same thing; doubtless there would have been less complaint and criticism on their part upon his mode of teaching.

When he had completed the task for the evening, the process of studying, he would return to the company present and be one of them and join in all of the amusements, and if he thought any more of the lessons, no one could detect such abstraction. By this capacity of Jackson's to concentrate his whole and entire attention upon a given subject, with utter indifference to his surroundings, ordinary conversation, noise or confusion, clearly demonstrates the rigid control he exercised over the operations of his mind as well as control of anything

bordering upon physical nervousness. He controlled his nerves and they seemed to obey him as the muscles obey us by natural law. When wounded at the battle of Manassas, he controlled every physical pain and kept his mind clear until all details of the battle were completed, and that night wrote with his uninjured hand a letter to his pastor at Lexington in which he made no allusion to the victory of the day, but sent him a check for fifty dollars to be applied to the expenses of his *negro* Sunday-school.

It may do the lad or lass who may chance to read this book, a great deal of service to remember that Jackson studied as carefully as if his life depended upon it almost, and his mind never left his book *until he knew what the lesson meant*. Few people have lived before or since Jackson who had a slower mind, or a stronger one to contend with. Slow, he had to work slow, strong, he had to control it and leave imagination out. He clung to the text, the lesson. This plan would not be accepted in this busy day.

After he had been there some time and his health and eyes, which had troubled him considerably at first, were much improved, a friend asked him if he thought he had acted right to accept the position when he knew he was not physically able to fill it? He replied, "Not in the least, the appointment came unsolicited and was therefore providential; and I know if Providence set me a task He would give me power to perform it. So I resolved to get well, and you see I have. As to the rest, I knew what I WILLED TO DO, I COULD DO."

After he had been at Lexington a while he wrote his uncle, Mr. Neale, that he was delighted with his duties, with Lexington and the people. He was at the time of writing at Warm Springs, Virginia, accompanying some cadets. Earlier in the season he had been to Lake Ontario and his health had improved.

In November, 1851, during the fall of his first year at the V. M. I. he united with the Presbyterian Church under the pastor, Dr. William S. White. It has been said that he became a Presbyterian because of his marriage; this is not correct. He liked the form of worship and other matters con-

nected with the church. He was not married at the time he joined the church. The pastor was so impressed with Jackson's purity and uprightness that he allowed him to commune with the congregation before he joined the church.

This remarkable departure or dispensation is more noteworthy because of the fact that the character of Jackson must have been extraordinary, as he was not only permitted to commune in this church before becoming a member, but while on Long Island he was allowed to commune in the Episcopal Church of which he was not a member.

He was elected a deacon, some have said an elder, but he never held any higher position than that of deacon. The pastor said he was the best deacon the church ever had. He "reported" to the pastor as he would to a general. He was at all meetings of the church. Once he told the pastor, "I can not see how, at that hour, we can possibly lack time for this meeting, or can have time for anything else, seeing it is set apart for this business."

He looked upon the pastor as an adviser and father, and was always confidential with him. Jackson said that had he been educated for the ministry, he would have followed the calling; also adding, provided he could learn to speak in public. He once wrote his aunt, Mrs. Neale: "The thought of becoming a herald of the cross has often seriously engaged my attention. I regard it as the most noble of all professions."

About 1854 there was a vacancy in the chair of mathematics at the University of Virginia, then, as now, one of the most learned and useful institutions in America and the world, for that matter. Jackson applied for the position endorsed in the very strongest way, but missed it; the board naturally deciding in favor of one of the alumni of the University.

A friend asked Jackson, when he heard that he was going away from a military school (this was about the time his name was used in connection with the University of Virginia), and therefore was departing from military lines "Have you not departed from what you told me, upon com-

ing to this military school, was the purpose of your life?" He referred to Jackson's having told him that the army and war was his proper vocation.

Jackson never forgot any remark, matters not how trivial, and he replied promptly, "I avow that my views have changed." Continuing, he said, that unless God willed it, he would not again enter arms. He added there and then, if his country was assailed, he would with God's blessing on his conviction that his country was being invaded, take up his sword and fight to the finish. But unless this happened, he would remain a private citizen. Jackson saw the war coming. He was a man of deep penetration, a student of men and affairs, a statesman, in fact, and his rating in his class at graduation being fifth in ethics, as we have before stated, gave evidence of his abilities in this direction—statesmanship. He was reticent; he understood how to keep a still tongue.

During the same conversation, he said that he considered it a man's duty to cultivate his powers to their fullest capacity, and enter upon the widest sphere within his reach; therefore he sought the University of Virginia; though Jackson was disappointed, the University was honored by his application, and officials refer to it with pride to this day.

In the autumn of 1855 he organized a Sunday-school class for negroes. "His interest in this race was in behalf of their souls," says his wife. He never neglected this Sunday-school work and continued in it until he left Lexington at the outbreak of the war. Many ladies and gentlemen of the town aided in this missionary work. Mrs. Jackson writes that when she moved to Lexington, she proposed to take a class of white children, but he asked her to work in his negro Sunday-school, which, of course she consented to do, and adds that she never saw her husband look more earnest than when telling these poor people the story of the cross.

Jackson devoted considerable time to the spiritual well-being of the negroes, and he taught them many lessons that bore fruit in their lives as well as those of their descendants. He made them feel as if they were a part of the human family; and his humane treatment marks a moral which some of

the Abolitionists would have done well to have studied. We have referred to the incident in which he, on the evening of his greatest battle—the day on which he won the name of Stonewall, he sent money to Rev. Dr. White, the pastor at Lexington, for this negro Sunday-school. And upon another occasion, he wrote from the battle-field concerning the burial of his old house servant, a negro, and sent money to defray expenses.

It would seem difficult for any one, even those fanatics who then did not own a slave, and who knew nothing of the negro, and whose zeal in their behalf, was a mere cloak to cover their hatred for the South, to think of this noble man without feelings of the tenderest nature; truly was he a child of God. The interest Jackson took in the negro and his treatment of him certainly proves to the bitterest of the sensational war makers, who thought nothing good could come out of the South, that their over-wrought imagination led them into extreme error. They must confess that one of the greatest leaders and generals in the army of the Defenders was not fighting for the preservation of slavery, but for independence. He was not less a Christian because his country, governed by the same constitution that made it possible for slavery to exist in the United States, and in the economy and conduct of his domestic affairs, as well as his public relationship as a citizen, he was a lawful owner of slave property. He was not less a Christian than those of colder latitudes of the same country.

The much criticised inscription upon the "coin of the realm," to-wit: "In God we trust," there placed for the first time in 1865, whether or not intended as a recognition of Divine interference in the "Civil War," originated likely in a somewhat exulting rebuke to the South, but is scorned by overwhelming victories of Jackson. This David, who won every battle, fighting in the fear of God, and under His care, with such overwhelming success, that he was believed to be inspired, would have made it impossible for this inscription to have appeared on the booty of politics, had he lived. His trust in God required no monetary sacrilege. He rendered to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

He had a habit which he kept strictly and that was to neglect no part of a fixed rule. He said to do this was to neglect, and he would neglect nothing. Once he formed a decision and felt that he was right, public criticism or private opinion of others could not move him. He was thoroughly independent in his ways and cared nothing for what public opinion might be if he felt that he was right. He knew no fear, but the fear of the Lord.

He would not criticise any one's views but would say pleasantly, when twitted or teased about his views or actions, "Well, I know it is not wrong not to do it, so I am going to be on the safe side." His religion shed sunshine over his life and he was never gloomy.

Upon borrowing the key to the library of the V. M. I., he promised to return the key within a given time. Absorbed in the subject, he had gone to the library to investigate. Upon leaving the building, he went twice to his home, forgetting his promise to return the key at a certain time. A heavy rain came up, but he immediately returned to the home of the librarian, a distance of over a mile, though the rain continued, and returned the key. The librarian reminded him of the inclemency of the evening, which prevented any possibility of cadets or others using the library, and therefore, the trip to return the keys was unnecessary, but Jackson thanked him and remarked that he forgot to return the key, being absorbed, and regretted any delay.

During an afternoon artillery drill, a heavy rain came on and the cadets ran out of the downpour, but Jackson remained on the drill ground in the storm, until the moment arrived, when the drill by the regulation of the Institute, should end, and with his usual formality and promptness, he proceeded to the office of the superintendent and reported the drill as though nothing uncommon had happened. He was drenched by the rain but he obeyed the rules to the letter.

It is related that the cadets played many tricks upon him, and elsewhere in this book a few of their pranks are referred to. In this connection it is well to correct here, a story that has gained circulation, that Jackson was once made to *climb the*



**JACKSON AS MAJ. U. S. ARMY,
at Age of 24.**
(From Photo of a Daguerreotype.)



JACKSON
(From Life-size portrait.)



**Presbyterian Church and Sunday-School Room,
Lexington, Va.**



Jackson's Residence, Lexington.
(The illustration from a Photograph taken sometime ago,
shows house in dilapidated condition.)



Jackson Memorial Building at Virginia Military Institute.

side of a wall to reach the class-room, because the cadets had moved the stairway leading to the lecture-room. It is true these steps were moved by the mischievous cadets, but this did not inconvenience Jackson, as he was at the time up in the class-room, and when the time came for him to leave, upon arriving at the stairway landing, he simply jumped down the opening and completely turned the joke on the boys who were compelled, much to their inconvenience and chagrin, to replace the stairway.

All who knew Jackson noticed his direct manner of walking, and of his never turning his head to the right or left, but looking straight ahead. Frequently the cadets would try to cause him to dodge by throwing a ball near his head as he walked by their ball games, but he was never known to dodge. A singular fact is here to be noticed in regard to this rigid manner in which Jackson carried himself. He was never known to fail to greet an acquaintance or salute any lady he might meet by lifting his cap, and some of the cadets aver that he "had eyes all around his head."

There was something about Jackson that impressed all with a feeling of being in the presence of an extraordinary person. Even at West Point when men like Maury, McClelland, Hill, and others, tried to persuade themselves that Jackson was a youth of shallowness and conceit, they were compelled to confess to themselves and to others as well, that he was no ordinary person, that had he been prepared when he entered the Academy, or if the rules would have allowed him another year, he would have ranked number one in his class. The cadets at Lexington delighted in mimicking him in his style and tone of voice, in giving orders, something after the old West Point manner, a kind of long drawl or sing-song. On one occasion the cadets decided to have the drill-master imitate him.

He had to repeat the Major's orders, and in doing so, imitated both voice and deliberate accents. When the drill was over one of the cadet-officers in the presence of a crowd of cadets said: "Major, what do you think of the drill this afternoon, sir?" Jackson replied, "Very much, sir," then smiling, said, "The officers gave very fine commands." Thus turning the joke on the cadets.

CHAPTER XI.

MARRIAGE. HIS FIRST EFFORTS AT PUBLIC PRAYER. COMPARED TO FAMOUS CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

On August 4, 1853, Jackson married Miss Elinor Junkin, the daughter of the President of the Washington College, now known as the Washington and Lee University. She was a lady of many virtues and was much beloved, being possessed of an unusual degree of intelligence, amiable disposition, and a devout Christian character. She was a most congenial companion of her worthy husband.

In less than fifteen months the young wife died. To a man like Jackson the bereavement was severe, but with his characteristic submission, he sustained the stroke without a murmur. For a long while after the death of his wife, he never permitted a day to pass without a visit to her grave and there offered up prayer. He made the following notes in a journal he kept at that time: "Objects to be effected by Ellie's death: To eradicate ambition, to eradicate resentment, to produce humility. If you desire to be more heavenly-minded, think more of the things of heaven and less of the things of earth."

One of his favorite texts frequently quoted by him was: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

The following is related to illustrate that humility and devout purpose exhibited in his first experience in praying at a public prayer-meeting. Soon after he had joined the church at Lexington, the pastor talked with the congregation upon the subject of the members attending weekly meetings of the church, and requested greater regularity. This was enough for Jackson. As has been related, he had only to be reminded that any certain thing required of him, compelled his response, as a matter of duty, and he was ready to act. Among other matters discussed by the pastor, was the admonishing of the members to lead in prayer. A short time after the occasion above referred to,

the pastor received a call from Jackson, who informed him that, although he had never spoken in public or attempted to pray in public, he would, if the pastor thought he should, try to pray at the meeting when called upon.

One evening the pastor called upon him to lead in prayer and the struggle of the young member, unaccustomed as he was, to anything like praying or speaking in public, was so painful, that all present sympathized with him. He made a failure of his first effort. Noticing that the pastor did not call for him again, after several weeks he sought the pastor, and told him he should not allow any personal feelings of sympathy for him to prevent his calling on him to pray. This courage—for it requires courage to submit one's personal embarrassments—inspired the faithful preacher and he again called on Jackson.

The second attempt was more successful, and after time, Jackson's prayers were as free from anything like "fright" as if he was praying with his own little household alone. Thus he overcame all shame or personal pride, and learned to speak before hosts in the field of battle, and pray while the cannons of the Invaders were hurling their deadly insults to this humble Christian. Jackson always did his duty to God and man.

It will take more than a Swinton (the so-called historian) to remove from the ornaments of the world the religious beauty of "Stonewall Jackson." We know of rude, rough men all over the South, whose family worship began after the war. We know of men everywhere who never knew God, or how to pray, until they had been with "Stonewall Jackson" and heard him. We heard a distinguished Northern minister once say, "To God be given the eternal praise for such a man as Jackson!"

His soldiers used to say "when Jackson aint fighting, he is praying." Cromwell's Roundheads, as they were called, had an expression, "Oh, how good it is to pray and fight." This was not Jackson's view of either prayer or fighting. No man who does not feel deeply, away down in his heart, the same love for God that a child does for its parents, can enter

into the feelings of Jackson on prayer. No man who has never fought for his home and fireside, as he would fight for his wife, mother, sister or sweetheart, can realize what fighting meant to Jackson.

Jackson has been frequently compared to Cromwell and Havelock, also Harrison, Pride, Charlemagne, and others. He did not have the fanatical ideas of Cromwell and was entirely free from that selfish ambition which has clouded Cromwell's memory. Ambition is often cloaked under the guise of religion, and religion has been used by many to affect means wholly lacking the imprint of godliness. He had none of the bitterness and overbearing tyranny of Cromwell. He may have been ambitious in his youth, and as a man who recognized the forces within him, doubtless felt that should occasion require the exercise of those forces, the world would hear of them. He is on record as resigning from the army because he did not care to waste his time in barrack-life; he therefore, could not have been especially ambitious in a military way.

He is also on record as having taken a professorship at the Virginia Military Institute, not because of any special aspiration, but from a desire to make his life useful. When an occasion arose where he thought his services could be utilized in a wider field educationally, he applied for the position in the University of Virginia. He was a statesman, but his extreme modesty prevented his employing the methods usually considered necessary among politicians to gain notoriety, or even recognition, and he did not attempt to develop this element of his native ability. When occasion arose and after watching events at Washington, and realizing that the John Brown raid was nothing more or less than a premature explosion of the mischievous oligarchy, then a festering, political fire-damp, his mind was made up, and the mightiest efforts of his life he resolved, should draw to them every force within his being, to resent the most diabolical affront ever offered in history. If this be ambition, then Jackson was ambitious.

To compare him to Havelock is merely to compare him to any man of bravery and energy, for they differed extremely in their lives and spiritual history, as far as we have any ac-

count. Havelock lived in a day differing widely in many respects from that of Jackson; but epochs are made by men, as we read them, and men are not made by epochs. Havelock left his impress upon history, and Jackson, his. Their records are open to the world, read them, and find if Jackson's shows the marks of Havelock's imperial attitude toward Almighty God.

Both Cromwell and Havelock were men of religious habits and left deep and lasting historical impressions, but Jackson should not be compared to them as an entirety. His religion was more the type of Hampden. Sincerity was Jackson's grand characteristic; humility and simplicity, his ruling nature. Like Charlemagne, he would benefit the world through publishing and writing, and, as will be seen elsewhere in his book, had he been spared to the usual course or span of life, he would have established a daily religious paper, and in the desire, was like Charlemagne, who over a thousand years before the time of Jackson, published the Capitularies, a collection of ecclesiastical regulations, which at that time was a task worthy of any king, and benefitted the world as few kings and soldiers have done. Washington is said to have been ambitious, but he was magnanimous and put self behind him; Jackson did all of this, and if he had ambition it was certainly not of the Cromwell type, for he crucified it that he might not forget his God. He loved the excitement of battle; he knew no battles but those of victory, and in all of these victories he gave the praise to God.

Unlike ambitious men, as considered in connection with Jackson, he lifted up everything he put his hands to. As a lad, he was a country constable and dignified the position; in the Mexican war he taught men to stand by their guns, himself working one in the face of deadly fire. As a college professor, he added fame to an institution in his day, the "West Point" of the South of which the whole South is proud; he took an interest in the spiritual welfare of the negroes and lifted them up, and all over the land this race reveres the name of Jackson.

Jackson honored the church with which his name is con-

nected. We have heard him spoken of as a Methodist, Episcopalian, Catholic and Presbyterian; he respected all these different denominations and in fact he attended their services at times; also Baptists and Lutherans and always was friendly; but the fact that so many different denominations lay claim to him, shows that his name is worthy of any church. Certainly his people, the Presbyterians, are proud of him.

We know ministers who never fail to introduce Jackson into their sermons or prayers each Sabbath, to illustrate some of the most powerful lessons of a religious life. His name is sounded in many humble homes from those away up in the mountain passes of his native county, down to the sandy wastes and pine-sung lands of the Florida peninsula. Children everywhere are told to be like "Stonewall" Jackson.

When he is compared to Harrison, Pride and others, remember that in Jackson there was positively nothing of the martinet, he did not presume to preach or insist upon any forced religious services in his camp; except to announce as he always did, that there would be public thanksgiving on a certain day to Almighty God for having blessed the army with victory. A hard heart indeed would a soldier carry who would not come to give thanks to God for delivering him in battle. But he did not attempt to coerce the army or in any degree, cause the soldiers to complain of his thrusting religious ceremonies upon them.

Earnestness was strongly developed in his nature. As the boys say, he was always "in dead earnest," and always meant what he said. Col. Reid, a friend of his, whilst riding with him near Lexington, threatened to put a keg of powder under a cabin and blow some negroes up for leaving his fences down. After leaving the darkies Jackson turned to him and said, "Colonel, were you in earnest about blowing those people up?" The Colonel confessed to an extravagance of language that Jackson was a stranger to.

Rev. James Power Smith, of Richmond, who was on Jackson's staff and with him when he was wounded at Chancellorsville, said in an address upon Jackson: "The religion of Stonewall Jackson will be the chief and most effective way

into the secret springs of character and career of the strange man, who, as years go by is rising into the ranks of *soldier saints* of history—Saint Louis, of France, Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, Oliver Cromwell, of England, Stonewall Jackson, of America.”

Ministers of Northern pulpits have made requests of Southern chaplains for information concerning the religious life of Jackson, giving as their reason for the request, their desire to have his life studied and used in example.

We cannot think of Jackson as a soldier without thinking of him as a Christian, a man of prayer. We cannot think of him as a man teaching a class of cadets who used to ridicule him, because they were not prepared to understand him without knowing that all the little ways so queer to these young men, ere the war for Southern independence was over; and they had seen this calm and “strange” professor in the heat of battle, were ways beyond the average mortal. To a child all grown folks are giants. Jackson was a giant to grown folks. He was not understood.

CHAPTER XII.

HIS SOCIAL HABITS. REFERENCE TO SOME OF THE ERRORS CONCERNING JACKSON, AND A STATEMENT OF FACTS.

Jackson, while not a man to pretend to be anything that he was not, and would not try to make up in bowing or mannerism what he lacked in natural grace or movement, was a very polite and courtly gentleman, and though somewhat stiff, or reserved, was a social man—a warm-hearted man.

Once at a party in Lexington, where refreshments were being passed around to the guests, Jackson declined to take anything, and his hostess urging him, he pleasantly answered, "I never eat after my evening meal, as it interferes with my health." Jackson was somewhat of a dyspeptic, and this simple, honest excuse for what so many think an impoliteness to his hostess, was much more to be praised than his accepting, against his convictions, or what his health required. "Honesty is the best policy," was not a maxim or practice with Jackson, there was no policy about him. Honesty was his unchangeable rule and he clung to it in all things.

It requires a very brave heart to be honest at all times in the little social world. The "ways of the world" are carried into all things of life, even into the church affairs, and we often hear excuses made which we know are made to prevent anything being said that might be considered rude. Well, it is better not to be rude, but it is far better to be honest and tell the truth, or remain silent.

Jackson was very polite and never passed a lady without lifting his cap, whether he was acquainted with her or not, and whenever courteous attentions were necessary he never failed to quickly respond. When a lady entered any room or place where he was, he would always rise and stand until the lady was seated. He had the military exactness and politeness with a natural-born chivalry. He was ever kind and very attentive to the aged and infirm, little children and sick persons.

In society so-called, there are many grades. We once heard

of a boot-black going to the Lord Mayor of the city of London and complaining in a written petition, which he gave the Mayor, of "certain chimney sweepers and other low fellows who called themselves boot-blacks," interfering with their social order. Now this shows how far social cast can extend. Society that must depend upon a false pretense of any kind, is not good. There is a society of church, of shop, of club, of street and of home. There are those who live upon the name of their forefathers, and hang all their claims for recognition on this rather brittle twine. There are those who have money and display this as their ticket to enter all society; others who are superficial and glide over the ways of society, like butterflies.

Society, that remains firmly established is one made up of virtue, truth and genuine faith. The rulers of the world, the makers of a great nation are the men and women who follow the rigid requirements of education, earnest application to the laws of control, consider the rights of their fellow creatures, and above all, do all things in the fear of God. To the latter belonged the immortal Jackson.

He had a family record of which he was justly proud. His ancestors were patriots, men of strength, pure men and virtuous women, his own mother was his guide, his father an honorable man of excellent position; he was a self-made man, as the term goes, because he was an orphan and poor; he respected the good and was indifferent to public opinion, when it clashed with what he felt was right. His associates were God-fearing people. He did his duty and lived a correct life, but never once did he bow to any man or set of men on earth!

He had friends. Let us read what he himself said in a letter to one of his friends upon the subject of friendship and society. He writes: "The kind of friends to whom I am most attached are those with whom I feel at home, and to whom I can go at all proper times and informally tell them the object of my call, with the assurance that, if practicable, they will join me in carrying out my plans whether they are for an evening promenade, a musical soiree, or whatever they may be; and all this, without the marred pleasure resulting from a

conviction that afterwards all my conduct must undergo a judicial investigation before 'Judge Etiquette,' and that for every violation of his code, I must be censured, if not socially ostracised." This gives us the cordial ideas of the great man, who seemed to shrink from the shams of so-called society.

In social matters he was strict as in all others. He has been known to call a day or so after a party or reception, and explain frankly anything that may have transpired, that in the remotest degree could leave the person under a false impression concerning him or his views. To the finest point he was exact, and would not consent to be held in doubt or misunderstood if he could avoid it.

When the hour came (and with him the hour of retirement was early) he would take his departure, matters not how brilliant the conversation, the flow of wit and feast of reason, or what allurements were placed before him, music, glitter and all the exquisite charms of a glad social evening, he would bow himself out with firm politeness and leave when "his time was up."

He would always try and make himself agreeable to all he met, and at once, upon meeting a stranger, would try and find out what subject was most convenient and pleasantest for them to discuss, and then he was delighted if he could make them feel at ease by talking on their subject.

He was not a person whom you could slap on the back and say, "Old man how's your health?" or any other familiar greeting of an extended intimacy, and while the cadets called him "Old Jack," they did this at "a great distance," like all school boys call their teachers "names" at times. They called him "Old Jack" because he appeared old in his manner. At West Point, when under twenty years of age, the cadets there called him this name, "Old Jack" and "the General."

Speaking of Jackson's being delighted when he could ascertain the subject a companion preferred to discuss, and defer any desires he might have had, or preferences as to the topic of conversation, he would talk with them upon their subjects and was a good listener. Listening to a conversation in which we are sometimes not particularly interested, is an art

only known to stenographers and typewriters, and while confined almost entirely to professional auditors, as a rule it would be well for every individual to cultivate the art. It is said that Jackson would meet ministers who were not nearly so well-versed in theology, ethics, and other subjects, as himself, and would listen to them, whether or not from habit acquired by constant attendance upon church service, without making the slightest sign of his familiarity with the subject, and it would only be after they had sounded him, as it were, that they discovered the wide range of information possessed by him upon theology and religious matters.

He made it his habit to read and study and to think systematically upon matters and subjects likely to be of service to him and was remarkably well versed and posted; his knowledge was not superficial; he was fond of books and of nature.

If an especially well instructed or learned man was talking with him, and would refer to books or writers, presuming upon the familiarity of Jackson with them, and he was not familiar with the book or writer, he would promptly inform his companion that he was mistaken, and that he did not know who was the author of the book or anything about the book. Few men can do this, that is, we have met very few who are willing to frankly confess. In ordinary conversation with others, when anyone would use the common expression, in addressing Jackson, "You know," he would say, "No, I do not," in case he did not.

When we consider the minuteness with which details concerning Jackson's social life has been indulged, we must remember that he moved in a very small sphere, and, although a highly cultivated one, as the society of educational centres like Lexington usually are, that therefore all of his personal characteristics and distinctive differences assumed pronounced proportions. Doubtless, in the eagerness to supply incidents, anecdotes, etc., that would add to the interest of critical comment upon the life of a resident or citizen, whose fame had reached throughout the entire world, slight deviations from exactness and fact, were made possible and indulged. We do not think that it is improbable some of the

stories related of Jackson were elaborate, if not extravagant humors of the imagination.

Had Jackson lived in a cosmopolitan sphere like London, New York, Paris, Berlin or Chicago, the personal peculiarities which were so minutely and at the same time grotesquely enumerated, would not have been subjected to the degree of focus that has produced unpleasant criticisms. No man whose life has become of universal interest, can be properly contemplated, without the presence of every phase of his individuality, personality, thought and action. But while all this is true, yet, for the same important reason, care should be taken to avoid exaggeration, lest some injury be done the subject. We make these notes as prefatory to the following :

Some persons, not of "Jackson's land," have written of Jackson in a manner that, were it not for enforced and pardonable curiosity, perusal would be intolerable. Even the sanity of Jackson is inferentially disputed by picturing him in extreme position, ascribing to him absurd habits, tastes, and follies. One would imagine, if not conclude, from reading their preposterous sketches, that the authors of same designed Jackson to appear as a "crank," a morose dreamer, "a character."

There are those elsewhere who should have known better, that have written of Jackson in anything but a satisfactory manner. In another part of this book is given extracts from men who wrote of Jackson, after sufficient acquaintance with him personally, to cause their observations to be accepted as able, critical and truthful.

In a certain book written by a facetious warrior-author, whose fund of vocabulary seems to have been the only capital upon which his wealth of humor was furtively hypothecated, wrote of him as a man whose personal appearance amounted to little less than a caricature, and whose hygienic peculiarities were exhibited in the form of a lemon-sucking hypnotic. We have read and heard of Jackson as being an extreme hydropathist, and that he wore wet underwear and slept in damp sheets. Neither statement is true. He was a believer in bathing. Cleanliness he considered next to godliness. He

did not wear wet underclothes or sleep in damp sheets. We have indisputable authority for the denial of these fabrications.

A poem has occasionally been printed in the newspapers ascribing poetic genius to Jackson, and so eager were these enterprising persons to add color to the attempt to picture him as a poet, that they place him on a battle-field and make him forget the sex of his only child and write several verses of poetry of a very gloomy character—a kind of ode to his wife and child; but, unfortunately, the picturesque prevarication is crushed by the fact that Jackson never wrote poetry and had but one child, a daughter, named Julia, in memory of his mother. The verses, in order to make rhyme, have Jackson's child a son.

Again referring to the book of the facetious officer, we find this language: "I have written that he was ambitious; and that his ambition was vast and absorbing. Like the unhappy wretch from whose shoulders sprung the foul serpent, he loathed it, perhaps feared it; but he could not escape it—it was himself—nor rend it—it was his own flesh "

Compare this "fictitious biography" with Jackson's abnegation, humility, devotion to the cause of his country, his patience under ill treatment, and loyalty, even when wronged; further compare it with the letters of Jackson to the faculty at the V. M. I., and to others; his verbal expressions upon his desire, his longing to return to Lexington and resume avocations of peace, teaching, it is barely possible, the author, who was credited as being near other ambitious persons, confused them with Jackson, who was constantly in the field.

Among the cadet pupils of Jackson, at the V. M. I., there has been a tendency to enlarge upon any personal or individual manner or saying of their former instructor. This does not grow out of any intention to belittle him, but rather emanates from their fondness for him and desire to add interest to his record or history. In order to make the calm Lexington school teacher something of a "wonder," they sought aid from their somewhat enthusiastic and over-excited spirit, and "made up" stories;—little entertaining conjectures of originality—and these have been fruitful sources in the compound-

ing of fiction; and writers and lecturers upon Jackson have made copious quotations from these "tales" and "episodes".

The soldiers, too, of the Stonewall Brigade and Jackson's corps were led by their fondness for their illustrious leader, to surround him with the marvellous, and so numerous and ingenious, so possible and attractive are the stories of these faithful followers of their idolized "old Jack," that they will become a part of Jackson's history.

In this book are given many incidents, anecdotes, etc., that are certainly true, but none show Jackson to be a man of feeble mind or of immature intellect. There is not a trace of insanity in his blood, as far as records and memory can reach. There was certainly wonderful individuality about Jackson. Some men who knew him well, for instance, Rev. Dr. Smith, who was on his staff, speaks of him as a "strange man." He may have had peculiarities. Nearly all great men have. But in personal appearance, sanity and character, he was every inch a man, of the highest type. His wife gives an excellent description of his personal appearance in her charming book. He was six feet tall, weighed about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, handsome features, was erect and military in his bearing.

He was not an invalid. His service in the field, day and night, and in all kinds of weather, and subsisting on the rather precarious army fare, proves that he was vigorous. It is related of him that he possessed almost super-human endurance, lost not one day from active service from Lexington to Chancellorsville, and no account is to be had of his being ill or delicate; upon the other hand, he was, generally speaking, robust.

He was not a "showy" soldier and his extreme modesty and simplicity enforced upon him an air of affectedness. Display was not considered a part of a soldier's usefulness by him. He believed in men as he found them, and was one of them, and refused to be made a "fancy officer" of. As a teacher, his youthfulness at first compelled him to be gravely dignified, but his "shell" soon disappeared when his

relationship with professor and student became one of social intercourse, and he then was "affability itself."

He was not stoically taciturn, nor regally reticent, nor masterly silent. He kept his counsel as a wise man. His tongue he ruled. His thoughts were his own. Like all profound men, he was deep-souled, and spoke in deeds, strong-hearted. He gave the world all its title in Jackson called for—the rest to God.

While Jackson took no part in politics and very little in ordinary public affairs, from reasons he did not relate but likely because of disgust with general conduct of political matters, and especially politicians in common; however, he was emphatically opposed to the transmission of the United States mail on the Sabbath and he was exact in his observance of his rule, never to have anything to do with mail of any character on the Sabbath. He would not write a letter, if the distance such letter had to go would necessitate its transmission on the Sabbath. Nor would he go near the post-office or receive a letter on that day, would not so much as permit mail to be delivered to him. He would not read a letter on the Sabbath.

On one occasion, a friend asked him to accompany him to the post-office on Sunday and he declined to accompany him. This friend had a very ill relative from whom he desired to hear. The next day, Monday, a letter came telling of the critical condition of the relative, but later another letter came announcing improvement in the relative's condition, and Jackson remarked: "Now had my friend causelessly dishonored the Sabbath, he would have suffered a day of harrowing anxiety, which the next day's news would have shown utterly groundless, but God rewarded him for his obedience by mercifully shielding him from this gratuitous suffering. He sent him the antidote along with the pain." He referred to his friend's getting two letters Monday, one following the other, and on the same day.

CHAPTER XIII.

VISITS HIS SISTER.—RETURNS TO LEXINGTON AND RESUMES HIS CHURCH WORK AND TEACHING.

During the summer following the one of his uniting with the church, he visited his only sister Laura, Mrs. Arnold, at Beverly, Virginia (now West Virginia). Beverly was at that time, as it is to-day, an interesting village located on West Virginia Central Railroad in the mountains, on a charming plateau, and enjoys many attractions, in its beauty of location, climate and society. The court house was built there over one hundred and fifty years ago and from brick made in England, and hauled in wagons from Alexandria, Virginia, over the mountains, hundreds of miles. It is located on a hill and stands a monument to pioneer energy; the new court house is built near by, but the old one remains in fairly good condition.

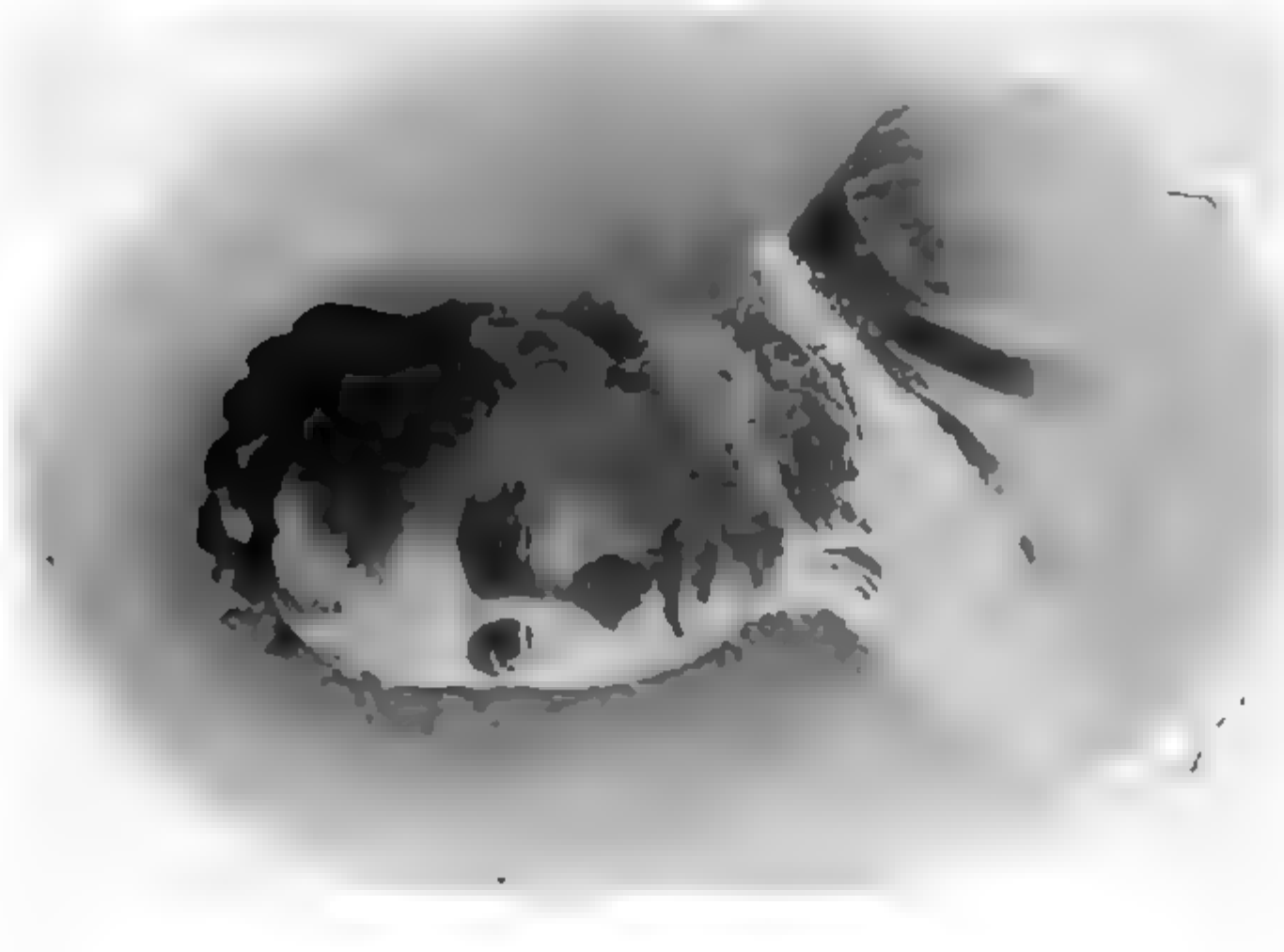
Mrs. Arnold, Jackson's sister, is living (1901), but is a confirmed invalid, and it is regretted by many of her friends that she is unable, because of her extremely delicate condition, to tell more of the childhood days of the Jackson children, Warren, Thomas and herself. To this devoted sister of the great Christian soldier, the world is indebted for several interesting stories of the early life of Jackson.

While Jackson was visiting this mountain village, meeting people, many his associates when a child and youth, he discovered a lack of piety or religious development in the neighborhood. This at once called forth his resolution to do some missionary work, and he began to distribute tracts, talk with the people, and finally held meetings in the church. Wearing his uniform, and bearing a distinguished appearance, both of which attracted attention to him from those who did not know him, and this, together with his fame as a Mexican war hero; his lack of self-confidence as a speaker, required of him more than ordinary will and resolution. But nothing seems to have dismayed him when once he felt it his duty to do a thing, and



JACKSON.

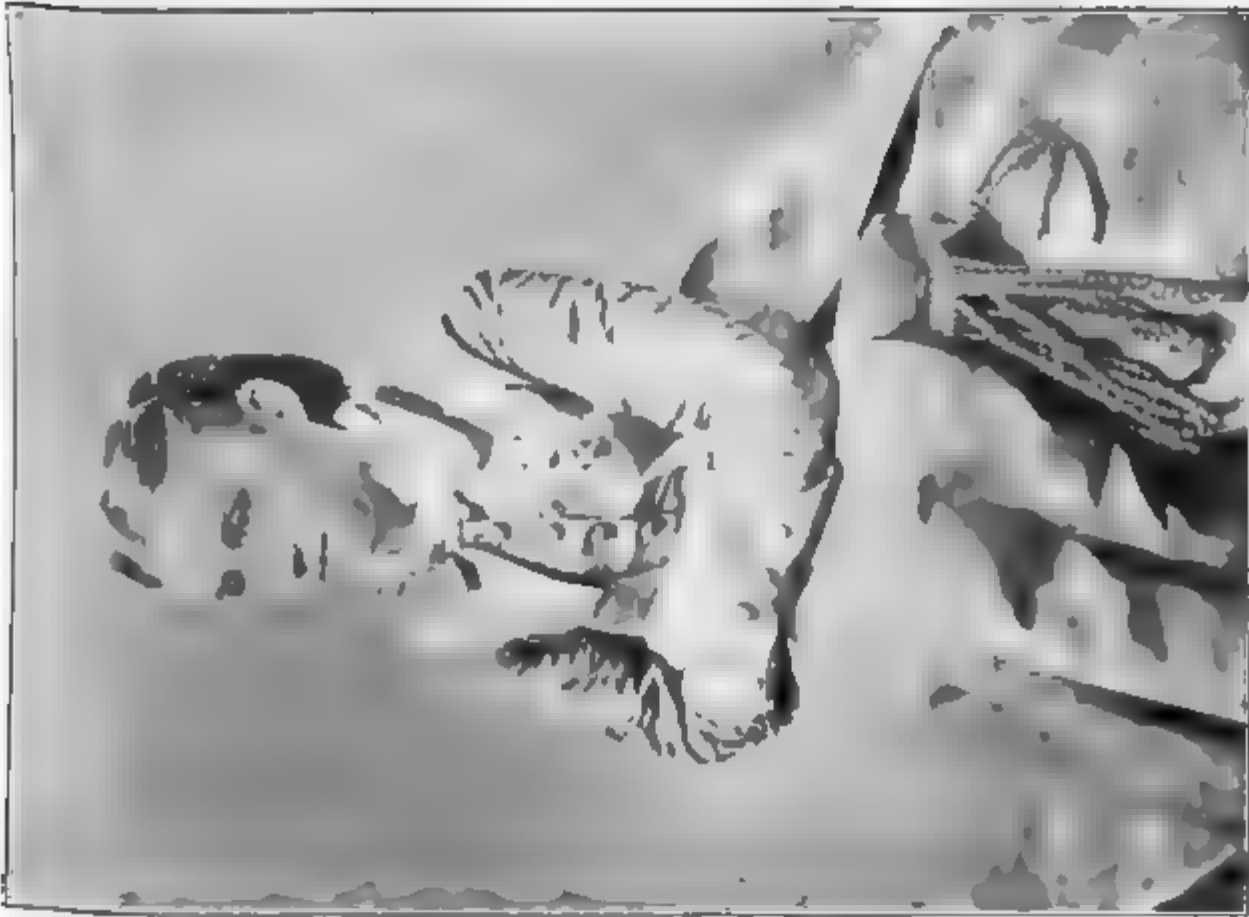
Pronounced the best Portrait in existence.



MARY ANNA JACKSON



From Latest Photograph of Mrs. Jackson.



JULIA, AT AGE OF SIXTEEN.
Jackson's Only Child.



JULIA, AT AGE OF EIGHTEEN.



**"Cottage Home," The Morrison Homestead.
(Where Jackson's Second Marriage was Performed.)**



At Twelve Years.

As a Bride

At Sixteen

JULIA, ONLY DAUGHTER OF GEN JACKSON.

Born November 23, 1862. Married Mr. W. E. Christian, June 2, 1885. Died August 30

(By Courtesy Louisville Courier-Journal Job Printing Co.)

he conducted the meetings; the results were soothing to him, and repaid him for the costs of the ordeal of embarrassment.

On his return to Lexington from his visit to his sister, he volunteered his services to the pastor of his church and asked that he be allowed to have a class in the Sunday-school, of young gentlemen. The request was granted and he was soon installed as teacher. We are told that his teaching was as earnest and as absorbing as his weekly classes at the Institute, and the members of the class were grateful to him for the instruction they received in the Bible. Many of the gentlemen who served in the army with Jackson were members of his Sunday-school class at Lexington, and would frequently aid in divine services held in Jackson's camps. In addition to this class of young gentlemen, he had another class which he taught at a different hour, and was punctual and regular in his attendance upon the morning and evening church services each Sabbath.

Some of the cadets at the Institute were, like other young men in large schools, not especially inclined toward religious affairs and were disposed to make light of General Jackson's piety. That the accounts given of him by some of the students have made impressions long to remain, is unfortunate. We do not know nor would it be an easy matter for us to believe, that anyone who knew Jackson, either as professor or commander of a great army, would intentionally say one word that would detract from the sacredness and influence of his memory and life. Some have been inclined to denounce these stories of the cadets, going so far as to attempt to defend Jackson as a figure in the world's history, against these thoughtless and irresponsible youths, and in defense of their argument brought to bear the weightiest testimony, that the side of Jackson, in the imaginary debate, would win overwhelming victory. This was not at all necessary. All know Jackson was sincerely a devout, pious and religious man; and if, as Rev. Dr. Smith says, soldiers are sainted, the name of Jackson will represent America.

Thomas á Becket was canonized within three years after his death. The Confessor (a surname of Edward Third)

was dead one hundred years, unknown to canonization. Were canonizing a Protestant habit and of modern practice, Jackson would have been long ago canonized.

He was fond of the gymnasium and had one on a small scale, established in his own home. One summer he expanded his chest measure to such an extent that when he returned to the Institute in the fall, he had to have another coat made, as his double-breasted uniform coat would not meet over his chest.

These cadets that Jackson had to deal with were possessed of all the mischievousness of youth. The artillery was hauled by drag-ropes. This is done to train cadets for emergencies in case artillery had to be taken where horses could not go. The cadets would play all sorts of tricks on the Major. They would take out the pin that connects the front and back wheels of the cannon carriages, and when the command was given, "Right—oblique—march—trot," down would come the cannon as the two parts gave away.

One time the cadets put in a little bell in the limber box, fixed so that when the command to march was given, the bell would ring as the carriages moved. Jackson would with great military dignity order the "halt." How this joke terminated we are not told, but likely Jackson made some one feel cheap over it. All college professors try various experiments, and tell their jokes. One day Jackson informed his class that the clock of the Institute was not correct, and marched his class out to illustrate why it was not. He said he would do this by scientific calculation and instruments. He took the observations by the instruments and he calculated that the correct time should be half-past twelve o'clock, but upon taking the actual results, as they stood by the instrument, he found that it was *half-past seven in the evening*. Of course the cadets had a great time of it laughing at their professor. The instruments were out of order. Likely the cadets could have explained why.

Another joke on Jackson is told. In 1858, one morning before the final exercises of the day, he called up a member of the graduating class, and asked him why it was that a tele-

graphic dispatch could not be sent from Lexington to Staunton. The cadet thought for a moment or so, and replied, "That the phenomenon was doubtless caused by the mountain of iron ore between there and Staunton." "No, sir," Jackson replied.

A second cadet was called up and asked, then a third. All failed to give the answer. Jackson could not hide the smile in his eye. A cadet caught this smile and said, "Well, Major, I reckon it must be because there is no telegraph line to Staunton." "You are right, sir." The laugh over, Jackson resumed with great dignity the lessons of the day.

Here we give an instance that is not of the joking kind, but will show that Jackson was not the man some of the gay cadets who called him names, thought he was. A cadet had acted in such a manner that Jackson preferred charges against him, and he was dismissed from the Institute. The cadet was furious and swore he would kill Jackson. Another cadet heard this.

The dismissed cadet posted himself on the road that led from Lexington to the Institute (the V. M. I. is a little outside of the town of Lexington). He knew Jackson would pass that way. The person who had heard the cadet's threat saw Jackson and told him to go back, but Jackson calmly said, "Let the assassin murder if he will," and went on toward the Institute.

When he approached the spot where he was told the cadet would be, he stopped and seeing him, looked at him with that same cold eye of courage that looked death in the face upon many battle-fields in Mexico. The cadet could not face the dangerous Major and sneaked away.

Jackson's submission to the will of his Maker was as great as anyone of which we have account. Asked upon an occasion, if he was called upon as duty required of him and he felt it to be the will of God, that he should give up every ambition, drop every scheme of life and of personal advancement, and go to the heart of Africa for the rest of his days, would he go? His eyes flashed as he replied: "*I would go without my hat*"

Asked by the same friend what was his understanding of

the Bible command, "Pray without ceasing." "I can give you," he said, "my idea of it by illustration, if you will allow it, and not think I am setting myself up as a model for others. I have so fixed the habit in my own mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without lifting my heart to God in thanks and prayer for the water of life. Then when I take my meals there is grace."

"Whenever I drop a letter in the post-office, I send a petition along with it for God's blessing and the person to whom it is sent. When I break the seal of a letter just received, I stop to ask God to prepare me for its contents, and make it a messenger of good. When I go to my class-room and await the arrangement of the cadets in their places, that is my time to intercede with God for them. And so with every act of the day, I have made the practice habitual."

"And don't you sometimes forget to do this?" asked his friend. "I can hardly say that I do, the habit has become almost as fixed as to breathe."

He often would comment upon the restiveness of a professor of religion under trials. He said he could not be unhappy under any trials if he believed it to be the will of God. Once a friend said: "Major, suppose you should lose your health entirely, do you think you would be happy?" "Yes, I think I would be." "Well, in addition to loss of health, suppose you should become blind?" "Even such a misfortune could not make me doubt the love of God," Jackson replied. Knowing how Jackson could not endure the thought of being dependent on others, his friend in order to further test him said, "Suppose you lost health and eyesight and was a helpless invalid, and had to be in bed and receive grudging charity from those upon whom you had no claim, what then?" Jackson was nearly stunned, but lifting those true blue eyes to his friend's in triumphant gaze, he replied: "If it were God's will *I think I could lie there a hundred years.*"

All this may appear very different to the common mortals of this world, but is certainly true of Jackson. His faith in God, and his absolute submission to his will, and his desire to do nothing to displease Him, was his "food and drink." He has

been known often to refuse to discuss secular, "every day," matters with any one on the Sabbath. But few have more rigidly kept all the commandments. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," was a law he kept as he did the day.

If there is any letter we are apt to break the seal of, on any day, it is a letter from one's sweetheart or a very dear friend. Here is related a test on Jackson's keeping the Sabbath rule about his letters. His sweetheart lived in a far away State, down South. A friend saw him receive a letter from her late one Saturday evening, and as Jackson's eyes were feeble, he would not use them at night, so he had to keep the letter

The next day his friend said, "Have you read your letter?" (meaning the one from his sweetheart). "Assuredly not, sir." "Where is it?" Tapping his coat pocket, he said, "Here." "What obstinacy, don't you know you will think of it all during service at church and this will cause you to break your observance of the day?"

"No," he replied pleasantly, "I shall make the most faithful effort I can to govern my thoughts and guard them from unnecessary distraction; and, as I do this from a sense of duty, I expect the divine blessing." He said he was repaid for his sacrifice on that day, as he enjoyed great tranquility all day.

CHAPTER XIV.

VISITS EUROPE.—WRITES OF HIS TOUR.—HIS METHOD OF TEACHING.

In the summer of 1856 Jackson took a trip to Europe. He must have enjoyed it, as he told some one once : "I would advise you to never mention my European trip to me unless you are possessed with a superabundance of patience, as the very mention of it is calculated to bring up an almost inexhaustible assemblage of grand and beautiful associations."

He seemed to be impressed with everything of large proportions. He never in life referred to great men particularly, but their works he admired. With the exception of a very few instances, Jackson is not known to have mentioned the names of men in the way of man-praise. He looked on men as only incidents in the hands of God, and did not appear to think anything worthy of notice belonged to them as men.

He admired the art, the paintings, the statuary, architecture and other products of art and science in the Old World. Speaking of his visit to Florence, Italy, he said, "I began to realize the sentiments of the Florentine-- 'Take from me my liberty, take from me what you will, but leave me my statuary; leave me these entrancing productions of art.' And similar to this," said Jackson "is the influence of paintings."

In writing to a friend while in Europe, he speaks with enthusiasm of the romantic lakes of Scotland; the imposing abbeys and cathedrals of England; the Rhine, with its castellated banks and luxuriant vineyards; the sublime scenery of Switzerland, with her lofty Mont Blanc and massive Mer-de-Glace; the vestiges of Venetian beauty; the sculpture of Italy; the ruins of Rome; the beautiful bay of Naples, illuminated by Vesuvius; the lovely France, with her gay capital, etc.

There is a significant mention made in one of his letters on his foreign tour, and it is this: in referring to the great stature of Powers, "Il Penseroso," he says, "is represented

as walking abroad while absorbed in thought, with the finger of one hand *resting upon the lip*, while the other carries a train." Jackson could do all this. He carried the secrets of his campaigns under sealed lips, while he carried his army in his hand. The subject, "Il Penseroso," struck Jackson with a force few would have felt. It is after his nature; keeping one's counsels and having something to keep.

His tour lasted about five months, and he visited Liverpool, Chester, Eaton Hall, Glasgow, Lochs Lamond, Katrine, Stirling Castle, Edinburgh, York, London, Antwerp, Brussels, Waterloo, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Bonn, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Heidelberg, Baden Baden, Strasburg, Balse, Lakes Lucerne, Brience, and Thun; Berne, Freiburg, Geneva, Milan, Florence, Venice, Naples, Rome, Marseilles, Paris, Mer-de-Glace, over the Alps by Simphon Pass; again London, Liverpool, and home. He wrote the above to his aunt, Mrs. Neale, who had sheltered him as a little orphan boy, and whom he loved to visit and write, all through his life.

He was gone about five months on his tour, and during that short time, he learned enough French to read the Scriptures in the New Testament from a Testament written in French. He also kept a "journal" of his trip, which he brought back to America.

Ocean travel was much slower, and not so punctual at that period as it is now, and he was delayed in reaching his post of duty at the Institute. Knowing how very strict he was in all of his appointments, he was asked if the delay had not made him very miserable. He replied: "Not at all. I did all in my power to be here at the appointed time, but when the steamer was delayed by Providence, my responsibility was at an end."

This trip to Europe, aside from giving him a great deal of pleasure, his health was greatly improved and he was ready to resume his work. It is thought by many that Jackson, while at Waterloo and elsewhere, studied considerably the Napoleon campaigns, and it is known he gave thought to strategy and Napoleon; doubtless also to Wellington, both of whom he resembled in many ways.

Jackson possessed a rich vocabulary of excellent Saxon, and had his exchequer been plethoric and he thus enabled to patronize his tastes, he would have doubtless indulged his diletanteism; and while he never piqued himself upon any of his talents, his fondness for art, adventure and higher social development, would have doubtless led him into a literary venture at this period.

Some persons expressed surprise when Jackson undertook to teach, as he was looked upon as excessively diffident and lacking confidence in himself. As before stated, the selection of this avocation was, while not exactly a *dernier* resort, he was not prepared to select his occupation, and he considered teaching, as do all thoughtful men, a useful and elevating profession. He overcame all difficulties, and the fact that he remained at Lexington from 1851 to 1861, when he left to enter the army, proves his acceptance to the trustees of the Institute, as well as his success. It is said that he regretted that he had not learned Latin. It may not be generally known, but Latin is not taught at West Point. However, he told a friend that as he knew something about Spanish, and had learned that language while in Mexico, he would proceed to master Latin.

This bold assertion amused his friends who clung to the theory that Latin, like the alphabet, was to be begun in childhood. Jackson made the following remarkable reply (which is worthy to be written prominently, as one of the resolutions young men could make in the beginning of life): "I CAN ACCOMPLISH WHATEVER I WILL TO DO." This is strong language, but after considerable study of the career of Jackson, we have to learn of his ever having failed in anything he undertook to accomplish.

When he was applying for a chair in the University of Virginia, some of his intimate acquaintances asked him if he had not over-estimated his capacity. That at the University the method of instruction was largely by lecture, and he had not been used to teaching except from text-books direct. Jackson smiled and reminded them that this was not a difficulty or drawback, as he had not been teaching from text-books directly as they thought, that he had memorized and framed his

instruction into the form of lectures, because of the weakness of his eyes he could not use them in the constant reference to text-books while teaching, and had memorized his texts and instruction.

Jackson also told them that he had no hope of becoming eloquent, but "*by effort I shall succeed as a lecturer, for I can accomplish anything I wish to perform.*" Does this language seem egotistic to the reader? If so, cite an instance on record where Jackson failed in whatever he set his mind and will to do.

Speaking of Jackson's lack of eloquence, it is barely possible that he had some aspirations as an orator, and also had he not been so opposed to the commonplace in politics, to put the game of politics under a more respectable name, he would have been as distinguished a statesman as he was a soldier.

He lacked the natural gifts of declaiming, and yet wanted to become a public speaker, or rather a speaker in public; that is, to be able to speak when occasion arose. To this end he joined the Franklin Literary Society, a society comprising the learned and literary men of the town. Jackson was always punctual and it is said, "When his turn came to speak he was on his feet."

His *coup d'essai* was so embarrassing, he finally was so overcome that he sat down. All present sympathized with him, as everyone admired him and felt that he would master this mild form of stage fright and peculiar shyness—peculiar because he was so absolutely a brave man. As predicted by his friends, he did not stay down long, but rising to his feet began again and repeated this programme until he learned to declaim; he would often have to sit down and get up and at the task again, probably two or three times during one evening. Never once did he seem in the least disposed to give up because of his being so abashed. No one laughed at him. He was too soundly respected for fun making, which of course, however, would have been considered highly indecorous among refined, generous and polite people.

Frequently we come across accounts of Jackson, and have had them verified by those who knew him well, indicating that

he was extremely bashful. In the army, unless actually engaged in battle, or preparing for the same, he would shrink from making anything like a display, and when he bid farewell to the immortal Stonewall Brigade, after more than a moment of intense hesitation, his farewell address burst as some great globe of eloquence and showered exquisite rhetoric and emotional eloquence over the saddened soldiers. His address ended, he again awkwardly paused, when, as if inspired by some new thought or visitation of prophetic promise, he wheeled his horse and dashed away, leaving behind him men who were a part of his very hope, and yet he never once turned his head.

Returning to the subject of his aspiration to become a public speaker, he accomplished his desire and impressed all who heard him speak as one who, with practice, would have become a famous orator. His speech was rapid, direct and clear. He wasted no force in gesture, but spoke earnestly, and possessed what the greatest American orator, Webster, expressed as the essence of oratory—clearness, force and earnestness—these produce conviction. He has been known to astonish speakers who laid claims to oratorical distinction.

CHAPTER XV.

SECOND MARRIAGE. DESCRIPTION OF JACKSON BY MRS. JACKSON AND OTHER NOTES BY MRS JACKSON.

On the 16th day of July, 1857, Jackson married Miss Mary Anna Morrison, of North Carolina. Before his first marriage he had met Miss Morrison in Lexington during her visit to her sister, Mrs. D. H. Hill, whose husband was a professor at the V. M. I., and was afterwards a distinguished general in the army of the Defenders.

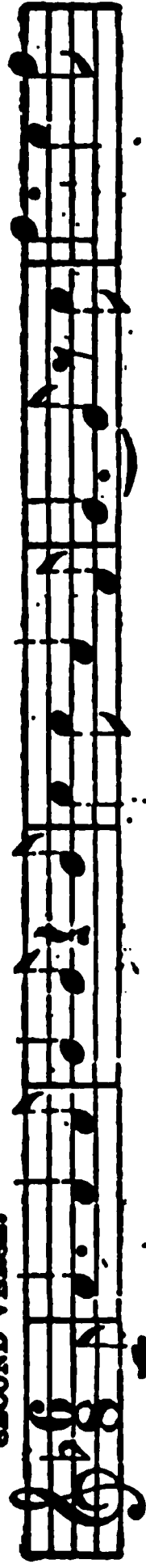
A picture is given here of the home of Miss Morrison, where Jackson visited her in those happy days before the war, when romance was so much a part of Southern life. Those good old days, the habits and forms of which will come to be interwoven with American literature, and be the theatre of heroes and heroines in the fiction of the centuries! A sketch is given in the pages of Mrs. Jackson's family. Three of the sisters married men who afterwards became generals in the army of the Defenders. Isabella married D. H. Hill; Mary Anna, "Stonewall" Jackson; Eugenia, Rufus Barringer.

Miss Morrison had relatives whose eminent service to the Government resembled those of the Jackson family, and she had just returned from a visit to Washington, D.C., when she found her younger sister was going to Lexington to visit Mrs. Hill. She could hardly promise herself two visits in such quick succession, but was delighted to learn that the younger sister, who was doubtless timid, had gained permission for her to accompany her on the trip.

In those days there were few railroads in the South, and the trip to Lexington was a long and circuitous one. A gentleman of Dr. Morrison's church was going to Philadelphia to the Presbyterian General Assembly and the young ladies were put under his care, and they began their trip by first going from Charlotte, N. C., to Charleston, S.C., by rail. Here they took a ship for Wilmington, N.C., and vivid descriptions by Mrs. Jackson are given of the sunset and the delights of the trip. They were not sea-sick.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

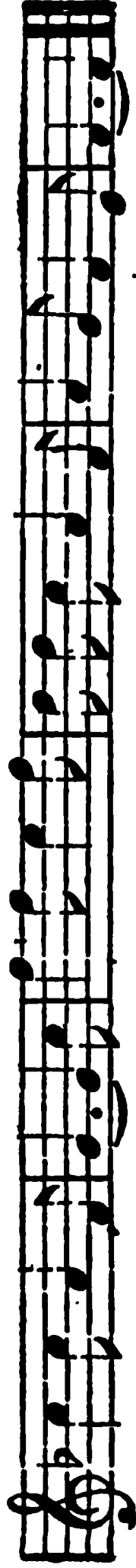
SECOND VERSE.



As long as the Union was faithful to her trust, Like friends and like



breth·er·en, kind were we and just; But now when Northern treach·er·y at-



tempts our rights to mar, We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Sin·gle Star.

The Original was written in Jackson's Camp on a white shirt-bosom; the author,
Harry McCarthy, having no paper.

From Wilmington they went to Richmond, Virginia, by railroad. Think of the changes. At that period it required several days to reach Wilmington from Charlotte, and one had to travel all round the country. Now the trip is made in comparatively a few hours direct. The young ladies expected their kind escort to leave them at Richmond, but that was not the way in those times, and he chivalrously took them safely to Lexington and then continued to Philadelphia.

Jackson was at this time, May 1853, about twenty-nine years of age; he was an intimate friend and constant visitor at Major Hill's home and was thrown considerably with Mrs. Hill's sisters, the Misses Morrison. He was at the time engaged to be married to Miss Elinor Junkin, daughter of the President of Washington College, to whom he was married in August.

Mrs. Jackson describes her first impressions of the young military professor and distinguished soldier of the Mexican war. Before making the quotations from Mrs. Jackson's book of this description, let the reader bear in mind that these words here to follow are written by the wife of Jackson, and, therefore, must, are, and naturally should be the most absolutely accurate and correct that have been written upon his personal appearance, habits, temperament and private life. Mrs. Jackson writes, it must also be remembered, of her first impressions, and of her life with Jackson fully a quarter of a century after his death, and after she had doubtless read many of the absurd descriptions given of her and her distinguished husband.

Mrs. Jackson says: "The descriptions of his personal appearance differ so much that I must be permitted to give mine, which surely ought to be true to life. His head was a splendid one, large and finely formed and covered with soft, dark brown hair, which, if allowed to grow to any length, curled; but he had a horror of long hair for a man, and clung to the conventional style *a la militaire*, of wearing very closely cut hair and short side whiskers.

"After he was persuaded to turn out a full beard, it was very much more becoming to him, his beard being a handsome

brown, a shade lighter than his hair. His forehead was noble and expansive and always fair from a protection by his military cap.

“His eyes were blue-gray, large and well formed, capable of wonderful changes with his varying emotions. His nose was straight and finely chiseled, his mouth small, and his face oval. His profile was very fine.

“All his features were regular and symmetrical and he was at all times manly and noble looking, and when in robust health was a handsome man.”

Mrs. Jackson, speaking of her visit to Lexington when a girl, and the impressions made upon her by Jackson, says: “He was of a very military bearing and reserve, but kind and relished a good story or a joke and laughed heartily when anything impressed him as funny.” She also tells us of many charms he possessed, of his courtliness, his generous and frank manner, of his neatness, his cordiality and friendliness. Says he would always call by Maj. Hill’s and ascertain if her sister and herself were provided with escorts for church and other occasions, and was a brotherly friend; and relates in substance somewhat of a joke mildly perpetrated upon the Hill household, in the following paragraph.

Jackson followed his aphorism: “Mystery is the secret of success” even in his courtship. He seldom was seen in public with his sweetheart. But few persons knew of his engagement to Miss Junkin, but a more devoted lover at her home, and on occasions when there could be no suspicion of an engagement, he was all and in all to her. Both joined in this secret, and when the announcement was made of the marriage, the town was taken by surprise and delight. On the very morning of his marriage he called at Major Hill’s home and was in high spirits, called for his favorite songs and was genuinely happy. The Misses Morrison only had hints of the engagement, but they were taken by storm next morning to find that Major Jackson had married and gone North with his bride.

The young ladies returned in the fall to their home in North Carolina. The younger sister married in the following spring

a young lawyer, Rufus Barringer, afterward a Brigadier-General in the army of the Defenders—making three Generals, brothers-in-law in the same army—and Miss Anna was left to her meditations and fancy. She grieved at the loss of her sister by marriage. Major Hill moved from Lexington and Jackson was lost sight of. The sad news of Jackson's great bereavement, in the loss of his wife, in the fall of 1854, was brought to North Carolina by letter from Mrs. Hill. All felt deeply for Major Jackson, who had been so kind to the young ladies on their visit to Lexington.

After his return from Europe some time during the winter of 1856, Miss Morrison was greatly surprised one day, by the receipt of a letter from Major Jackson. A short time after this he paid a visit to Miss Morrison. His visit was brief, as he came during the session of the Institute. All were pleased with him. Dr. Morrison was especially impressed by his bearing as a Christian gentleman, of marked ability and culture.

On his return to Lexington he wrote many letters to Miss Morrison, some of which are given in her book, at the earnest solicitation of thousands of Jackson's admirers, who wanted to have the world *see something of his real self, not known to the outsider.*

These letters were messengers from his heart, as few knew the heart of Jackson to be. They are couched in excellent English, devout in their tone, and are not disappointing. They are spiritually and soulfully devoted. In them we see his love of nature, get a glimpse into the meditations that possessed him in his quiet strolls along the beautiful river and among the hills about Lexington, his gratitude to God for the blessings bestowed upon him and especially in the gift of the love of a pure and true woman, who was to be his bride before the summer left the hills.

On the 16th of July, 1857, as before related, the young lady from the old North State, so rich in historical interest, became the bride of this college professor, who, before many years had passed, filled the world with his fame as a military leader of matchless valor and skill. The ceremony took place at the country home of the bride, in North Carolina, being performed

by Rev. Dr. Drury Lacy, uncle of Rev. Mr. Lacy, a chaplain in Jackson's army. Miss Morrison's father, though a Presbyterian minister, preferred not to perform the marriage ceremony of his daughter because of his being unwilling to risk his emotional feelings.

Mrs. Jackson, in her excellent book gives an interesting account of her trousseau and the trouble or anxiety she experienced because of a delay. Her trousseau did not arrive until two hours before the marriage ceremony, and one can readily imagine the young lady's dismay and anxiety, while an improvised trousseau was being prepared. She lived in the country and her trousseau was to come from New York. This was likely one of the instances of "special providence," that Jackson often referred to.

The young bride tells of her presents, his was a "beautiful gold watch and a lovely set of seed pearls." They went on an extensive bridal tour, visiting in Richmond, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Saratoga and Niagara Falls.

Jackson enjoyed the grandeur of Niagara, and he ever admired the wonderful works of the Creator, and "looking through nature up to nature's God." At Saratoga he took no notice whatever of the gay throng, but admired the natural beauties of the surroundings, and they spent their time there in truly lover-like fashion, driving and strolling and rowing upon the lake, which was at that time covered with water-lilies.

From the North they returned to Virginia, going to the Rock Bridge Alum Springs, where they remained several weeks, until the opening of the fall term of the Institute at Lexington. With true gallantry he told his young wife that as God had given him a wife suitable to adorn a home, he would not be content until he had one for her, and he at once began to arrange his affairs to this end.

Rev. Dr. Dabney, in his work on the life of Jackson, says : "In no man were the domestic affections ever more tender and noble. He who saw him only as a stern, self-denying soldier in his quarters, amidst the details of the commander's duties or on the field of battle, could scarcely comprehend the gen-



**First Capitol of the Confederacy,
Montgomery, Ala.**



**Where President Davis Lived in Montgomery, Ala .
Known as White House of the Confederacy.**



Medal of the Stonewall Brigade.—(Kindness of the "Confederate Veteran.")



The Flags they Loved.—(Kindness of the "Confederate Veteran.")



GENERAL BEE OF S. C.

Who gave to Jackson the name of "Stonewall" at Manassas, dying himself like a true Defender, a few moments after. His last words were "They have killed me, boys, but don't give up the fight."



Stonewall Jackson at Manassas.
(From "Confederate Soldier of the Civil War.")

the sweetness of his home-life. When any jar occurred and domestic affairs annoyed, he would say, "Ah, that is not the way to be happy."

Within a year he had his own home and a picture is given of the house, which is yet standing. Some changes have been made in the building, but the general appearance is about as when he left it to enter the army.* He furnished his home with comforts, everything being substantial but simple. It was pronounced an ideal Christian home. He took special delight in providing comforts for his home.

Order and system was as much a part of his life as breathing. He would have a "place for everything and everything in its place." His life as a military man, besides his personal inclination, prompted this. Methodical management, as he expressed it, made every door "on golden hinges softly turn."

In Lexington he had been called by some of the cadets and

* The following description of the Jackson residence in Lexington, is clipped from a newspaper letter, written in the fall of 1899 by a bright female correspondent: "After such a supper as one gets nowhere else, and a good night's rest, we drove to Stonewall Jackson's old home, which is but a short distance from the hotel. An odd, old-fashioned house, built partly of brick, partly of unhewn stone, rapidly going to decay, stands on the corner of a narrow village street. The only evidences of a garden lie at the back, where the thick grass is dotted with a few field daisies and interspersed with wild thyme and pennyroyal. The front steps and porch, which once led into the building, were destroyed a short time since by fire, and as Mrs. Jackson could not afford to replace them, the front entrance now is a plain door on the street and a dark flight of stairs up to the living part of the house. At the head of this stair to the right is the room once used by Gen. Jackson as an office. On the opposite side of the hall is the family sitting room or parlor. Facing the stair is a bedroom opening into a wide piazza, which runs across the back of the house. One end of this piazza had been enclosed as a kind of storeroom, and there still stands the nails driven by the hand of him whose sword-thrusts were felt in the heart of a nation. The dining room is on the first floor, and the third floor is devoted to sleeping apartments. The place still belongs to Mrs. Jackson, but is rented as a lodging house for the small sum of fifteen dollars per month. What a commentary upon the patriotism of our people! While the bones of John Brown's band of murderers are being inurned under marble monuments, the home of the 'Young Napoleon of the West' is going to ruin in the hands of strangers."

others, "Iron Duke." This name was suggested by his deliberate manner and salute, which no doubt resembled the manner of the Iron Duke, as he would walk along the streets of London.

Jackson's title differed from Wellington, "Iron Duke," in that while he, Jackson, got his sobriquet "Stonewall" by his firm, immovable, battle-front at Manassas, being there called "Stonewall" (a rock fence or wall), Wellington became known as "Iron Duke" by being confused with the name of an iron boat called "Iron Duke," in honor of Duke Wellington, it is said.

In his home he was a mild, affectionate man. A Southern authoress, Mrs. Preston, who knew General Jackson in his home life, thus speaks of him, "he was a modern knight of King Arthur's Round Table. Any one could see that 'Stonewall Jackson' was as true a hero as Bayard, or Raleigh or Sidney. The clouds which to his enemies in war were only 'night and tempest' at his home disappeared. There was nothing but silver linings to the skies there. In his house the law of love reigned; his own pattern was the chief stimulus of duty. Jackson well merited Bayard Taylor's lines,

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring." "

He was the soul of hospitality, and particularly welcomed ministers of the gospel. His wife says his home life was all sunshine, and he had no trace of "official dignity" there. A domestic man in the broadest sense, he did not interfere with his wife's affairs, but provided well for every department.

He would work in his own garden and his early experience on his uncle's farm, gave him practical ways of cultivating his garden. He always had plenty of vegetables for home and gave quantities away. He had a farm also and cultivated that with his negroes. It was not a large farm, only twenty acres. It was situated just at the edge of town. He sold this farm during the war and practically devoted the proceeds to the aid of the Confederate government, that is, he invested the money in Confederate bonds. Upon another occasion General Jackson proved his faith not only by risking his life for the cause

of his country, but declining to accept moneys, the payment to him of which, would have taken something from the treasury of his government, the Confederacy. Had more of those men who were so extremely ready to *talk* about war, and who owned numbers of slaves, which it was very evident the Invaders intended to deprive them of, followed Jackson's unselfish and patriotic example in their power to sustain the treasury of the Confederacy, there might have been a solution of the war's ending, sooner. Jackson sold his only farm. Many men owned plantations. These days have past and gone. In some families the second generation is born, but the failure of their ancestors to sustain the government, rather than speculate upon it, will rest as a visitation of patriotic scorn.

Regarding the personal habits of Jackson, we are told that he rose at six in the morning regularly, and immediately knelt in secret prayer; after which he took a cold bath, never omitting his bath at any season of the year; then went for a walk which he took whether the weather was balmy or stormy (he had preparations for rainy mornings, such as rubber overcoats, boots, etc.); was always fresh and ready on returning from these walks.

At seven o'clock he held family worship, requiring the servants to be present. He did not wait for any one, not even for his wife, but as the clock struck seven, began the morning worship. After prayers, came breakfast; immediately following which, he went to the Institute as his first class recited at eight o'clock. At eleven he returned to his home and studied until one. The first book he took up was invariably the Bible which he studied with commentaries, and made many marks upon the same, that are yet to be seen in his Bible, the one used by him.

He did not sit down to study, but stood at a high desk which he had made specially for the purpose. He permitted no one to come near him while engaged in his studies. He had this high desk arranged at the exact height most suited to his desire, and where the light would be most effective. How many men or women are there who stand while studying?

. . .

We must remember, too, that his eyes were weak, and many times he was compelled to close his eyes and turn his face to the wall until he had fixed the subjects under his preparation firmly in his mind.

It is refreshing in these days of hollowness in general, to read Mrs. Jackson's book in which she tells of the companion of her young life, as the bride of this wonderful man, giving in unsophisticated candor accounts of their happy days, and of his talks with her in their home, or while they rode in their buggy through the beautiful country or walked together. Frequently, she says, they would drive out to their little farm, where he would leave the conveyance in some shady spot, and with the fervor of a lover, bid her adieu, while he would go and probably aid the negroes in some little task or attend to other business connected with the farm.

She tells of the love and tenderness of her husband and of the devotion manifested in those little attentions a woman so loves to receive from her "liege lord"; all of these he gave to her. Their rides in the moonlight, their walks along the beautiful roads about this scenic country. Of his strict attention to his duties; but at all times, paying court to his wife, when not absorbed by them.

After supper he would not at once resume his studies; but waited awhile, as he wisely said, "To study immediately after eating, is not treating the brain right." He would not use his eyes at night and had to study from memory. When thus engaged, his face turned to the wall, and perfectly motionless, he would tell his wife, if she were present, not to speak, as he wished to be undisturbed while mentally preparing his lessons for the next day, and yet if company or friends were present, he would not disturb their conversation but sit there oblivious to their presence and study.

His study hour over, he would turn with a bright smile, and the rest of the evening he would be as free from abstraction as a boy. Jackson, as said, would study in this manner when company was in the room, and not allow their talking to disturb him; but he preferred quiet if in obtaining same, he did.

not give any one annoyance. He would not tolerate the idea of placing any one to any annoyance or inconvenience.

Every summer he would take his wife and make a tour of the North. On one of these trips he visited Fortress Monroe, where he studied every detail of this fortification. He also visited Cape May, and enjoyed the surf bathing. Nearly every summer he went to New York City for a few days.

Jackson owned few slaves. The first one he bought was a man who came to him and begged him to buy him, which he agreed to do, with the understanding that the negro could pay him back the purchase money, by "working out." This man was taken sick once, and Jackson visited him regularly, he had him moved to his own place and had the two house maids to wait on him. On one occasion, he returned home convulsed with laughter. The negro had told him that he had never been "bedevilled" so in his life, as he was by these two women. This amused him greatly.

The next slave he purchased was an old woman who was about to be sold for debt, and who came to him and plead with him to buy her, which he did. She served him faithfully as cook and was a "treasure," we are told. After the war came on this old woman died, and Jackson paid all the expenses of her sickness and burial. He was in the battle-field and busy with war, when he received the news of her death by a letter which, in genuine charity, few letters excel. She sent a message to her master full of grateful memories for his goodness to her. He had all matters concerning her funeral or burial attended to, even though war was about him everywhere.

Any one who imagines Jackson entered the army to protect slavery is not advised properly and in fact is blind with prejudice. Like thousands of others in the army of the Defenders, he owned very little of such property as slaves; many in the army owned no slaves. *Southern men fought for home and independence, for their Constitutional rights.*

One of his house-servants was a woman named Hettie, who was sent from North Carolina to Mrs. Jackson, as a gift from her father. This woman came all the way from there to Virginia alone, and at one of the points where she was to

change cars was asked where she was going; she said: "To *Virginie*, but the Lord knows when I'll get there." She made the trip and was overcome with joy when she found her "young mistiss."

This faithful old servant went back to North Carolina alone; and at a station some one picked up her trunk, when she told them to "*put down that trunk, that's Gen'ral Jackson's trunk.*" She was finally made the nurse of Jackson's only child, Julia, and was with him as nurse to his child, when he was wounded; and wept bitterly at his death, saying she had lost "her best friend."

Jackson trained his servants well. He exacted strictest obedience, but at all times was just. If one left the room without closing the door, he would calmly wait until they were gone, then would follow them and have them return and close the door. This impressed his rule upon them. He had all his servants taught something useful, and they were trained to fear the Lord and serve Him.

There was another member of his household, a handsome bay horse, very spirited but gentle. He always called this *your* horse, when speaking of it to his wife. Indeed he spoke of himself to his wife, as "your husband," and of all his belongings as *yours*. "Your house," "your cap," "your salary," etc.

Jackson was the essence of consideration and kindness. Once a gentleman spent the night at his home, and had with him a little girl who had never been separated from her mother before. His generous heart went out to the child in her distress. He suggested that she be given into the keeping of Mrs. Jackson for the night, but the child clung to her father.

Late in the night after all was silent, and the child and her father were sound asleep, the father was aroused by some one gently drawing the cover over her. He woke to find this person no one but his host, Major Jackson, who could not sleep until he was satisfied that the child was comfortable under his roof.

Jackson was a surprise to every one, and at times even to his wife. She writes of an occasion when she confesses her-

self surprised by him. One morning he had been out early as usual in command of an artillery drill. He returned dressed in full regimentals; the commencement exercises of the Institute were in progress.

He came up to his wife drawing his sword, and playfully began to brandish it over her head, looking as savage as a "Blue-beard," asking her if she was not frightened. She was not exactly afraid, but his acting was so real that she trembled; seeing this, he threw down his sword and took her into his arms in great glee and caresses.

He seemed to take a boyish delight in playfully scaring his wife. He would often, when hearing her approach, jump from behind a half open door and catch her with a springing caress. To him his home was one spot at which he could bring up the joys of his real nature and show his capability of feeling and demonstration, when moments were his and not the world's, for that he belonged to the world in part, his whole life shows.

In the spring of 1859, Mrs. Jackson's health being poor, her husband took her where she could receive such medical treatment as she needed. This was their first separation, as he had to return to his classes. He felt this deeply, and his letters to her while away show much tenderness. In them he tells her everything about their home, the flowers, the garden, servants and all that would interest a young wife parted from her home, and a sufferer from ill health among strangers.

In Jackson's letters there is so much to learn that one to realize the beauty of their composition, as well as their naturalness, must read them. He wrote with a peculiar ease, directness and expression that very few possess. There is nothing of the literary flourish or studied rhetoric about them. They speak to the heart alone. There is about them the breath of spring, the dews of morning, the winds of fragrant summer, the song of evening birds and the night thoughts of God.

The day will come when every letter, every word, written by him will be held in superlative esteem throughout the world. Already a man famed in continents has plead for "any little

note written by Stonewall Jackson," adding in his petition, "I should so prize it." We hope the honored request of this great British General was granted by Jackson's family.

In the summer of 1859 Mrs. Jackson went to the Rockbridge Bath Springs, while her husband went to the White Sulphur Springs, as the health of the former was not equal to the long stage ride. While at the White Sulphur, Jackson wrote, "I am tired of this place and would not give my little pet for all the people here." In his absence was somewhat consoled by hearing the eminent divine from South Carolina, Dr. Thornwell. In his letter telling of this famous preacher's sermon, Jackson shows a thorough understanding of the subject of the sermon and writes of it like a theologian.

During the fall of that same year, Mrs. Jackson visited her home in North Carolina, and while there Jackson wrote her this letter, which we quote as a specimen of his little letter-talks with his absent wife. "I am writing at my desk, which I have raised so high that it makes me stand up straight. I watered your flowers this morning, and hoed another row of turnips, and expect to hill some of the celery this evening. Your old man at home (it will be seen Jackson referred to himself as 'old') is taking good care of one somebody's flower slips, and they are looking very nicely.

"Yesterday I went into the kitchen and sealed some jars of tomatoes, and Hettie has put up many jars besides, of plums and other fruits, so that we shall be well supplied this winter. I hope they will keep well. "I hope that my little somebody is feeling as lively as a lark; be as happy as a spring butterfly." In a later letter he wrote, "I buried this morning ninety-nine heads of your cabbage for winter use." Neither he nor Mrs. Jackson would write, read, mail or send a letter on Sunday.

CHAPTER XVI.

EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN. JACKSON IN COMMAND OF ARTILLERY THERE. WAR CLOUDS. HE DEPLORES WAR, PLEADS FOR PEACE. FEW OF HIS VIEWS AS TO THE SOUTH'S WITHDRAWING FROM THE UNION. HISTORIES.

So violent had become many political leaders outside the South, and so frenzied had grown the leaders of the anti-Southern, anti-slave and anti nearly everything else connected with the South, that Governor Wise ordered out the State militia to prevent violence at the execution of John Brown and other murderers, and this brought Jackson into arms again.

Jackson writes his wife, then in North Carolina, on November 28, 1859, from Charlestown, Virginia (now West Virginia), stating that he had reached there the night before with the cadets and the artillery from Lexington. He tells her there are about a thousand troops at Charlestown, and everything was quiet at that moment, and not to feel uneasy about him.

On December 2nd, he writes her a long letter, which, for clearness, is much the best description of that event so important in the history of this country, we have ever seen. Not once did he refer to anything of the political bearings of the occasion; his interest seemed to be entirely, as far the event was concerned, in Brown's soul. He said, "Brown refused to allow a minister to see him and he feared Brown would miss the kingdom of heaven." No doubt about this.

Brown was taken from Harper's Ferry, where he was captured, to Charlestown, about twenty miles, where he was tried by the courts. He was hung December 2d, and about two weeks afterwards the rest of his survivors—those captured—were treated with the same high recognition of their crimes. Jackson returned with the cadets on the third of December; this was the only time during his marriage that he ever accompanied the cadets, until he took them to the war in 1861.

Concerning negroes and slavery, apart from the offensive features of any kind of bondage, the negroes were greatly

blessed by slavery. In their native country they were savages in most part, and were under severest and most desperate tribal terrors almost constantly. As slaves in the South they had many comforts, the advantages of religion, and were a happy people. Happier by far than the negro will ever be again in or out of the South.

In the summer of 1860. Major Jackson as usual took his vacation, and on this trip went up into New England. He was considerably exhausted by the steady confinement at the Institute, and finding a suitable location, he began his favorite treatment of hydropathy. He improved at once. And seeing his health improved, Mrs. Jackson tried his plan and her strength which was below par, returned. She remained after her husband went back to his classes. While in the North, they saw many indications of approaching trouble between the States, and although many talked with Jackson, he would not allow himself to be drawn out in a political sense upon the subject. A South Carolinian who was there with his wife could not endure the impudence and insolence of some of the people, and was in hot water over politics constantly. These same men Jackson associated with, but evaded any collision.

Jackson kept up his daily correspondence, or "*reporting*," with his absent wife, and nothing is written about politics. All letters relate to their home and matters of personal interest. He perfected the most minute arrangements for her journey home. In one of his letters he speaks of the poultry, and calls the porcelain egg in a nest a "*Deaver*," as it was gotten of a man by that name.

In February, 1861, Mrs. Jackson returned to North Carolina to assist in arranging for the marriage of her sister to Mr. Avery; and while there political excitement ran high all over the country, and yet her husband, whom she knew was to take part in the threatened struggle, as he was a patriot, never mentions the subject to her. No doubt he knew her anxiety and spared her.

There is a sense of sadness when we read of Jackson's happy life, and see hovering over his home the angry clouds of war. We know Jackson is a man upon whom the country

will lean, and soon he will walk from his closet of prayer, and command peace to retire, while grim-visaged war stalks before him, closing the door against peace forever.

He has not touched a single fuse to public passion, or political and sectional envy and hate. He knew the creed of war, not as a demagogue, but as a mighty man of battles. Before him stretched the plains of the valley he loved so well. Above him towered the blue mountains where his eyes were often fixed as his soul poured forth its song in prayer to God. His was a future of great promise in the walks of peace, and he deplored war.

A year before the war came, but after he had been to the execution of John Brown as an officer in charge of artillery, he knew that war was coming, and wrote his aunt, Mrs. Neale, January 21st, 1860, among other things, the following: "What do you think of the state of the country? Viewing things at Washington, from human appearances, I think we have great reason for alarm, but my trust is in God; and I cannot think He will permit the madness of men to interfere so materially with the Christian labors of this country, at home and abroad."

A distinguished jurist, and who was personally acquainted with Jackson, in a lecture upon Jackson, quotes these words: "The corps of cadets a few months before the war commenced, marched upon the town of Lexington, on hearing that a number of their comrades had been attacked by Union citizens. It was Saturday and the absent professors hearing of the move, met and persuaded them to return to barracks. After getting back Colonel Smith and others made addresses of advice, and Jackson was loudly called for. His speech was about this: "Young gentlemen, draw the sword only as a last resort, but when you draw it, throw the scabbard away."

Some writers of books on the life of Jackson have discussed the issues of war between the States, but we have been profoundly impressed by the absence of any considerable record of what *Jackson himself said or wrote on the subject so vital at the time war was forming*. This is to be greatly regretted, and can only be accounted for on the hypothesis of his gen-

eral indisposition to talk much about matters in which he was to take part; and he reasonably assumed he would be depended upon to take part in the war, as he was not a man to shirk duty.

It is well known that Jackson was for the Union, and, at the same time, he was a Democrat of the strictest type, and one of the States Rights stamp. There can be not the shadow of doubt about this. He was never a man who made politics a kind of stock in trade, for any purpose whatever; he was never "professional" in any thing.

He voted for John C. Breckenridge, and did not vote for him, on any other grounds, than that he believed Breckenridge would save the Union if elected. *To fight inside the Union was his doctrine.* He was never a secessionist; like nearly all sound Southern men, he was forced into the war by the course of the North toward the South. He was uncompromising in his demand for the independence of the South, once her rights were assailed.

Virginia, which had done so much for the South and all portions of the Union, was friendly with all, but as her *intentions* were so misjudged, and as she saw her sisters of the South being *forced*, she could no longer remain in the Union. Fort Sumter experience, April 13, 1861, settled matters as far as Jackson was concerned, and when Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand troops, April 17, to invade the South, Jackson was in the toils of his most determined devotion to his State and the South, and *was ready to follow her fortunes to the bitter end, which he did, and never left her service an hour.*

Before Virginia seceded her Legislature passed resolutions asking all States to meet in Washington (twenty-three States sent delegates) and devise some basis of a peaceful solution of the pending troubles. This "Peace Congress," which met in February, 1861, failed; and its history is to this day unwritten, as far as truth is concerned; the "Peace Congress," by its course, not only began in earnest to awaken the whole people of the continent to the fact that the North intended to force the South, but illustrates as well, the real spirit of this coun-

ary upon matters into which sectional differences enter. We do not believe that any arbitrators to which questions are submitted involving sectional differences, will ever effect satisfactory results, but prove, as did this Peace Congress, futile experiments.

Since the war for Southern independence the people of the South have borne for over a quarter of a century the injustice done this section by the so-called historians, who were either misinformed or purposely unfair. These histories have done much to keep up sectional strife, and it is hoped that men and women, both of the North and the South, will employ some able man whose character and reputation for conservatism and truth will enable him to write impartial history. We have heard of a plan, and it has been advocated in the press, to adjust our historical differences and produce an unsectional history; that a commission be elected, divided equally between Northern and Southern writers and supplying them with all the facts possible to be obtained, from the time Columbus dreamed of discovering this continent until the hour such commission rises finally, to report its deliberations and conclusions in the form of a complete United States history.

Such commission, we would think, is liable to meet many difficulties, and while we would not be confronted with white heat that surrounded the Peace Congress of 1861, for at that Peace Congress there were men who were conspiring to deliberately overthrow the government, paralyze every possible opposition to their schemes of abolition, the establishment of an oligarchy with all its imperialistic and centralizational elements to reduce the Southern States to colonial dependencies, and, if possible, reduce them to serfdom, by destroying their property and impoverishing them to helplessness. But the suggested historical commission would find many places where the waters and the oils would fail to mix. So great and straightforward a patriot as Jackson could not agree with the course pursued toward the South; and in arguing for *one* subject, this simple, solitary, and one lone instance (and tens of thousands shared the same impression and opinion held with

Jackson) a commission would find much difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory conclusion.

We make one suggestion, however, while referring to this historical unpleasantness, that has been the cause of so much harm in stirring up one section against another; it is this, that the histories used in school omit argument on part of the authors of histories, and simply state the facts as they are recorded, making no comments. There is too much said in the histories in regard to the war, '61 to '65, and if people mean what they say and really wish to see the country united, memorialize Congress, which is the arbitrating body supreme of the American people, the United States Court being more or less political, to pass resolutions—for instance, something like this: Whereas, The histories of the United States used in our public and private schools, and the various historians and writers in this and other countries present two sides of the causes and conditions that led up to war between the States of the Union; and Whereas, It is the desire of the people of the United States now living to have the present generation and posterity, to live in peace and harmony as one people, under one common patriotism and common history, Be it resolved: That the Congress of the United States, in body assembled, request the historians and writers to desist from casting reflections upon any section of the Union that will cause bitterness and resentment in connection with accounts of the great war between the States; and Resolved: That the war grew out of a misinterpretation of the Constitution on the part of other certain individuals, and an overbearing inclination on the part of other certain persons whose sentimentality upon the subject of slavery, coupled with their jealousy of the princely prosperity of other sections of the Union, inflamed the weaker to acts of violence, both through Legislatures, Congress, and the administration; and Resolved: That the States comprising the late Confederacy deserve the praise of the world for their brave and patriotic resistance against invasion, usurpation, and impoverishing destruction; and that they join hands with their brothers from other sections of the Union, and taking the career of Jackson, Howard and other Christian soldiers,

and patriots, as examples of high American citizenship and statesmanship, forgive and forget; that the people of the South have and will ever have the satisfaction of knowing that they were faithful in every crisis.

If some such action as this can be had, all jest laid aside, history would be more satisfactorily written.

Until history is written in truth there will be discord in the Union.

After the failure of the Peace Commission, Jackson was hopeless of war being averted and waited the summons to take the field. He went to his pastor in whom he confided at all times, and we repeat here a portion of the conversation between him and his pastor. Jackson said: "If the general government persists in the measures now threatened, there must be war. It is painful to discover with what unconcern they speak of war, and threaten it. They do not know its horrors. I have seen enough of it to make me look upon it as the sum of all evils.

"Should the step be taken which is now threatened, we shall have no alternative; we must fight. But do you not think that all the Christian people of the land could be induced to unite in a concert of prayer, to avert so great an evil?

"It seems to me if they would thus unite in prayer, war might be prevented and peace preserved!" His pastor fully agreed with him and promised to do all he could to bring about the uniting of the people in a concert of prayer as he proposed.

CHAPTER XVII.

**“PEACE? PEACE? THERE IS NO PEACE”!—JACKSON CALLED
TO THE FRONT—HIS LAST DAYS AT LEXINGTON.**

How gloriously the lights turn on Jackson, withdrawing their rays from the demagogues, both North and South, and the ambitious, thoughtless and selfish politicians, who infested America from 1840 to 1860! This man, who has been called ambitious, calls upon the church and pleads with Christians to unite in invoking divine intervention, that peace and brotherly love would prevail in the land of our forefathers, and war with its horrors and the never-failing consequences of a civil, internecine and fratricidal conflict, be averted.

He was for peace. We do not know his views concerning the various alleged causes that brought about the final collision, but we would judge that, as he was a man of deep penetration, thoughtful, and advised upon current affairs, particularly so as regard to matters connected in any way with army affairs, that he was thoroughly cognizant of the issues, and certainly he possessed as much personal and patriotic pride as any man in any portion of the Union, and was willing as his attitude proves, to wait and let calmer thought and Christian consideration take possession of the mind of the men in power; believing, no doubt, as he did, so firmly in the general patriotism of the Americans, that prudence, to say nothing of justice, would lead them into a wise and conservative solution of the difficulties.

Once convinced that after an effort had been made by men who, like himself, preferred peace to war, and were even willing to make sacrifices that peace be preserved, had failed to change the swollen current of political ambitions, and that these men in the North were determined to overthrow the South and violate every compact, even the sacredness of the constitution, the laws and statutes, he concluded that as they had thrown the wage of war, there was no alternative, as a lover of the constitution and a descendant of men who fought



Scene in Shenandoah Valley—Cedar Creek.



Harper's Ferry—Showing Virginia and Maryland "Heights."



Harper's Ferry—B. & O. R. R.



Monument and Tablets, Harper's Ferry.
(B. & O. R. R.)



John Brown's Fort—Harper's Ferry.
(Taken to Chicago in 1891.)



Shenandoah Valley, Va.—Along line of B. & O. R. R.

for American liberty, but to offer his sword in behalf of the cause of Southern independence.

Mrs. Jackson relates that upon more than one occasion, he told her with great emphasis and the intensity of his nature: "*Oh, how I do deprecate war!*" Yes, and thousands of other men whose death in that war deprived Southern families of father, brother and son alike deprecated war; but once it was forced upon them, they made a record that, despite the mad jealousy of the haters of the South, has reflected unending glory and honor upon American arms, chivalry and patriotism.

In another portion of this book is given an expression of Jackson's opinion of war, that is, war gauged by the standpoint from which the South was compelled to look upon it. This expression from Jackson and related by Dr. Dabney, is also a gauge to his ideas of state affairs.

In subsequent conversations with friends, he is said to have expressed his opinion of the demoralization of civil strife. His views were verified by the evils that beset this country from that war. He was not disturbed, we are told, for he relied on his God and personally was the very soul of courage.

After the election in 1860 and when Jackson could no longer doubt the signs of the times, Rev. Dr. Ramsey spent with him a short time, and says, "One morning after family prayers were over, I was so distressed at the situation of affairs, that I expressed my feelings, when Jackson said:

"Why should Christians be disturbed about the dissolution of the Union? It can come only by God's permission, and will only be permitted if for His people's good; for does He not say, 'All things work together for good to them that love God?'"

"I cannot see how *we* should be distressed about such things, whatever be the consequences." The Doctor adds: "That faith nothing could shake, because he dwelt in the secret places of the Most High, under the pavilion of the Almighty."

On the question of slavery, Jackson held the opinion that

slavery was sanctioned by the Creator, who had made men to differ, and had instituted laws for the bond and free; he accepted slavery as he found it in the Southern States, not a thing desirable in itself, but as allowed by Providence, it was not his business to determine it.

He did not approve of slavery as far as he was personally concerned, and no one was a greater friend to the slaves than Jackson. This feature of his life we have frequently referred to.

Jackson fought for the constitutional rights of the South, and any one who imagines he fought for slavery knows nothing of Jackson. The rights of the South included the slaves, and he fought for the South.

At the time when the whole country was filled with the alarms of war, and every one was talking about it, the Presbytery of Lexington met. These ecclesiastical meetings were of much interest to Jackson. He always enjoyed entertaining the ministers at his home. As was his custom, he had some of the delegates at his home, but, to his bitter disappointment, the political excitement and preparations being made for war called him away from his home almost constantly.

But still greater was his disappointment at not being able to get to any of the meetings. The cadets were wild with the excitement, for they wanted to go to the front at once. Companies were forming of citizens, drillings, equipments were being rushed, and all was war, war, war! In the midst of this excitement came the news from Richmond that Virginia had cast her lot with her sister Southern States. Noble old Virginia! "This was the deathknell of all hope of peace."

Jackson was ordered to Richmond with the "more advanced cadets," whom the governor (Letcher) said were needed to drill the troops arriving there from all parts of the country. On the evening of April 20th, being Saturday, Major Jackson returned to his home and told his wife that he hoped the order for the troops would not come before Monday.

On Sunday morning about daylight a messenger came to Jackson's home and rang the door bell. He bore an order for Jackson to bring the cadets to Richmond *immediately*. He

DID NOT WAIT FOR BREAKFAST, BUT WENT AT ONCE TO THE INSTITUTE. He began arrangements to move the troops, and appointed the hour of one o'clock that day for the time to march.

He returned to his home about eleven, having in the meantime sent a note to his pastor to come to the Institute and have prayers with the cadets before they marched. He took his breakfast and then went to his private bedroom, and with his wife read a chapter in Corinthians.

This chapter began: "For we know if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And then, kneeling down, he committed himself and her whom he loved to the protecting care of his Father in heaven. His wife describes the prayer as tender and touching.

His voice choked with emotion, he plead earnestly with his Heavenly Father to protect his wife and "if consistent with His will, to avert the threatened danger and grant us peace." He still believed that he would soon return to his home, and that war would be averted, and not until all chance of peace was gone did he give up this hope.

"His faith in the success of the cause of the South never wavered," and if he ever had any doubt upon this subject his wife says he never expressed it to her. He left no record of having aught but firmest faith in his cause and its final success. Jackson did all things with his might, and his trust in his God and faith in the righteousness of the cause of his people ever sustained him in the darkest hours of the war.

To use the tender and touching words of his wife, "Ah, how the light went out of his home when he departed from it, on that beautiful spring day! But in the painful separation, it was well for us that we could not know that this was the *final breaking up of our happy home and his footstep was never again to cross its threshold.*"

Dr. White, the pastor of Jackson's church, went to the Institute to hold a short religious service which Jackson had requested. The latter told him the command would march pre-

cisely at one o'clock, and the minister knowing his punctuality made it a point to close at fifteen minutes before one.

Everything was then in readiness, the men were drawn up in ranks and, after waiting some time, an officer approached Jackson and said: "Major, everything is now ready, may we not set out?" The only reply Jackson made was to point to the dial of the barracks clock, and not until the hand pointed to the hour of one, was his voice heard to ring out the order, "Forward, march!"

The cadets were destined for Staunton, there to take the train for Richmond, and did not march the entire distance that day, but made excellent headway for raw troops. The impression existing that General Jackson commanded the cadets on the part of the Institute, as that of an officer representing the Institute, is a mistake. He was selected by the governor to command the cadets who were volunteers. It must not be inferred, however, that the authorities of the Institute were in any manner opposed to the cadets entering the army, but Jackson was selected to command the cadets and bring them to Richmond.

With this order, "Forward, march!" given by Jackson that Sabbath afternoon, a career was begun both for him and the cadets who went with him, that will for all time be remembered gratefully and with pride by the people of their country. Little did they know of the sacrifices, agonies and distress they would be called upon to suffer and bear; but they have won for themselves an undying fame. These young gentlemen, representing nearly every State in the South, and many of them came from far distant homes, never once thought that before they would again see their home, they would be members of an army called into the field to defend those homes—many never again to return to their homes.

Some rest to-day in the soil of Virginia, where the bones of generations of patriots will remain until the final day. Others are sleeping the "soldier's sleep" in the prison wards of Northern prison burying grounds, while others who were assigned to other portions of the army, are buried in the West. Those who survive the war are now old men, and relate the

story of those four years as few can tell it. It would be to them and to their descendants, as well as to their thousands of comrades in arms, a solace and reward, if some Homer from among the ranks of the arms in Gray would, before they are called to answer the final roll, write the epic of this supreme struggle of the centuries.

In a previous chapter we bade farewell to Jackson, the soldier, as he took his leave of an army, then on the Gulf shores of Florida. Soon he is to enter, in the story of his life, another army—an army whose flag he never saw go down in defeat, but ever wave over fields of victory, made by men who suffered and died defending their country. A flag though furled forever, nationally, if this be a nation will, be the insignia of American chivalry and unstained glory as long as men and women love valor, and all that goes to make up manhood, of a type all lands will indite peans to until time is no more!

Jackson marched the cadets to Staunton where they arrived next day and embarked for Richmond by train. They had scarcely begun their journey, when requests began to be made for a cadet "to learn their companies to drill." Everywhere the train stopped, and it seemed to stop everywhere, say some of the survivors, the people would come up and beg Jackson to give them a cadet, that they wanted to learn how to drill. Great enthusiasm prevailed all along the route, and every section was preparing for war.

Arriving at Richmond, they marched directly to the fair grounds. This place, the fair grounds, was used as a rendezvous for troops. In 1898, when the Virginia troops were assembling to enter the Spanish war, or war with Spain, this same place, the fair grounds, was used for the assembling grounds for the Virginia troops.

Jackson wrote his wife from the first station stopped at for any length of time. This letter was dated Monday, the 22nd of April, 1861. He frequently wrote her from the "fair grounds at Richmond," but it is noticeable that in none of these letters does he refer to war matters, except that General Lee had been put in command of the troops, and spoke in compli-

mentary terms of him. While he was stationed at the fair grounds, Mrs. Jackson wrote asking the privilege of visiting him there, but he replied, telling her that, owing to the uncertainty of movements of himself and the general excitement, that it would not likely be a pleasant trip for her. This incident is mentioned to illustrate the fact, that at the very beginning, Jackson adhered to what he considered the obligations of a military life, and extended its regulations even to his family, and the strict observance of which he required, not only of his troops, but of himself, and would allow nothing to interfere.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ASSIGNED TO A POSITION INFERIOR TO HIS ABILITIES, MILITARY DIGNITY AND RIGHTS.—NOTES ON OFFICIAL TREATMENT OF JACKSON AT BEGINNING OF WAR.—
SHOULD HAVE BEEN MADE A BRIGADIER
OR MAJOR-GENERAL, IF NOT A LIEUTENANT-GENERAL, FROM THE FIRST.

At Richmond, he spent his time drilling the soldiers. An incident is given of his sympathy or sensitive regard for the feelings of even a private soldier. There was a young man in one of the companies who was something of a laughing sport for others, and whom some of the troops ridiculed. Jackson did not rebuke the young troops, but, likely remembering his experience, when he entered West Point, a green mountaineer lad, at whom the spic West Point cadets laughed, when they saw his wool hat and saddlebags; he singled out this poor fellow, and after drill went with him in person around the sentinel posts and taught him how to salute, challenge, etc. That soldier never forgot Jackson, and said he "would do anything for *that* man." It was such acts as these, considerations for the feelings of others, and helping the raw troops in their struggle to become familiar with the forms and duties of military life, that won to him many warm personal friends among the soldiers in his command. We have yet to learn of any of Jackson's troops failing to support him in anything he undertook to do, and would fight any odds placed against them, if Jackson said so.

Jackson did not complain of being placed in such a subordinate position, and subject to such ordinary duties as his first service to the Confederacy, by reason of his assignment, required of him. He doubtless was surprised, if not indignant, when the authorities so underestimated him as to give him nothing much more than the minor position of a drill-master, a position a much younger and less experienced man could have filled; while Jackson, who was something of a veteran, could have been of more general usefulness and filled any po-

sition in the army assigned to him. His friends considered that the act of placing Jackson in this minor capacity of drill-master an oversight, if not unfriendly treatment of a man who had distinguished himself in the Mexican war, was a graduate of West Point, and an ex-major in the United States army.

Jackson had one friend however, and this friend was a power, being no less a personage than the Governor of Virginia, "honest John F. Letcher." He had always been a strong friend of Jackson. Governor Letcher would not allow those jealous of Jackson to undermine him, and he named him at once for the position of colonel of State troops.

When this college professor's name was brought before the General Assembly of Virginia (Legislature) for confirmation of his appointment of colonelcy, it created a stir. "Who is this man Jackson?" some of the members asked—no doubt some were ignorant, others were not, as to Jackson's identity. A Legislator, a man who knew him well, Dr. Moore, the member from Jackson's county, Rockbridge, said, "I know him. He is one of these men, who when put in charge of a post, will never leave it alive, to be occupied by an enemy."

This prevented Jackson from being what is called in these days, "snowed under" by those who did not seem to want him promoted. He rose like a star in the morning of the Confederacy, and from one conquest to another in the luminary constellation of fame, passed the lesser orbs, until he was compared to the sun, blazing in the zenith of glory.

Jackson was ordered to the valley of Virginia, and on April 27th was at Winchester, from which point he writes his wife: "Last Saturday the Governor handed me my commission as Colonel of Virginia volunteers, the post which I prefer above all others. and has given me an *independent command*. Little one, you must not expect to hear from me very often, as I expect to have more work to do than I have ever had in the same length of time before; but don't be concerned about your husband, for our kind Heavenly Father will give every needful aid."

We will here call the attention of the reader to this ex-

pression of Jackson, in regard to his getting an *independent command*. Jackson was evidently of the impression when he was sent to Harper's Ferry, that he was to have an *independent command* and not be under another officer; this is proven by his refusing to obey Johnston, until he saw General Lee's letter. We remember he was promoted twice when he had an *independent command* in Mexico. Jackson longed to serve the country well and develop his abilities. For some reason, and we can hardly conclude that it was one of accident or chance, as it will be noticed when Jackson's name came before the Legislature as an appointed colonel—and it will be seen as this story progresses—the authorities were slow in giving Jackson independent commands, where he would be accountable for his actions and be held strictly on his own account, and not be half his own guide and half some one else's follower. As commander of a brigade, he was ranked as a colonel, which was scarcely necessary at the beginning of the war, as no battle had been fought in which brigadiers had been killed and colonels put in charge of brigades without the rank of a brigadier-general.

Now and then, as at Manassas, where he charged *without orders*, and saved the day for the Defenders; or when, as his troops used to say: "He got lost in the valley of Virginia and up in the mountains and whipped every general in the Yankee army who tried to fight him," his wonderful abilities were shown. And although time and again, he exhibited extraordinary capacity, he was nevertheless kept under some one else and over-ranked; but his abilities were speedily recognized when other commanders got in tight places—which he had no part in bringing about—and he was promptly ordered to go and help them out.

It is the verdict of the ablest military authorities that Jackson "took no counsel of his fears," that he compares measure for measure with a Marlborough, a Wellington, or Napoleon without the chicanery of the Corsican. Jackson possessed the abilities of that *master of arms*, and General Gordon places him in a higher realm than Napoleon. Wherever Jackson was in any degree permitted to carry out the brilliancy of

his conceptions of a situation, and exercise his strategic skill, he mastered all his designs and took every position victoriously.

The impression that Jackson was a mere executive man is erroneous. His soldiers knew whether or not he could plan, whether or not he could, with that clear, far-seeing and ever cool brain, map out his own way, and as easily analyze and penetrate the schemes and plans of the enemy. He possessed the acumen necessary to success in military operations.

Had he been given the ten thousand men he plead for on the evening of the battle of Manassas, when he had routed the army of the Invaders so completely that they ran all night and were so overcome with deadly panic, he would have taken Washington and peace would have been declared. Had he been allowed at any time, when he plead for the right to pass into the enemy's country with his troops, then to a man, filled with the conviction of success and faith in their general, he would have carried out every assertion he made in sending these appeals, and have leveled the cities of the enemy and compelled them to capitulate in much less time than was taken up by "red tape" at Richmond, in arranging to prevent his doing anything of the kind.

Like Napoleon he was an aggressive fighter. "Once an enemy is weakened, strike him to the end, and strike him until he is beaten and surrendered," was Jackson's plan.

The Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, which had been destroyed by the Invaders in order to burn up the munitions of war there, was yet smoking when Jackson arrived there to take charge of a lot of raw troops. This was May 3rd, 1861. There was no staff, no hospital or ordinance department and not six rounds of ammunition to the man. There was no discipline, many of the men wanted to go home and frolic or take "a resting spell."

After a little while Jackson had about 4,500 troops, but such an army! Not in the sense of the personal character of the men, but the unsoldierly, ununiformed, undisciplined and undrilled conditions; but Jackson soon got things in military shape. A few excitable or hot-headed young officers under-

took to brook his authority and orders, but he soon proved to them that it was either obey, or be court-martialed.

Harper's Ferry is a place where there is every chance of ruin or run, to the army occupying it. It is a kind of basin resting in the forks of two rivers, Potomac and Shenandoah. Across the Potomac on the north and east is Maryland; great rock bluffs rise to a height of several hundred feet. These are called Maryland Heights.

Across the other river, Shenandoah, on the south and west is Virginia, and here, on the Virginia side are mountainous hills; these are called Loudown Heights. At the broad end of the town, in the forks of the rivers, is Bolivar Heights; this is now West Virginia (at that time Virginia.) Jackson built some log houses on top the Maryland Heights and threw out defences, also hoped to get Maryland volunteers. He gave the details of these matters his personal attention.

General Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland, now living in Virginia, writes of his first meeting with Jackson thus: "I first knew him in May, 1861. I had a company at Frederick, Maryland, and went to Harper's Ferry, Virginia, to see what arrangements I could make about getting myself and my men taken into the service of the Confederacy. I went at once to headquarters, at Barbour's House, and asked to see Col. Jackson.

"Colonel McDonald came out to find out my business, and without delay took me into Colonel Jackson's room. I explained my business, that I had one company of which I was captain, and that I had no doubt of soon getting a regiment if I had a point where I could rendezvous and feed them, and that the Point of Rocks, Virginia, was the best location for that operation.

"Colonel Jackson said, 'Give Captain Johnson an order to report to Captain Ashby, at the Point of Rocks.' Colonel McDonald began to suggest to me a scheme about establishing a line between Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and Frederick, Maryland, by relays from farm-house to farm-house. I thought it wild, but Jackson sat perfectly silent during the whole talk of over an hour." General Johnson adds, "I

thought that was a part of the play, and was the way of soldiers, and was not impressed by his silence."

A few days after this General Trimble came along and he, Johnson, went over to see Jackson with him. Jackson walked with them over the hills, and, as General Trimble had been a civil engineer for the B. & O. R. R., was familiar with that section—Harper's Ferry is on the B. & O. Railroad Jackson, so General Johnson says, "walked perfectly erect and silent during all the talk." Finally Trimble asked Colonel Jackson how many soldiers he had there at the Ferry. Jackson, without changing a particle his manner, replied in a very commonplace tone, not displaying his natural and great surprise at such a question being asked a commanding officer by an outsider, "We never tell that." General Johnson says this was not "as deep as a well, or broad as a barn-door," but it was sufficient, and he and General Trimble returned to their camp.

About this time a delegation from the Maryland Legislature came to visit Jackson, and though Maryland was friendly—she was wavering between North and South—it behooved Jackson to be diplomatic; he proved himself eminently so. Some of the delegation plied him with many questions, finally one of them asked him outright how many troops he had, and he replied, "I should be glad if Lincoln thought I had fifteen thousand."

It was thought by many that Harper's Ferry was a very important position to Virginia, and Jackson knew the real danger of his position in case of attack from the enemy, but he addressed himself to everything but fear, and assured the authorities at Richmond that he would make it another Thermopylae. It would be impossible to pass Harper's Ferry, strongly garrisoned and armed with cannon.

Up to this time the capital of the Confederacy was at Montgomery, Alabama. It was at Montgomery, Alabama, the delegates from the seceding States met, as early as February 4, 1861. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, President and Vice-President respectively, were inaugurated at Montgomery. On May 20th the Confederate Government moved from Montgomery to Richmond, Virginia.

This move placed the capitals of the two governments near each other.

Scarcely had the Confederate Government gotten settled in its new quarters at Richmond, when the same mysterious forces began to work against Jackson that were at work when he was under the State of Virginia. Joseph E. Johnston was at once put in command of Harper's Ferry, and Jackson forced to play the role of lieutenant or second.

As Johnston came without such papers as any military commander like Jackson would require for authority, or credentials, particularly when his surrender of command was involved, he refused to give up to Johnston; and for a while, there was fear of a collision between these two excellent men; but Jackson saw by accident in a letter from Lee, in which was a reference to Johnston as "commander of Harper's Ferry," and he withdrew any further objection. Jackson was soon therefore disillusioned, and the post he preferred "above all others", an *independent command*, as he wrote his wife, was not long to be his privilege to enjoy.

Among the very first notices of Jackson in the papers of that day was the following: "The commanding officer at Harper's Ferry is worthy of the name he bears, for 'Old Hickory' himself was not a more determined, iron-nerved man than he. Born in Virginia, educated at West Point, trained in the Mexican war, occupied since at the pet military institute of the Old Dominion, his whole life has been a preparation for this struggle. A brother officer said of him, 'Jackson does not know fear.' Above all, he is a devoted Christian, and the strongest man becomes stronger when his heart is pure and his hands are clean."

Jackson had written his wife full instructions in regard to having their home closed, and advised her to return to her father's in North Carolina as the war was on, and would follow the Virginia Valley, he clearly saw, and he wanted her far from danger. He arranged for his servants, and closed the home, which was never again to be opened.

The Virginia troops were organized into a brigade and Jackson was put in command. He said in a letter that he had not

been ordered to the Northwest (meaning Northwest Virginia) ; he wanted to go there, into his old section of the State, and save it to the Confederacy.

Had he been permitted to go, doubtless there would never have been any *West Virginia*, for he was very popular, and his army would have been made up largely of men from that portion of Virginia, which in 1863 was cut off and called West Virginia, and made a separate State of at once—a State unfriendly to the Southern cause and actively opposed to the South.

Jackson would not be even tell his wife in his letters to her any military news ; not that he could possibly mistrust her, but he never *told any one anything he intended to do, in war*, except the mere details, and this could not be avoided. In a letter to Mrs. Jackson he says, “What do you want with military news? Don’t you know it is unmilitary, and unlike an officer to write any news respecting one’s post? You would not wish your husband to do an unofficer-like thing, would you?”

He writes to his wife about his home life at his private headquarters, that is, about the flowers in the yard where he has his headquarters, the people, the beautiful scenery, etc. ; wishes all manner of delightful things for her, but never mentions any movements or military affairs unless something of no importance.

Jackson was now practically a brigadier-general although his commission had not reached him. And just here is a strange and indicative state of affairs—a colonel in command of a brigade by appointment and orders and not by accidental death of a ranking officer. Let us give a sketch taken from a Southern newspaper at the time ; speaking of Jackson the newspaper said : “The Old Dominion must be sadly deficient in military men, if this is the best she can do. He is nothing like a commanding officer. There is a painful want in him of the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war—his dress is no better than a private soldier’s, there is not a particle of gold lace about his uniform.

“His air is abstracted, his bearing is stiff and awkward ; never consults his officers, and says little to any one (all the

rest of the officers were decorated with all manner of military finery, and seemed to want to 'show off'). He rides an old horse which seems to have very little of the romance of war about him, nothing at all fine in the equipment—he leans forward when he rides as if in a hurry—he sinks his chin on his high military collar, and looks from side to side from under his old cadet-looking cap.”

CHAPTER XIX.

STONEWALL BRIGADE.—SAVES A LOCOMOTIVE.—IN SECOND AS IN FIRST ENGAGEMENT WON A VICTORY.—NORTH- ERN AND SOUTHERN PERSONNEL AND OTHER FEATURES COMPARED.

All have heard of the famous Stonewall Brigade. It is with much pleasure that we are enabled to procure from Major Barton and others the sketch of this brigade, and likely it is the most complete heretofore published.

Jackson first commanded this brigade, as it was the first brigade of the Virginia troops. The brigade won its name. "Stonewall," at the battle of Manassas; Jackson at that battle being referred to by General Bee, who, noticing that Jackson would not move from his position and that his green troops were wavering, he called on them to fall in with Virginians, exclaiming, "There stands Jackson like a stone wall!" It is right and proper that the brigade should share the honor with its noble commander, for history gives no more entrancing account of undaunted chivalry than was exhibited on that hot summer day by the men who stood with Jackson like a stone wall, in the front of what has been termed, "a storm of lead and iron."

The personnel of the brigade, as will be seen, included sons of some of the oldest, wealthiest representatives of Southern families. Many were well educated. There were seven A. M.'s, University of Virginia, forty-two graduates of other colleges, nineteen theological students, and a son of General R. E. Lee. The poor boys of the command were as much heroes as the wealthy. An Episcopal minister commanded a battery of artillery in this brigade.

The brigade had several different commanders, every one of whom was killed; this gives an idea of where its officers were in time of battle. The fondness manifested by Jackson for the brigade is shown upon many occasions, and especially when he was made a major-general and was for a time separated from them.

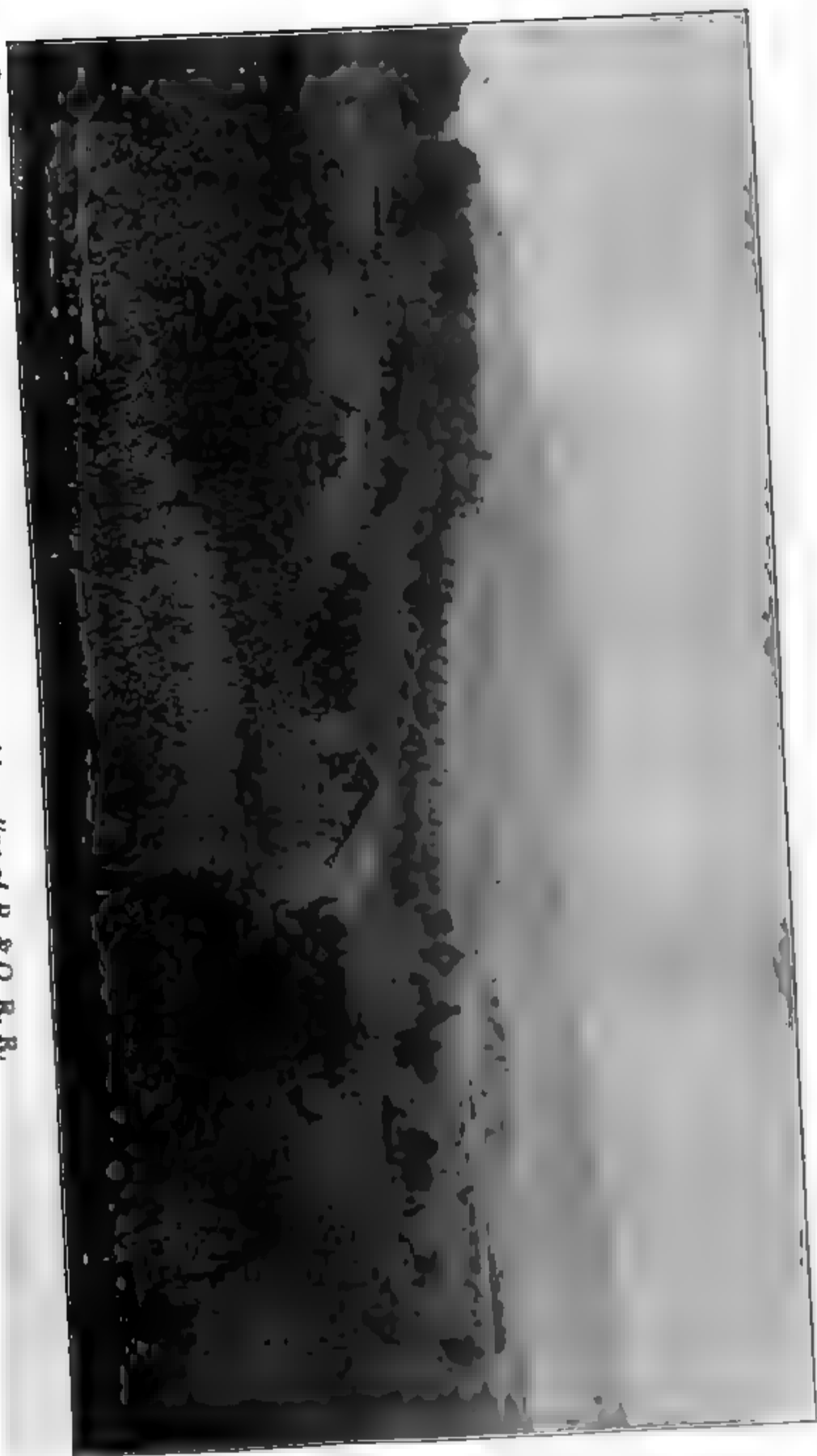


Sunset on the Potomac.
(From Peaceful Scenes, N. & W. R. R.)



Virginia Valley Scenes, Southern R. R.

Shenandoah Valley, Va. Along line of B. & O. R. R.





JACKSON MONUMENT, RICHMOND.

An official order, number 129, was issued at Richmond, May 30, 1863, a short time after the death of Jackson, making the Stonewall Brigade an official military command, to be known as such. We are not aware of another instance where a *brigade* was practically made a distinct military organization officially, and by a distinct name.

After executing the order that came to Jackson to burn the bridges at Harper's Ferry and blow up the public buildings, he left that place on the 16th day of June. The army of the Invaders was maneuvering on the boundary of Virginia and Maryland, now and then slipping across the Potomac river, and for a time the chances of a fight cheered the men, who were eager to meet the Invaders, and either destroy or drive them beyond the possibility of their molesting the valley. These chances faded, however, as the Invaders retreated when Jackson moved towards them.

Upon one occasion the disappointment was rather severe upon the troops, for after a long forced and hot march, though most of the men were hungry and consequently tired, having kept up the three mile gait, they found the Invaders had vamoosed. The only *amusement* they could have as a slight reward for their exertion, was destroying the railroad engines at Martinsburg and a large number of cars belonging to the B. & O. R. R., the management of which was, on account of the attitude of its president, unfriendly to the South.

Jackson spoke of the destruction of this property as "*sad work,*" and *if the cost of the material destroyed could have been spent extending the gospel of the Prince of Peace, how much good might have been done!*" The order to destroy this valuable property consisting of forty locomotives, all in good order, and hundreds of freight and other cars, was both unwise and unfortunate. Jackson did not originate the plan, but on the other hand would have saved the property. He was ordered to destroy it.

The mistake in giving such an order was soon felt all over the South, where motive power and rolling stock, with which to equip a few railroads, was sorely felt. It would have been an easy matter to have taken this property via Harper's Ferry

before the bridges were burned, and thence to Richmond and the South.

Jackson managed to save one of the engines, which he literally dragged; with a number of horses attached to the engine, he pulled it along the pike to Winchester. Picture this scene and the amusement, as well as the admiration the troops indulged on the occasion. Jackson did not give the order to burn the bridge at Harper's Ferry, nor orders to destroy the railroad property so much needed, and if it had been necessary from Jackson's view of the situation, to burn the bridges and then attack Patterson, or first go to Martinsburg and move the property or so much of it as he could, he would have done that, which would have saved millions to the Confederacy. "*Jackson never even lost a camp wagon during all of his campaigns from any rashness or lack of judgment.*"

Jackson was in charge of a brigade—a body of men three times as great as a colonel's regiment—from May until July, and yet ranked as a colonel. True, other brigades were commanded by colonels, but Jackson was known to be a man of experience in war and particularly trained for commanding and handling troops, and therefore he should not have been classed with other men who had not received such advantages. Yet men were made brigadier-generals who were in command as colonels, before Jackson was placed on the calendar as brigadier-general.

On July 2, 1861, Jackson met Patterson's army of Invaders at a place called Haines' Farm, or Falling Waters, and with 380 men fought 3,000 Invaders; he had one piece of artillery, the Invaders had a battery, but with the aid of Col. J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry, Patterson, the Invader-general, was routed. He wired to Washington that he had been attacked by "ten thousand rebels" and lost only *one man*. It is remarkable that this false reporting began at one of the first little skirmishes of the war. Patterson had mostly ninety-day volunteers and wanted to encourage them.

The facts are, over forty prisoners were taken and the wagons that Jackson drove off, belonging to the enemy, were dripping with blood; some one must have been hurt. The

Invaders hid their dead throughout the whole Valley campaign when they could; war was a new thing and raw troops are not enthused by looking at dead soldiers. This was a small fight, but when 380 young men fight 3,000 and are victorious, they are apt to feel proud of themselves and their officer in command. Jackson said after this "affair" that he believed his "regiment could whip Patterson's whole army." Confidence was mutual between men and officers.

Patterson then went to Martinsburg and stayed, but Johnston would not walk into that trap laid for him by Patterson, and Jackson went to Winchester, Virginia. On the morning after this "skirmish," as Jackson called it, General Johnston recommended Jackson for promotion to position of brigadier-general. After arriving at Winchester, Jackson received the following, dated the day after the battle: "Richmond, Virginia, July 3, 1861. My dear General: I have the pleasure of sending you a commission of brigadier-general of the Provisional army, and I feel that you merit it. May your advancement increase your usefulness to the State. Very truly, R. E. Lee."

This appointment gave him much satisfaction, as he only expected—if in reality he expected anything—to be appointed to a position in the State troops, a much less important rank. He wrote his wife on receipt of Gen. Lee's letter: "I have had all I ought to desire, in the line of promotion. I should be very ungrateful if I were not contented, and exceedingly thankful to our Heavenly Father."

In another letter he speaks of the ladies making what they called havelocks (a kind of hood worn to protect the head and neck from the sun). Havelock was a general in the British army and we presume that it is from him this gear gets its name. He says three had been given him, but he "did not intend to wear them, as I wish to show that in this climate no such protection is necessary. It were better," he added, "to make haversacks, as the soldiers, or many, had no way to carry their rations."

He was always cheerful in his letters and conversation in regard to the fate of the Southern cause; matters not what may have been his secret opinion of the final results. He

wrote his wife cheeringly, even in the face of news from other parts of the Confederacy, where his country was suffering from the invasions and hardships of a ruthless war.

He preserved his rule as to Sunday mailing of letters, and never allowed one to start so as to require its being carried on Sunday, if possible to prevent, and thanked his wife for observing the same rule, which he said was Biblical and therefore they would be blessed. Many times we find him writing to thank friends for not writing on Sunday.

From the beginning, Jackson made himself a part of his military family by recognizing the individuality of each member. He was aware of the high strung temperament of the average Southerner, and was quick to encourage his men. Southern men have always possessed strong self-assertion and independence of spirit. The system of labor in the South, that is, the class of laborers, slaves and negroes, principally, compelled a difference in the matter of freedom from occupations and task between Southerners and their Northern brothers. Then, too, the comparative expanse of territorial domain to which the Southerner was accustomed—the South being principally an agricultural country, imparted to the younger men especially the consequences of vast landed possessions, a degree of idleness and a lordly and masterly demeanor.

Northern men were accustomed, more or less, to narrower confines, and the general character of their occupation somewhat restricted their personal liberty. They were used to being governed by rules, hours, and other restrictions that Southern men were unaccustomed to. This imparted to Northern men a more docile disposition, and consequently they were more submissive to government, while the Southerner, resented nearly every attempt directed at the restriction of his personal liberties.

These natural conditions as to personal characteristics of the men in the two armies—when we refer to men, in comparing them, we mean Americans and not the hirelings of foreign countries—form an interesting study. For instance, Jackson had in his command the flower of the manhood of one of the oldest States in the Union, Virginia, and as before

related, they were men, though most of them young, well educated, as a rule, and gentlemen. They had, with few exceptions, received no military training, and outside of college restrictions, they were "lords and masters." The South had no organized army and had given scant attention to the militia.

There was no preparation in the matter of discipline, and the volunteers from the tens of thousands of homes in the South, with rare exception, knew nothing of fire-arms except their use in hunting, and an occasional diversion in the form of a duel. There were but few officers in the South; that is, men who had received a military education; but one of the main and most important conditions Jackson had to confront, was the temperament of the men, and the fact of their never having been subjected to control, made this a delicate task and one requiring tact. That he met these conditions with rare diplomacy, and won to his support the united endorsement, co-operation and service of his men, is a part of history.

The Northern men had the advantage of more or less discipline, as also the majority of the officers of the regular United States army, the regular army and navy itself, and the whole machinery of the government. But the difficulty in the failure of the officers in the army of the Invaders to inspire the men with that degree of martial spirit, that so strongly characterized Southern men, is no doubt due to the fact that a large majority of the Northern men of the better class remained out of the army and sent substitutes; and this, with the great numbers of aliens who were hired by the rich government, deprived the officers of that touch of sympathy and moral support necessary to successful campaigning.

They could preserve the corps d'esprit by rigid enforcement, but in fighting, the officer must have more than numbers and servile gunsmen. It is generally believed that the majority of the Northern troops of the better class did not have their heart in the struggle. The Southern men were fighting for their independence and homes. They were on the defensive from the start, and an aggressor's cause must be unquestioned to rally brave men to its support.

Jackson's qualities were at once esteemed by his men, and his

utter lack of that pretentious "military snobbery" so often to be met with, especially in the beginning of a war, when officers "clothed with brief authority," so far forget themselves as to presume on their position, and domineer over the subalterns and the private soldiers—they admired and appreciated. Jackson was simplicity itself, both as to his personal attire and deportment. His manners were always engaging and his smile captivating. He was stern and rigid, but never harsh, that is, in the sense of being overbearing or imposing. He placed his men upon a plane of manly ethics and recognized them as sovereigns, and each man in his camp and army felt that he was a part of Jackson, and the duty and fame of the command, included his general (Jackson) and his most devoted fidelity, individually, as a man and a soldier to the government, and to the support of his general. The pride he inspired was equal to the dauntless resolution that marked his successes and that of his command, at all periods during his life in this war.

We have seen petty officers so offend the feelings of the private soldier, that it would have been a relief to our indignation to witness the rebuke being planted on the miserable creature's face, by a good strong blow from the hand of the (defenseless) private. Jackson never indulged anything like selfishness towards his troops, nor at any time would he allow any complaint of the humblest soldier in this command to fail to receive the same prompt attention that a complaint from an officer would receive. He was at all times governed by facts and not prejudices; and while a strict disciplinarian, he was gentle and patient. When he saw a soldier (and his men avow he could see twenty-five thousand of them individually at a glance) he saw him, and acknowledged a salute in such a manner as to make the soldier feel happy.

He never snubbed anyone and he, like all brave men, considered snubbing both contemptible and beneath the dignity of a gentleman, and left such puerile attempts at displaying *importance*, to people who were capable of such conduct. We have dwelt somewhat upon this, Jackson's relationship to his men, as a prelude to the stories appearing in this book, and to

illustrate, in part, some of the causes for the success of Jackson's commands, in all of their engagements, marches and camp life.

Once an officer who had been afflicted at home by sickness in his family got permission to go home for a little while. The case was very distressing, one member of his household had died, another was very ill, and this officer wrote for an extension of his time that he might be with his stricken family.

Read this letter from Jackson, the man who once actually wept because of sympathy for a member of his command, for one who had done all human aid could do, and yet death seemed to defy; and so overcome was Jackson that he shed tears. He was tender as a woman at times, but ever brave and severe when on the battle-field.

He wrote the officer: "My dear Major—I have received your sad letter, and wish I could relieve your sorrowing heart; but human aid can not heal the wound. From me you have a friend's sympathy, and I wish the suffering condition of our country permitted me to show it. But we must think of the living and those who are to come after us, and see that, with God's blessing, we transmit to them the freedom we have enjoyed.

"What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death. It is necessary that you be at your post immediately. Join me to-morrow morning. Your sympathizing friend, T. J. Jackson."

We have been taught to repeat the patriotic words of Patrick Henry and other impassioned speeches of orators, and have read poems of emotion, but where is found sublimer sentiments or loftier appeals to the heart than the letter above quoted, contains? Jackson, the tender-hearted friend, one who could "melt in soft adoption of another's woes," and ever sympathized feelingly for a comrade in distress, writes and *orders* his comrade from the bedside of a stricken loved one to the battle-field. He tells him that God is his comforter and directs his thoughts to the throne of the Most High, but he also tells him that his country calls for his sword, and life with-

out honor is not to be tolerated, and death was to be preferred to degradation.

But this is not all. In this letter of Jackson's is the prevailing secret of his cause, he would ask his brother officers to remember their duty to the living, and not only to them, but to *generations yet to come*. Such expressions from his pen interpret his soul, and give an insight into that strength of prophecy possessed by him. He saw the South bending under the oppression of the rich and powerful North, and had weighed carefully the capacity of the financiers and statesmen of that section, and was not blind to the fact of their having discovered that the ignis-fatuus—childishly followed by so many of the Southern leaders—*foreign aid to the Southern cause*—was fast disappearing, and that the foreign governments were practical institutions, and as such, considered the North in possession of what might be termed, the credit of the United States, and consequently, the North's resources were almost unlimited.

His splendid judgment told him that if the South lost in the struggle, the resultant complications would be extensive, and likely reach beyond a century; that this war for Southern independence meant to her people all, and more than the war of the Revolution meant, for if she were cut off, as it was evidently the design of the men back of the administration to do, and force her out of the Union, she would not have, for a long time to come, as much independence as she possessed before the Revolution, and while he demanded Southern independence, he was unwilling to be forced into terms by enemies of the Constitution. Against these conditions his mighty spirit went out in a deluge of indignation and wrath, and in battle he was a towering avenger of the wrong.

This war closed over thirty-seven years ago, and spite of "love feasts" and platform oratory, no Southern man has been nominated for the presidency or the vice-presidency, and but three have been appointed to a cabinet position; but two to the supreme bench and only one or two to important foreign diplomatic stations. There is some talk of placing a Southerner in nomination three years hence for the vice-presidency.

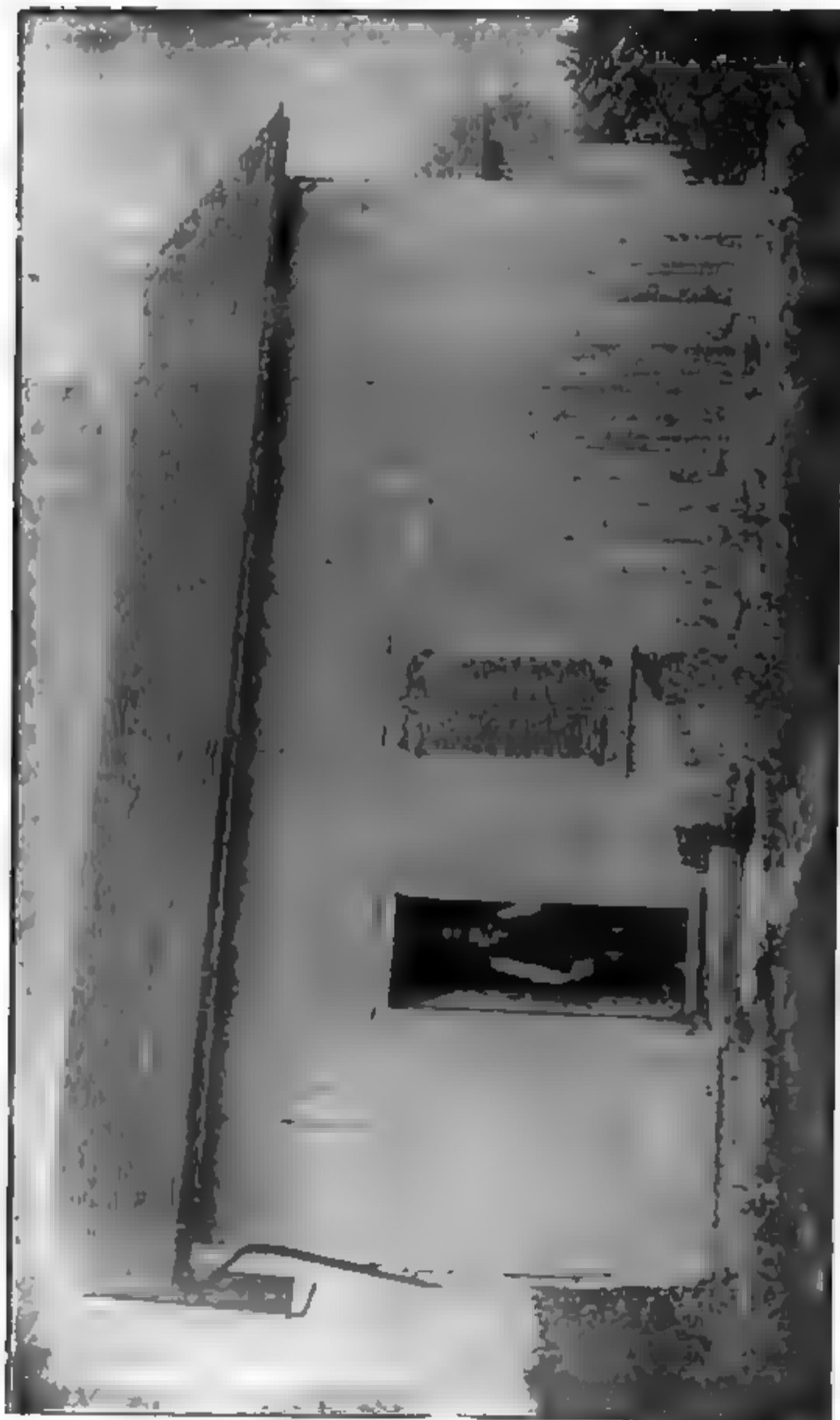
A picture here is given of the horse that Jackson rode through the whole war. This is the horse's history. Jackson captured at Harper's Ferry a train load of horses, which was at once transferred to the Confederate government. He bought two of these horses. One of them he called "Fancy." This must have been a piece of sarcasm on the part of the young colonel, for the horse now so famed in all lands was anything but a fancy horse. The soldiers called him "Old Sorrel."

He was a sorrel horse, did not measure up to the common ideas of a general's horse—a charger—but "Fancy" was not exactly an ugly horse. Jackson knew horses too well to be deceived, and "Fancy" proved his master was not a poor judge of horses, by living to the age of thirty-six years, and carrying his master through two years of the war in every battle he fought—a veritable bronzo marte.

Jackson had several other horses, but "Fancy" was his stand-by, and when we hear of Jackson's horse we know "Fancy" is thought of, "Old Sorrel," as he finally was called by the soldiers because the horse soon became a part of his master who was called old (Jackson was not forty years of age.) He knew his master well, and would, when a halt was made, lie down on the ground like a dog, and rest.

His master made a pet of him and would feed from his own hand little things like fruit, and "other fancy vittles" which was however, in quantity and occasion very limited. He was as keen as a deer, and would go all day and night under his master with no signs of fatigue. Had fine large eyes, particularly bright and intelligent. When his master was wounded at Chancellorsville, that poor animal seemed to lose all control of himself, and for the first time ran away, and as his master was helpless, the horse got in the lines of the Northern soldiers. It was at night, and some of Jackson's men captured the horse, and knew it as well as he did his master, having seen the horse nearly every day for years. The horse was sent to North Carolina by the Governor of Virginia to Mrs. Jackson.

This animal became something of an idol in a pardonable fashion, and was treated as a distinguished guest wherever he



House of Daniel Decatur Emmett at Mount Vernon, Knox County, Ohio, Author of "DIXIE,"
("Uncle Dan" standing in doorway.)

went. He was taken to the reunions of the Confederate Veterans, State Fairs, etc. He served for years his master's widow as faithfully as he had his master, and finally his age and great and faithful services to his dead master, won him a place of honor at the stables of the Soldier's Home at Richmond, Virginia, where he died in November, 1887, at the age of *thirty-six years*, very well preserved to the time of his death.

"Old Sorrel," as the soldiers still call Jackson's horse, was taken in hand at his death by a taxidermist, an ex-Confederate soldier, who made a great success of his work in fact so well has the work been done, that the animal looks as natural as life. He stands in a large glass enclosure in the middle of a room in the soldiers' home at Richmond, Virginia, and bears on his back one of his masters old war saddles.

Here he will stand for time untold, and thousands will lift their hats as they look upon the horse who carried the mighty Jackson in the battle of Manassas, Kernstown, McDowell, Port Republic, Cross Keys, Winchester, Chickahominy, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Harper's Ferry, Fredericksburg, and in the last hour of battle at Chancellorsville. A faithful animal of a noble master!

CHAPTER XX.

THE LONE SENTRY. MARCH TO MANASSAS.—WOUNDED, BUT
REFUSES TO LEAVE THE FIELD.—DAVIS AND JACK-
SON. SENDS MONEY TO HIS NEGRO
SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Not long after "the affair" at Falling Waters, and after Patterson saw he could not inveigle Jackson into a trap, the Southern army was drawn off toward Manassas, to which point it was evident Patterson was trying to go to meet the grand array of Northern soldiers at Alexandria and McClelland's army from the Northwest Virginia, to make a crushing stroke on Beauregard, then about Manassas.

Jackson's camp was struck on 18th July, and as the troops marched through Winchester toward the southeast, people asked them if they were deserting them and leaving them to the enemy. Sadly they had to confess their ignorance of what the movement meant. Outside of Winchester, Johnston halted, and an order was read to the army which praised their victory at Falling Waters and told them where they were going and what they were going for. This was all that was necessary, and they cheered to the top of their voice, and marched like brave men, never murmuring though the march was under the scorching July sun

Jackson's *brigade*, the First Virginia, was in the lead. Late that hot July evening after dark they waded the Shenandoah River waist deep, and climbed the Blue Ridge Mountain by 2 A. M. and halted at a little place called Paris on top of the mountain, having marched twenty-two miles. Jackson's brigade turned into a kind of enclosure and fell asleep, they were nearly exhausted from hunger, thirst and fatigue. Marching in woolen clothes, with the soldier's baggage on their back, is trying work.

Here on that lonely mountain Jackson performed that which no other general has ever before done, as far as we know. In-

stead of his going to a comfortable tent, and after a bath, a meal, and taking the comforts of a general, he told the men to go to sleep and he, Jackson alone, would watch the camp.

Had he not walked, ridden, and scorched under the sun like the rest of the troops all that day until two o'clock in the morning of the next? But he loved his men like a father loves his children, and he walked that night around the camp and watched his brave young men as they slept, and not until one of his officers, seeing him standing, leaning on a rail fence, no doubt engaged in prayer, but silent and watching, was he relieved. This was about daylight. Jackson then, when relieved from duty, simply lay down on the ground and went to sleep like the rest of the men.

THE LONE SENTRY.*

- " 'Twas in the dying of the day,
The darkness grew so still,
The drowsy pipe of evening birds
Was hushed upon the hill.
Athwart the shadows of the vale,
Slumbered the men of might;
And one lone sentry paced his rounds,
To watch the camp that night.
- " A grave and solemn man was he,
With deep and sombre brow;
Whose dreamful eyes seemed hoarding up
Some unaccomplished vow.
His wistful glance peered o'er the plains,
Beneath the starry light,
And with the murmured name of God,
He watched the camp that night.
- " The future opened unto him
Its grand and awful scroll;
Manassas and the Valley march
Came heaving o'er his soul;
Richmond and Sharpsburg thundered by,
With that tremendous fight
Which gave him to the angel's hosts
Who watched the camp that night.

*The above poem was written by the author of the poem "My Mary-and"—Mr. James R. Randall, an eminent journalist.

" We mourn for him who died for us
With that resistless moan;
While up the valley of the Lord
He marches to the throne!
He kept the faith of men and saints,
Sublime and pure and bright;
He sleeps—and all is well with him
Who watched the camp that night."

Hardly stopping for something to eat after this fitful bivouac, these tired, half-starved men hurried on to meet their brothers from the South, whom they had been told were about to be attacked by tens of thousands of the Invaders, and were in danger. Sun, hunger, thirst, no ills could stop men who were sons of freemen and brothers of the men in peril on the plains of Manassas, to which point Jackson was marching.

On the 19th, about noon, these worn soldiers, Jackson's Brigade, got on cars and rode toward Manassas. The president of the railroad promised to have everything ready to move the troops promptly, but an accident, a very suspicious one, frustrated matters, and two days were lost. Men were without food and suffered greatly.

Jackson however reached his post before the alleged "collision" on the railroad, and went into camp Friday night. This was a march indeed. He at once went to work himself to look after the comforts of his weary men, feeding and administering to the sick and doing all he could for them. They rested.

Sunday, July 21, 1861, dawned clear and bright—a typical day in the beautiful land, about the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, famed for its many attractions. The South was about to be attacked by her Northern brothers in one of the fiercest battles of modern times. The Invaders had, according to the Federal reports, about 50,000 infantry and cavalry, and 12 batteries of rifled artillery.

Beauregard, who was in charge of the Defenders at Manassas, had 22,000 men, 29 cannons, and Johnston, including Jackson, had 6,000 men and 20 cannons, but by the failure of

orders to be delivered to some of the Southern commanders. thousands of these men were not of any use, and the struggle became more desperate every moment. Finally the Southern soldiers, unable to stand the terrific fire of cannon and rifle, began to waver, and the day seemed about to be lost.

Jackson was calm and resolute. An officer dashed up to him and said: "General, the day is going against us." Jackson replied, "If you think so, sir, you had better not say anything about it."

Jackson's men were laying down flat on the ground and he moved among them telling them to be steady, all was well, and to reserve their fire until in close range of the enemy, then to fire and give them the bayonet and "yell like furies." The supreme moment came, and General Bee, of South Carolina, as gallant a soldier as ever drew his sword, came to Jackson and said, "General, they are beating us back." Jackson replied, "Then give them the bayonet."

This calm reply put new life into the troops of General Bee, and they rallied to the charge. To induce his men, who had suffered appalling loss of their numbers by the battle, to rally, he pointed to Jackson and said, "THERE STANDS JACKSON LIKE A STONE WALL. RALLY AND LET US DETERMINE TO DIE HERE, AND WE WILL CONQUER. FOLLOW ME!" In a few moments Bee was mortally wounded, but his act helped to save the day and his name will ever live, and with it the soldiers of Georgia, Alabama, Carolinas, Mississippi, and their comrades.

In this battle, troops from all parts of the whole South were at one time or another engaged, and while Jackson's men set the example of enduring death rather than defeat, and held the onslaught of the battle until reinforcements came, and thus turned the tide of battle and the fate of the day, the history of the deeds of every man in that battle is equally glorious, and all are proud of the part they took, and their pride will live in generations yet unborn.

Jackson was wounded by a piece of shell, but he would not permit the doctors to stop their work among the desperately wounded men to lose time on his wound, which though pain-

ful, was not dangerous. He sat down on the grass and held his bloody and wounded hand until others were treated.*

Some one asked him "How goes the day" and Jackson replied, for the first and only time notwithstanding all his great accomplishments, in evident satisfaction at praise of any part he might have taken: "We have beat them. We have a glorious victory. My brigade made them run like dogs."

Dr. McGuire, his chief staff medical officer (and who served with him throughout the entire war, and was with him at his death) took the general's hand in his. Jackson said, "What do you think of it?" The surgeon said he could save the finger, but the time would be long doubtless, but if it were his finger he would not amputate it. Jackson then told him to dress the finger.

In his able address upon Jackson, Dr. McGuire says: "While I was dressing General Jackson's hand, at the field-hospital of the brigade, near the Lewis house, I saw President Davis ride up from the direction of Manassas. He had been told by stragglers that our army had been defeated. He stopped his horse in the middle of the stream, Young's Branch, stood up in his stirrups (the palest, sternest face I ever saw) and cried to the great crowd of soldiers, "I am President Davis, follow me back to the field."

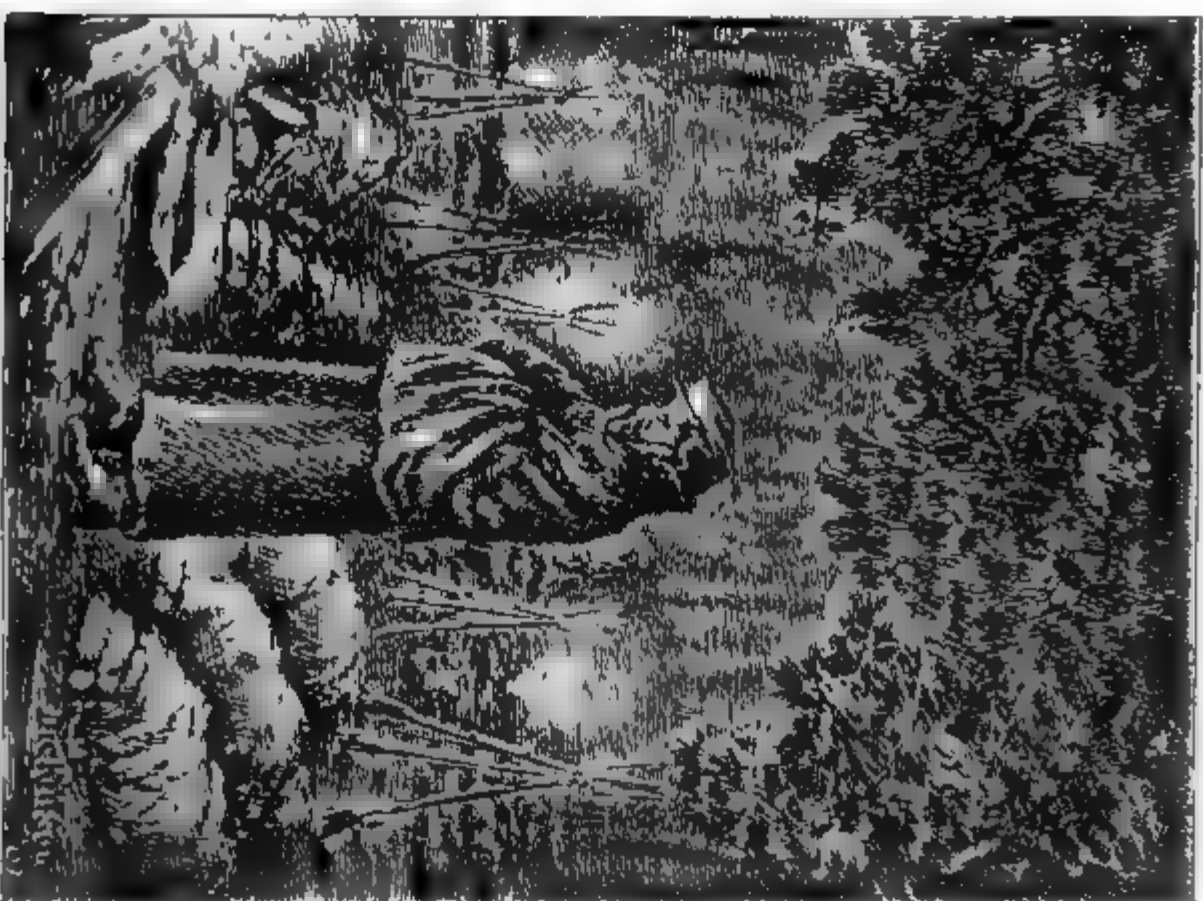
General Jackson did not hear distinctly. I told him who it was and what he said. He stood up and took off his cap and cried, "We have whipped them—they ran like sheep. GIVE ME TEN THOUSAND MEN, AND I WILL TAKE WASHINGTON CITY TO-MORROW." But he did not get the men. Had

*General J. D. Imboden, writing of this battle in which he met a severe accident: "On returning to the left of the line of guns, I stopped to ask General Jackson's permission to rejoin my battery. The fight was just then hot enough to make him feel well. His eyes fairly blazed. He had a way of throwing up his left hand, with palm open toward the person he was addressing, and as he told me to go he made this gesture.

"The air was full of flying missiles, and as he spoke he jerked down his hand, and I saw that blood was streaming from it. I exclaimed, 'General, are you wounded?' He replied, as he drew a handkerchief from his breast-pocket, and began to bind it up, 'only a scratch—a mere scratch,' and galloped away along his line."



**Lower Shenandoah River near where Jackson's men crossed en route
to Manassas, 1861.**
(From "Peaceful Scenes,") N. & W. R. R.



"The Lone Sentry,"
Jackson guards the camp alone.

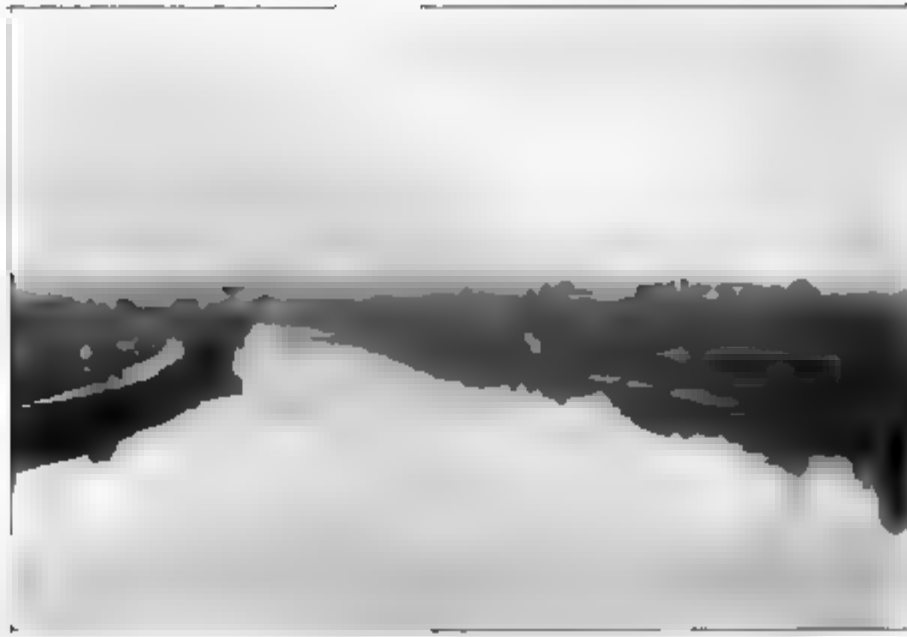


Meinertzen Rallying the troops of Lee, Harlow and Evans. (Near Jackson.)
Copyright by the Century Co., 1895.

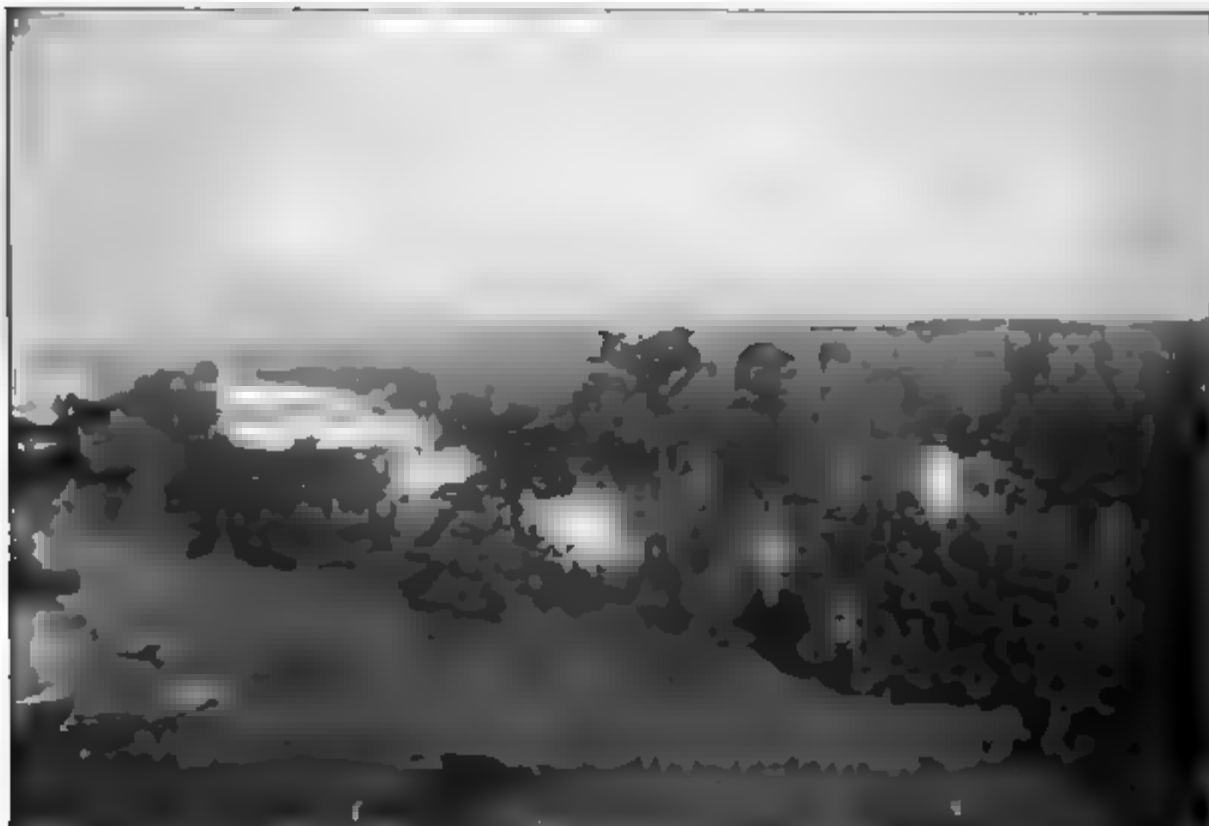


(14)

Flight of Federal Troops at Manassas



**Potomac River, near where Jackson's men forded, on their
way to Maryland, '62.
(From Peaceful Scenes, N. & W. R. R.)**



**Shenandoah River at Riverton Front Royal, Va., on N. & W. R. R.
(From Peaceful Scenes)**

He gotten them. Washington would have belonged to the Defenders on July 22nd, 1861.

The battle was fought on the birthday of his wife. We wonder if he thought of this when the fury of the battle was around him on every side? He wrote his wife, "You can never tell me any more that I forget your birthday." This would seem to suggest that he did celebrate the day.

On the day after the battle he wrote his pastor this letter: "My dear pastor: In my tent last night after a fatiguing day's service I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution for our colored Sunday-school. Enclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience, and oblige yours faithfully, T. J. JACKSON."

This letter was received at the Post-office, Lexington, Virginia, in the presence of a large party of the General's friends; the pastor, opening the letter, said, "Now we will have the facts." Imagine the surprise of all when this letter was read. *Not a single reference being made to any battle.*

On the same day he wrote to his wife (July 22nd): "My precious pet: Yesterday we fought a great battle and gained a great victory, for which all glory is due to *God alone*. Although under heavy fire for several continuous hours I received only one wound, the breaking of the longest finger on my left hand. My horse was wounded, but not killed. *Your* coat got an ugly wound near the hip, but my servant, who is very handy, has so far repaired it that it does not show very much. My preservation was due, as was the glorious victory, to our God, to whom be all the honor, praise and glory.

"The battle was the hardest that I have ever been in, but not so hot in its fire. Whilst great credit is due to other parts of our gallant army, God made my brigade more instrumental than any other in repulsing the main attack. This is for your information only—say nothing about it. Let others speak praise, not myself."

In another letter he tells of a friend of his, a private soldier, being saved by the rifle-ball striking a little Bible he had in his pocket. On August 5th he writes her, "And so you think

the papers ought to say more about your husband! *My brigade is not a brigade of newspaper correspondents.*

"If my brigade can always play so important and useful a part as it did in this battle, I trust I shall ever be most grateful. You must not be concerned at seeing other parts of the army lauded and my brigade not mentioned. 'Truth is mighty and will prevail.' When official reports are published, if not before, I expect to see justice done this noble body of patriots."

Why Jackson's part in the early struggles of the war was thus ignored, should surprise no one who will take the pains to notice that some power seemed to be at work, and vigilantly so, to snuff out, as it were, the burning flame of this man of destiny!

Jackson, as it has already been stated, was devoted to the cause of the South, and though never talking in a public way, he wrote a friend after the battle, that he wanted to go up into northwest Virginia among his old acquaintances, family and friends, and try and aid General Lee in his campaign there. But he would always add that if denied the right to go, he would serve wherever he was assigned. He wrote one of the officials at Richmond, "Should you have an occasion to ask for a brigade from this army, for the northwest, I hope mine will be the one selected."

He wrote his wife, "If General Lee remains in the northwest I would like to go there and give my feeble aid as an humble instrument in the hands of Providence in retrieving the down-trodden loyalty of that part of my native State. *The success of our cause is the earthly object near my heart; and if I know myself, all I am and have is at the service of my country.*"

Although the battle of Manassas was in many respects the most brilliant of modern times, being the first great battle on American soil, fought by men of the same country but of different sentiments and personal characteristics, and Jackson's Brigade was compared publicly to the Imperial Guard of the first Napoleon; and though the South, unlike the North, looked upon the battle as the beginning of the end (an opinion

Jackson's letters show he did not agree with) we fail to see in the very few reported talks with this calm officer, who had done so much for the success of the battle, a word, or have we seen a line written by him concerning its political or military significance. (See his official report in appendix).

It is regretted Jackson did not talk or write more, but for some wise purpose, this has been denied his countrymen. He was a man of action and not of articulation. We know that he thought profoundly on many subjects, was a patriot of the truest type, and was ever ready to act; but he said and wrote very little. No doubt he felt that he had been treated in such a manner at Richmond as to preclude probability of any suggestions of his being listened to by the inexperienced officials there. But we venture the assertion that Jackson knew the South blundered when it failed to make Manassas the opening gate to an aggressive warfare, and follow it up with the most vigorous and active campaign. He must have seen by the press, that the North was preparing to redouble its work of invasion, and if need be, destruction of the South. He saw the action of their Congress appropriating, without a voice opposing, nearly a *half of a billion dollars* for the war and nearly *five hundred thousand men* called for in the North.

He knew all about the failures in the campaigns in the northwest part of Virginia. He knew the South had thousands of miles of sea coast exposed, and he could accurately calculate their naval forces—they had none worth mentioning, while the North could in a short time prepare and put into service hundreds of vessels, as they finally did.

He knew the North had the ports of the world open to it, that it had unlimited financial advantages; and his long training and familiarity with military matters, gave him ample means of knowing the fact that the North was in possession of the facilities and the skill, to manufacture the munitions of war nearly as rapidly as men could be mustered into service, to take the equipments and go to the front.

He knew that the North had many men who sympathized with the South, and would at the slightest chance aid in bringing about peace, without forfeiting their relationships at their

home or causing complications, and as soon as the South could reach these men, they would compel peace. He knew that the war was being forced by politicians and a class of men called Abolitionists (persons who would free all slaves whether they had a right to so do or not); he knew too, that some of the officers and men who were in the panic at Manassas, when the whole of the Northern armies "ran like sheep", were not made of that kind of material, and were as brave as the Southern men; and when they once had time to regulate matters, they would come back with all their might and courage.

In order to prevent this, and not attempt to prolong a war, that should be ended *at once* the South should strike with all the force, might and energy of its entire strength, and keep up the *panic* until peace was declared. Subsequent events prove Jackson was a statesman as well as a soldier of unbounded energy, courage and skill.

Jackson knew all these things, and many more, of which reference will be made in another part of this book. But he was unable to shape the actions of the South and, as a result, had to sit idly by and see the fruits of the Manassas battle go like "smoke of rifles", and be lost as far as practical results were concerned.

The South however did not gloat over the victory, except in places where there was more enthusiasm than prudence: the church bells rang, not to call the people together to abuse and rant, and cry out vindictives against the routed Invaders, but to call them together to render thanks to the Giver of all good and perfect gifts. This spirit of humility and grace characterized the South as a rule, but in war we must "watch and pray."

There is nothing so serious as war, and there is an old saying that "Everything is fair in love and war." This is not literally true, as a moral proposition, that is, Christians should not adopt it as a rule in warfare; but the people fighting the South were not like the Southern people in many ways, and they intended to crush the South *by any and every means*. Subsequent events prove this to be absolutely true.

Jackson believed this and he saw that the South had an entirely wrong idea about this war. Their victory had lulled them into a kind of boasted security and pride. The South always had believed the North could not fight, and when the first great battle was finished in such "cloud-splitting glory" to Southern arms, a great many concluded the whole thing was a farce, and went about their business in disgust.

But on the plains of Manassas was this silent soldier, whose brave heart was heavy from the errors of his people. He is reported as having said, "I have three days rations cooked. Why does the order not come?" meaning the order for him to march on to Washington. The history of events prove that Jackson's ideas were of the first importance—*follow up defeats*. The battle had been another Jena, even greater, and Jackson was the Napoleon to see this, and reap the results of a rout that has no equal in history.

All the next day after the battle the men lay around here, there and everywhere, in fence corners and under trees, idle and worse than idle; a soldier has time to think, and while he does not at all times know what is before him, in this case he knew a routed army was running from him and he chafed at the strange inactivity of the "powers that be."

The rain came down and this did not make him any happier. The day before his comrades had fallen by the hundred, and he could hear the groans of the wounded, and longed to follow the fleeing enemy and reap revenge; but his hand was stayed, by whom, no one to this day seems to know—certainly not by "Stonewall" Jackson, for Jackson plead even to President Davis in person, to be allowed to take ten thousand men and go and capture Washington.*

*In discussing the failure of the administration or the proper authorities for not allowing Jackson to go on to Washington as he asked permission personally of President Davis to be allowed to do, no intention exists on our part to unduly criticise any one, but simply to state facts. Nor would we have it appear that Jackson was at any period disposed to find fault with, or criticise the "powers that be;" or that the services of a Minerva were necessary in the guise of a Mentor. It is related as coming from "official records" that Mr. Davis endorsed upon the report: "Nor after the actual battle and victory did the generals on the

field propose an advance on the Capital (Washington)," etc. This does not agree with the statement of men present at the Creek episode—Mr. Davis likely did not consider Jackson "one of the generals on the field" as far as General Jackson is concerned. On August 4th, 1861, Mr. Davis wrote General Beauregard: "I think you are unjust to yourself in putting your failure to pursue the enemy to Washington to the account of short supplies and transportation. Under the circumstances of our army, and in the absence of knowledge acquired—if indeed the statement be true—it would have been extremely hazardous to have done more than was performed." He then proceeds to state that enough was done for glory, and the measure of duty was full, and would have the untaught to understand that they were post critics of the event. A letter from Mr. Davis to General Johnston refers to the report of his having prevented Beauregard from pursuing the enemy, etc., and calls on Johnston, who was present at the conferences on the 21st and 22nd, to express his impressions of those conferences concerning this matter. Johnston's reply can not be put in evidence, as the letter was never found. No one can doubt the patriotism of Mr. Davis or of Generals Beauregard and Johnston or the absolute courage of these three soldiers, but the fact remains, that Jackson, *who was never defeated in his life and was ever successful when left to the exercise of his ability and judgment, did urge and plead to be allowed to follow up the rout and victory, with men who were willing to follow him—he asked for ten thousand—but the entire army would have followed him, as his fame in the Manassas battle had gained the confidence of every man under arms, and like his Valley campaigns, afterwards proved that he would have swept the Invaders before him, and taken Washington, and ended the war.*

Rev. Dr. Dabney, in his "Life and Campaigns of Jackson," says concerning the delay after Manassas: "His sense of official propriety sealed his lips, and when day after day impatient men enquired why they were not led against the enemy, Jackson would only answer: 'That is the affair of the commanding generals.'

"But to his confidential friends he afterwards declared when no longer under orders of these officers, that the inaction was a deplorable blunder; frequently in later periods of the war he repeated his opinion with warmth.

"He was compelled to sit silent and see his noble army, with its enthusiastic recruits, wither away in inaction on the plains of Bull Run (Manassas) under the miasma of August heat, the stench of battlefields and camp fevers, ten times more fatal than bullets. Hundreds died of the scourge."

Walt Whitman, during rebellious times one of the choicest writers in the local press—a poet and a famous Northern man—writes: "The defeated troops commenced pouring into Washington over the Long Bridge by daylight on Monday, 22nd (May, 1861)—day drizzling all

through with rain. The Saturday and Sunday of the battle of the 20th and 21st had been parched and hot to an extreme. The dust, the grime and smoke sweated in, followed by other layers again sweated in, absorbed by those excited souls.

"Their clothes all saturated with the clay-powder filling the air, stirred up everywhere on the dry roads and trodden fields by the regiments, swarming wagons, artillery, etc—all the men, with this coating of murk and sweat and rain, now recoiling back, pouring over the Long Bridge—a horrible march of twenty miles—returning to Washington, baffled, humiliated, panic-struck.

"Where are the vaunts of and the proud boast, with which you went forth? Where are your banners? Your bands of music? Your ropes to bring back your prisoners? Well, there isn't a band playing, and there isn't a flag but clings ashamed and lank to its shaft."

The writer proceeds to tell of the throng filling up Pennsylvania avenue, the steps of houses etc., and hanging around everywhere to get something to eat; sleeping while the rush and din of rout rages all about them. Of the smothered "snickers of the seceshers" (Southerners). Of the mixing of fine ladies in finer attire, with the motley, terrorized men, and with food giving them consolation for their stomachs, that the Southern soldiers could not give their hearts.

This is the army of Invaders as Jackson's keen-sighted, soldierly eye saw it, and which he longed to follow up, capture and stop the war. But, alas!

CHAPTER XXI.

NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN COMMENTS ON CONDUCT OF CERTAIN PERSONS ASSOCIATED WITH MANASSAS BATTLE.

Jackson had left Patterson of the Invaders army up in the valley of Virginia a few days since, and before they had heard of the terrible defeat of their brothers at Manassas, they were willing to follow their general, Patterson, but when they did hear the news, there was mutiny, and Patterson was trying to get his men to take heart and go with him.

It was plain that Patterson could not get to Washington as quick as Jackson even if he could get his troops to go at all. Jackson was much nearer to Washington. McDowell's army and all his generals and men were in the panic, and with a broken, spirited rabble, running from a victorious army, particularly when led by a man of Jackson's iron nerve and dash, would have no show; besides this they nearly all had thrown away their guns. There was nothing, as facts prove, to keep Jackson from taking Washington.

Before the battle of Manassas, so confident were the people in Washington that the "rebels" would be driven from the face of the earth, or something of the sort, that even Congress, that brave-wordy-army-of-war-makers, was out of town. One cannon fired over the precincts of the city, and the gallant followers of Jackson would have dined at the President's, and no doubt been entertained by his absence.

Some have excused this absurd conduct of the persons responsible for this terrible blunder—not taking Washington—by saying something about "raw troops" and reports of "great numbers ahead of the Southern army," and so forth; Jackson knew all about raw troops, he is on record as their defender.

Jackson's confidence in his volunteers is here given. This conversation occurred between Jackson and a member of his staff. The staff-officer mentioned to Jackson at one time a conversation that passed between himself and General Johnston when he came to Harper's Ferry, in which General John-

ston referred to the 2d Virginia Volunteer regiment and remarked that he would not give a company of regulars for the regiment.

On being told this, Jackson said, "Did he say this about those splendid men?" and then remarked, "The patriot volunteer, fighting for his country and his rights makes the most reliable soldier on earth!" Of the two, who proved to be right? Jackson knew men and his respect for the Southern volunteers, knowing them as he did, was unboundless; he held their confidence and their devotion, and knew that they would fight any odds, suffer any hardship, when treated like soldiers, fairly and considerately, and were men, every inch of them. It was Jackson's knowledge of the safety, reliability and certainty that the volunteers in his regiments, and the Southern troops that fought with him, that caused him to make that request on the evening of the battle of Manassas, for ten thousand of them and pledge them with himself, to the president, in person, to take Washington, and consequently end the war.

Finally after waiting around Manassas, nothing further being done, Jackson and his men went to Centerville, where they had much better quarters, and the spirit and the condition of the troops immediately began to show improvement. Here he busied himself, as usual, administering to the soldiers, and lost no time in bringing them up to the highest standard of proficiency. He relaxed some of his former exercise in the drilling line, much to the delight of his troops; but we give here a program which shows that he was not so lenient after all. There were thirteen things to remember during the day. The first thing to remember happened at 5 A. M., this was reveille; at 6.30 was sick call; at 7, breakfast; between 8 and 9.30, battalion drill; 10 to 11, orderly hours; company drill came at noon, between 11 and 12 (warm work in July and August); dinner at 1; from 2 to 6, there was company and battalion drills; at 5, guard mounting; at 6, retreat; tattoo at 9 30; and taps at 10. It will be seen that Jackson's camp was a pretty active place, particularly in these hot summer days.

The religious condition of his troops occupied the greater portion of his time, and the chaplains were kept active in

looking after the spiritual welfare of the army. He would frequently write to his friends and also his wife, expressing his longing for the quiet and peace of home. War was very distressing to him, but it is more than probable that his desire to be relieved from the field was due to the consciousness of his being unduly subordinated, and treated in a manner beneath the ability he must have realized was possessed by him. Of course all of this is conjecture, for what he suffered or what he thought, no man will ever know; but now and then a word or a line in a letter would indicate the drift of his thoughts. During the encampment at Centerville, General Jackson had the following schedule made for governing the prices that farmers were allowed to charge the soldiers. They are as follows: Butter, 25 cents per pound; eggs, 20 cents per dozen; green corn, 12 cents to 18 cents per dozen; potatoes, 25 cents per peck; cucumbers, 25 cents per dozen; onions, 15 cents per dozen; cabbage, 2 cents to 5 cents per head; beets, 10 cents to 12 cents per dozen; snap-beans, 25 cents per peck; chickens, 18 cents to 20 cents each; ducks, 25 cents each; geese, 50 cents each; mutton, 8 cents per pound; lamb, 8 cents per pound; milk, unskimmed, 5 cents per pint; milk, skimmed, 3 cents per pint; butter-milk, 3 cents per pint; honey, 25 cents per pound; peaches, 8 cents to 10 cents per dozen.

Before many years, this "Market" formality was done away with, and the men were glad to get anything to eat at any price. In another place we give prices toward close of the war.

To learn something of the sentiment prevailing at the time when the war was inevitable, it is interesting to read some of the expressions of the press at the time. Both at the North and South the newspapers vied with each other in the popular "jingoism" of the times, and their "press freedom" was exercised to the limit. We make a few extracts from the press at the North, which, to be candid, was likely no more boastful and contemptuous in its tone than were the Southern newspapers in theirs.

The New York *Tribune* said: "The hanging of the traitors is sure to begin before the month is over. The nations of Eu-

rope may rest assured that Jeff Davis and Company will be swinging from the battlements of Washington by the 4th of July. We spit upon a later or longer delayed justice." We see that the *Tribune* was not fond of Messrs. Davis & Co., (Southern people), that it was not well-posted, and the prediction as to the hanging, etc., had Jackson been heeded, the "battlements" would have been in poor shape for the hanging, about the 23rd of July, two days after Manassas. But war has its lessons, and Americans are Americans after all, and Horace Greeley, the owner of the *Tribune*, went on the bond of Jeff Davis, and some of his *Company* voted for Mr. Greeley for president of the United States. It may also be suggestive as far as Jeff Davis' *Company* is concerned, to relate that the man who put shackles on Mr. Davis lost the nomination for presidency in 1900.

The *New York Times* (now, in the irony of fate, partly owned by a Southerner and managed by a Tennessean) said: "Let us make quick work. The rebellion, as some people designate it, is an unborn tadpole. Let us not fall into the delusion of mistaking a local commotion for a revolution. A strong, active pull together will do our work in thirty days effectually." The tadpole and the local commotion was inspiring, but it did not sufficiently succor those ninety-day troops that volunteered to go and defend Washington; nor would it hold them, when Jackson so roughly treated them at the "affairs" at Falling Waters, and Patterson could not read these "ninety-days-ers" into extending their service period. The signs of the *Times* did not suit them.

The *Philadelphia Press* said: "No man of sense could, for a moment, doubt that this 'much ado about nothing' will end in a month. The Northern people are invincible. The rebels, a mere band of ragamuffins, will fly like chaff before the wind on our approach." This *Press* editor had never seen Jackson and his men, and the ragamuffins left home to stay until the war was over, and thirty days was not the limit.

Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, wrote a public letter to the minister of France, in which he referred to the war as "a mere ephemeral insurrection," etc. While the press of

the South may have indulged in a good deal of the ordinary editorial license, and, as we say, been as flippant in comments as was the Northern press, yet we do not think the cabinets of the two governments were alike in any respects. There seemed to have been deep-rooted malice in some of the Lincoln Cabinet in their hatred toward the South, and a Moloch might well have represented their ambition, if judged by the severity of their onslaught, in words: and they did not hesitate to supply swords to Dalgettys.

As the time approached for a collision with the Southern arms, the Northern army and people, judging from evidences of unmistakable proof, became inflated with the idea of achieving overwhelming defeat and victory. The generals of the army of the Invaders, or some of them, had their packages marked "for Richmond," the Confederate capital. The misguided troops carried halters to "hang the rebels." Others had pictures representing the most distressful positions into which they would put the rebels; sufficiently savage to inspire a certain variety of chivalry. Congress was adjourned. Ministers of the gospel joined with the general curious participants and came along with the army to "rout the Confederates." Manassas was the field on which these scenes were to be enacted. A long line of carriages followed filled with females, attired in what was considered suitable gear, to witness the general carnage of the "traitors."

This display of effeminate modesty and womanly gentleness presented a scene likely to cause comment of a doubtful character for generations to come; it had an additional feature of moral (?) beauty, represented by a somewhat unique bacchanalian aspect—they had in their carriages the vintage of France, that sparkling liquid known as champagne, and other wines.

This splendid array of sisters from the precincts of the devoted North, had in prodigal extravagance other attractions of brotherly love and cordial hospitality—they had music and viands fit for feasts on any picnic ground of earth. These were to be used while the groans of the dying "traitors" from the South filled the evening of glorious conquest.

Not an angel left to whisper a message to the God of love; for a nation's guardian victor would spare no doom to the rebel outlaw!

They had hand-cuffs along with the army, and every pleasant and winsome preparation had been made to take Southern "ragamuffins," dead or alive, before the gates of the high-priests at Washington. These words are less "offensive" than the act, and history has few more grotesque scenes on its pages than the act of these people, on that memorable day, (Sunday, at that) July 21st, 1861.

But there was a fatal hitch in the program, they counted on meeting cowards instead of men, who for courage have no equals on earth! They mocked the fates of war, and failed to provide for the prayers of mothers and wives and sisters and sweethearts of these brave men, in their far-off home in the South, where the God of the just sustained them in their grief; and a modesty of nature—a woman's supreme glory—kept them by their sacred home devotions, by the cradles of the children whose fathers had gone to battle in defence of right and their heritage—independence.

As a rebuke for the act of these misguided enemies of the South, against all that is good and brave and noble in American citizenship, we will tell of their downfall. We hope no occasion will ever come when a like scene will be repeated; and therefore no such disgrace ever overtake the wrong-doer, as overtook this multitude that Sabbath day.

As has been told in another chapter, the battle at Manassas raged with a fury that shook the very earth. Finally Jackson and his brigade came upon the scene, and then came the tide of defeat to the Northern hosts. (See account of battle of Manassas, in Appendix.) We give the following in the words of a Northern newspaper correspondent, an eye witness who wrote this account as here given: "What does all this mean?" I said to the brave Captain (Alexander.) He replied, 'It means defeat. We are beaten, it is a shame, a cowardly retreat,' and he tried to rally his men—showing great courage.

"Meantime I saw officers with leaves and eagles on their shoulder straps, majors and colonels who had deserted their

comrades, pass me, galloping as if for dear life. No enemy pursued just then; but I suppose all were afraid that his guns would be trained down the long narrow avenue, and mow the retreating thousands and batter to pieces army wagons and everything else which crowded it.

“But such a scene! and how terrific the onset of that tumultuous retreat! For three miles, hosts of Federal troops—all detached from their regiments, all mingled in one disorderly rout—were flying along the road, but mostly through the lot fields on either side. Army wagons, sutlers, teams and private carriages choked the passage, tumbling against each other, amid clouds of dust and sickening sights and sounds. Hacks containing unlucky spectators of the late affray were smashed like glass, and the occupants were lost sight of in the *debris*.

“Horses flying wildly from the battle-field, many of them in death agony, galloping at random forward, joining in the stampede. Those on foot who could catch them rode them bare-back, as much to save themselves from being run over as to make quicker time. Wounded men lying along the banks, the few either not left on the field or taken to the captured hospitals, appealed with raised hands to those who rode horses, begging to be lifted behind; but few regarded such petitions. Then artillery, such as was saved, came thundering along, smashing and overpowering every thing.

“The regular cavalry, I recall it to their shame, joined in the *melee*, adding to its terrors, for they rode down footmen without mercy. One of the great guns was overturned and lay among the ruins of a caisson as I passed it. I saw an artillery man running between the ponderous fore and after wheels of his gun-carriage, hanging on with both hands and vainly striving to jump up on the ordinance.

“The drivers were spurring the horses; he could not cling much longer, and a more agonizing expression never fixed the features of a drowning man. The carriage bounded from the roughness of a steep hill, leading to a creek; he lost his hold, fell, and in an instant the great wheels had crushed the life out of him.

“Who ever saw such a flight? It did not slack in the least

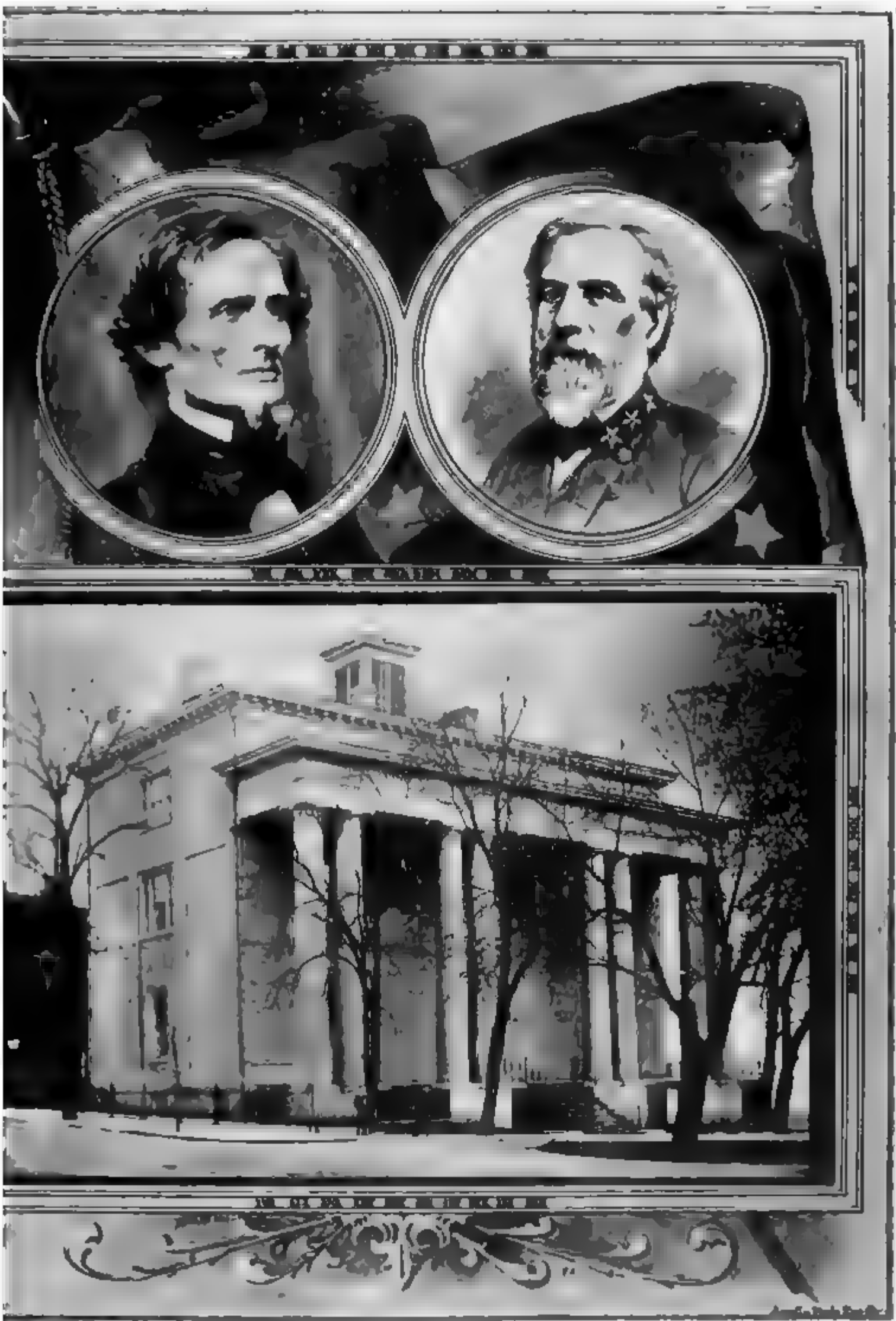
until Centerville was reached. There the sight of the reserves, formed in order on the hill, seemed somewhat to reassure the van. But still the teams and foot soldiers pushed on, passing their own camp and heading swiftly for the distant Potomac, until for ten miles the road over which the Grand Army which had so lately passed southward, gay, with unstained banners, and flushed with the surety of success, was covered with the fragments of its retreating forces, shattered and panic-stricken in a single day."

At Centerville there had been prepared a great dinner for the visitors who had come out in the carriages to "see the fun." This dinner was not enjoyed as it was planned to be; for news from the routed army made the visitors homesick; and they gave up the feast unceremoniously. One female in getting into her carriage, was so hurried by the panic that one of her limbs was broken.

During this terrible scene where was Jackson? The kind-hearted hero of the day was working among his wounded and dying; who, when other troops would pass and victorious shouts would rend the air, they would join their dying breath in the glad huzzas, while the wounded would forget their pains. Jackson cared nothing for the rout, he soon began to lose hope of the authorities allowing him to follow the routed Invaders, and he gave up to everything but care of his beloved soldiers, though he himself was wounded, which wound he got in the final charge of the day.

We are told by old inhabitants of Alexandria, Virginia, just across the Potomac river from Washington, that the panic reached there early Monday morning, the day after the battle. Although the men and the whole panic mob had moved between twenty-five and thirty miles, they were pouring into the town by noon, and a more amusing, and at the same time instructive story would be difficult to find, than the tales of that day.

Men were wild from fear, and hunger made them desperate. The all-pervading thought was to "get out of this danger and desert the army." The ways of reaching Washington were choked as the boats and bridges were jammed and crushed



President of the Confederacy.

Commanding General of Army C. S. A.

White House of the Confederacy — now Confederate Museum — Richmond, Va.

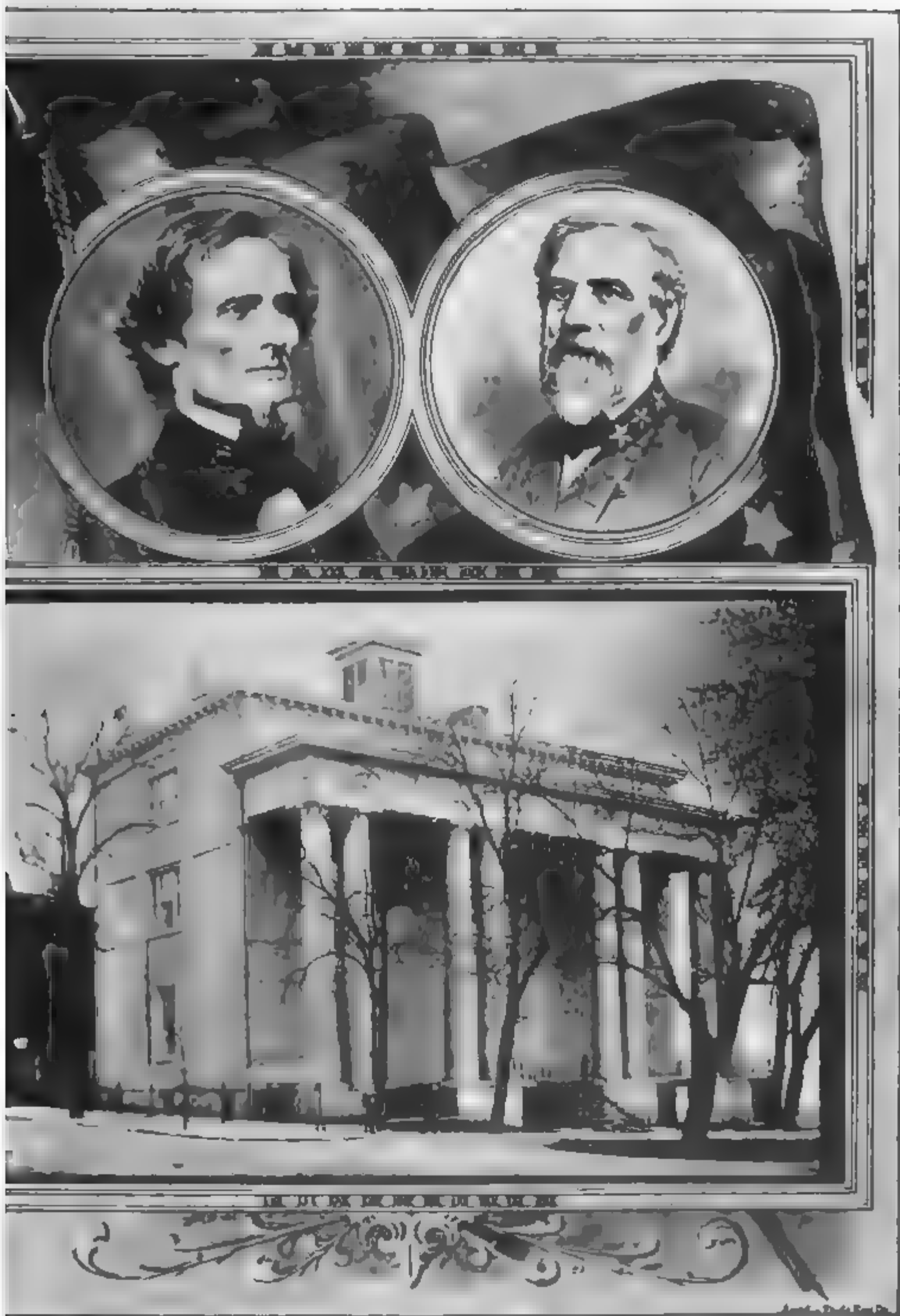
to extreme danger. Many men went away up into the hills along the Potomac miles away and hid. Soldiers, who had exulted over the people of the town a few days before, now begged for bread, and some wept from the excitement of their relief from the "bloody Beauregard," as they called him, and that "terror of a rebel," Jackson.

While these poor soldiers were thus suffering for something to eat, and were bemoaning their fate, fearing every moment to hear the guns of the enemy or Stuart's men, or the yell of Jackson's brigade, in fact were in the toils of panic, we see Jackson quietly "keeping flies off his hand" as he wrote a friend; or sitting down to send some money for the negro Sunday school in Lexington.

However, we venture again the assertion that had he been allowed to go to Washington, as he begged the right to do, the panic-stricken soldiers around the Potomac, and all over the country, would have been in distress indeed, and the Southern troops would have taken from twenty to thirty thousand prisoners and doubtless paroled them. Jackson at Harper's Ferry took nearly twelve thousand and paroled them. War would have been ended in less than five days, the country once more at peace, and *Jackson its President*; provided he would consent to accept a political position.

As this book is not a history of the war, we cannot follow the various movements of troops, battles, orders and the matters that go with war; it is the object to tell something of General Jackson's part in the war, and leave to a future time anything like a story of the war, as a special book upon that subject.

During August, September, October, and part of November, Jackson and his brigade spent their time not far from the battle-field of Manassas (or, as it is sometimes called, Bull Run). There is not much to tell about the soldier in camp. The time is spent in all manner of ways "to kill time." They build little houses of logs or brush, if they have no tents, do their own cooking over the open fire. Some have skillets, ovens and pots; others have only pieces of iron vessels to cook in. They do their own washing, but don't iron their



President of the Confederacy

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White House of the Confederacy — now Confederate Museum — Richmond, Va.



Wounded but Calls to President Davis for 10,000 Men to Take Washington).
Davis and Jackson at Manassas.



Inspection — (From Camp Fires of the Confederacy.)



In the Charge — (From Camp Fires of the Confederacy.)



LT. GENERAL A. P. HILL.

Among the last names mentioned by Jackson on his death bed was that of this gallant officer. "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action, in a few days before General Hill gave up his life for his country only a few days before."



MAJ JED HOTCHKISS
(Jackson's Chief Engineer)

clothes; wear them "rough-dried." They bathe in creeks, very few have basins, soap or towels. It is a hard life, something like an animal's.

Soldiers are allowed to write home, read papers and books, make any little articles of wood, bone, etc., and amuse themselves with games and plays, but are not permitted to roam around and leave camp any great distance. If this were permitted, the army might some time be "surprised and captured." They have to keep their guns clean and not let them get rusted. Artillery is kept as neat as a private carriage and covered with heavy cloths or canvas. Cavalry have their horses to care for; they often "get up" rations for the army.

Rations, as soldier's food is called, are given out to soldiers (when there is any to give), each man gets so much meal, meat, molasses, coffee, sugar, and whatever they (the Commissary Department) have to give the soldiers. In the first part of the war the Southern soldiers had more to eat than they did in the latter part. The Northern soldiers always had all they could eat, and some times more too, and often in these two armies (many times having relatives in each, so that cousins, and even brothers, would wear either blue or gray uniforms and fight each other), the troops would trade their supplies.

Invaders would give sugar and coffee, etc., for Southern tobacco, etc. This they called "swapping." While these men were "swapping" things among themselves, they would no more commit a hostile act than friends would wound friends.

General Jackson did not like idleness in camp, and that he resigned in Florida from the U. S. army partly on this account proves this. It is a pity that after his brilliant part in the Manassas victory, he was not sent to the section where he was reared, western and northern Virginia, and where he asked to be sent. Had this been done he would have saved many lives; and knowing the country so well, and being popular, he could have gotten many volunteers, and prevented, the loss of the whole Northwest Virginia to the State, which finally, as re-

lated, became another State, West Virginia. The separation or partitioning of Virginia, into States is an incident of the war, which was a miscarriage of political enigma. Jackson would have preserved the union of Virginia and in a short time the union of America, but, alas!

Jackson writes frequently to his wife while in camp, and all his letters show a resigned spirit. Once he tells her that he cannot ask for a leave of absence to go home, as the soldiers were not allowed to do this, and he did not want to set them a bad example. He remarked, "It might make the troops feel that they were badly treated, and that I consult my own pleasure and comfort, regardless of theirs."

He tells of the hard drilling, and says he hopes this will make him and his troops better able to serve their country, if Providence calls on them to do so. They had in the camp a band of music. He was very fond of music, but could not learn a tune easily. His wife says she had much difficulty in teaching him "Dixie." His regiment had a good brass band, but even when it would play "Dixie" he would confuse it with other tunes, so he got his wife to teach him "Dixie."

When he went into camp, near Fairfax court house, he expressed great delight, and was always glad to get back after being called away by false alarms of danger along the frontier. All this time, the main part of the Southern army was stationed partly in sight of the Northern army, or Washington. A joke is told of a battery used by the Southern army. It is said, and many have told us, that on Munson's and Mason's hill, not far from Alexandria to the west, the Southern army had some posts, made into shape of cannons and painted black, and had them mounted on the breast works. They are called "Shaker-Cannons," (because silent?)

These mock cannons were put into position on forts in view of the enemy's observatories, and were mistaken by them for an enormous array of artillery. Some of these wooden cannons are said to be still in existence. They served the purpose, as the enemy did not know the difference until long afterwards.

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. JACKSON VISITS HER HUSBAND IN CAMP—WRITES LETTER TO OFFICERS OF V. M. I. AT LEXINGTON—HIS LONGING FOR PEACE — APPOINTED MAJOR-GENERAL—FAREWELL ADDRESS TO STONEWALL BRIGADE—PRAYERS IN CAMP—JACKSON PRAYS AND READ FROM THE BIBLE—TALKS NEARLY ALL NIGHT WITH HIS FORMER PASTOR—COMMENT ON TREATMENT OF NON-COMBATANTS.

While near Fairfax, he wrote his wife she might come and visit him in the army, if she would take the chances of finding him there, for war was uncertain and he might be ordered away any moment. But he was anxious to have his beloved wife near him. She came, and tells in her book of the trip. In those days a lady was very brave to travel. Soldiers would look in the cars at the strange sight of a lady. When she finally reached the General, she was treated like a princess by the soldiers.

While Mrs. Jackson was in camp there was no fighting to do; her husband could therefore give her a great deal of his time, and she enjoyed the novelty. She would eat out under the trees with Jackson and his staff, and their rooms were at a kind farmer's near the camp. It must have been a great joy to the hero to have his wife with him. He had left her in the spring, at their home in Lexington, and never had seen her since. His disposition was domestic, and he loved home, and this separation was a great sorrow to him. Many soldiers, though as deeply distressed by their absence from their loved ones, rejoiced for their general to see his wife with him.

General Jackson's cook at that time was as black as a negro gets to be, but he was a good servant and cook, and he used to say, "I outranks all de niggers in dis army," and seemed to delight in the distinction of being the General's cook, particularly when his "young mistis" was at headquarters. In less than two weeks, Jackson was ordered to move his com-

mand, and the dream passed; the visit closed, and Mrs. Jackson went to her home in the South. This was in September.

Shortly after his wife left him, he wrote these beautiful words: "This is a lovely morning, beautiful emblem of the morning of eternity in heaven. I greatly enjoy it after our cold, chilly weather, which has made me feel doubtful of my capacity, humanly speaking, to endure the campaign, should we remain longer in tents. But God, *our God*, will and does all things well, and if it is His pleasure that I should remain in the field, He will give me the ability to endure all its fatigues."

Just before writing this, he referred to the condition of affairs at Lexington, and for the second time since he left there, expressed to his wife a desire to return. In the same letter he shows in a few simple words, that to him, war was a thing, of itself, apart from Jackson in his life as a Christian. These are the words: "Colonel Echols returned this morning, but does not bring to our *finite minds* very good news." On other occasions he refers distinctly to visits of ministers and the joy of possessing a *spiritual mind* under their blessed presence.

In September some of his old Lexington friends and others sent him many useful things for camp life, and things to eat. Notice how careful Jackson was about expressing even the date of a mere passing incident; he writes, "*I think about eight days ago*, a gentleman sent me a half-barrel of tomatoes, bread, etc. Other kind friends have remembered me. What I need is a more grateful heart to the 'Giver of every good and perfect gift.'"

The following letter is evidence of his desire for occupation in civic life:

HEADQUARTERS 1ST BRIGADE, 2D CORPS, A. P.,

CENTERVILLE, October 22, 1861.

GENTLEMEN: Your circular of the ninth instant has been received, and I beg leave to say, in reply, that I only took the field from a sense of duty, and that the obligation that brought me into the service still retains me in it, and will probably continue to do so as long as the war shall last. At the close of hostilities, I desire to resume the duties of

my chair, and accordingly respectfully request that, if consistent with the interest of the Institute, the action of the Board of Visitors may be such as to admit of my return upon the restoration of peace.

Respectfully, your ob't servant, T. J. JACKSON.

Prof. Nat. and Ex. Philosophy, V. M. I.

To General Wm. H. Richardson,
General T. A. Haymond,
Committee.

In October he writes about a visit of President Davis to that section. "The President introduces the subject of the condition of my section of the State, but did not even so much as intimate that he designed sending me there. I told him when he spoke of my native region, that I felt a very deep interest in it. He spoke hopefully of that section and highly of General Lee." He would like to have talked fully to Mr. Davis about his longing to go to Western Virginia, but being a modest man he declined to urge anything personal.

On the 7th of October, Jackson was made a major-general. About a week after this in a letter to his wife, after writing about his hope of going into winter quarters somewhere, so he could have his wife with him, his remarks upon the hope of having her, were as happily expressed as a lover of true domestic life alone could write, he adds, "I am very thankful to that God who withholds no good thing from me (though I am so utterly unworthy and ungrateful) for making me a major-general in the Provisional army of the Confederate States."

This appointment did not appear to give Jackson any great pleasure. A brother officer relates the circumstance of a ride he had with Jackson, after he had received his appointment, and of his incidentally telling the officer in the most unconcerned manner that he was going in search of a magistrate to be sworn in, as prescribed by law. The officers did not know up to that time that Jackson had even been promoted, although he had been in camp with him.

His pastor, Rev. Dr. White, was present when he received the official order, and Jackson handing, it to him, said, "Such an act of public confidence and respect as puts it into one's power to serve his country should be accepted and prized; but, apart from that, promotion among men is only a temp.

tation and a trouble. Had this communication not come *as an order*, I should have instantly declined it, *and continued in command of my brave old brigade.*"

That the separation of Jackson from his old command, the Stonewall Brigade, gave him much sorrow and disappointment, may be gathered from his farewell address to them as their commander. Why he could not be a major-general and still remain with his command, the Stonewall Brigade, has never been explained—like many other of the mysteries of Jackson's career in its official connection. The brigade was afterwards given back to him upon the petition of the brigade, to be restored to Jackson.

On the day Jackson took his leave of his faithful brigade the men were drawn up and paraded before him and his staff. He rode to the center and, in a voice clear and calm, said, "Officers and soldiers of the First Brigade, I am not here to make a speech, but simply to say farewell.

"I first met you at Harper's Ferry in the commencement of this war, and I cannot take leave of you without giving expression to my admiration of your conduct from that day to this, whether on the march, the bivouac, the tented field or on the bloody plains of Manassas, where you gained the well deserved reputation of having decided the fate of the battle.

"Throughout the broad extent of country over which you have marched, by your respect for the rights and the property of citizens, you have shown that you were soldiers, not only to defend, but able and willing both to defend and protect. You have already gained a brilliant and deservedly high reputation throughout the army of the whole Confederacy, and I trust, in the future, by your deeds on the field, and by the assistance of the same kind Providence who has heretofore favored our cause, you will gain more victories, and add additional lustre to the reputation you now enjoy.

"You have already gained a proud position in the future history of this, our second war for independence. I shall look with great anxiety to your future movements; and I trust, whenever I shall hear of the First Brigade on the field of bat-

tle, it will be of still nobler deeds achieved, and higher reputation won."

Then pausing, as though unable to leave his comrades-in-arms without some warmer and less official words, the great leader threw the reins of his bridle from his hand, and extending his arms toward his beloved comrades, with all the emphasis and emotion of his noble soul, exclaimed:

"In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the *First* Brigade; in the Army of the Potomac you were the *First* Brigade; in the Second Corps of the army you were the *First* Brigade; you are the *First* Brigade in the affections of your general; and I hope by your future deeds and bearing, you will be handed down to posterity as the *First* Brigade in this, the second War of Independence. Farewell!"

He wheeled his horse and galloped away, followed by cheers that only sincere and brave men can give. It was not the "Rebel Yell" that so often has been described as sending the blood of the enemy to his heart in sickening alarm. It was not the yell of a rabble, at the heels of some demagogue. That parting meant to those men deep regret, and pride. They would cheer their commander on his way and would cheer him assurance that his faith in them would never be misplaced.

After Mrs. Jackson had gone to her home in North Carolina, Jackson's former pastor, Rev. Dr. White, of Lexington, as is related, visited him at his camp, and on his arrival, Jackson met him with the most hurried greeting and at once went to his duties, although the closest relationship existed between them, and the invitation to come and preach to his men had come from Jackson himself. This will show that Jackson never permitted anything to disturb his business affairs in the army. But his duties over, he came back, and with that pleasant smile for which he was noted, when not absorbed by military matters, he was the same Jackson the preacher knew at Lexington.

It was here that Jackson for the first time prayed in public with his soldiers; and on this occasion he did so at the request of his old pastor. Dr. White afterwards said, "Jack-

son took the sacred volume, read, and then prayed. I can never, while life lasts, forget that prayer. He prayed for my ministry, his old church, and with fervor, that God would baptize the whole army with His Holy Spirit.

“When we had risen from our knees, he stood before his camp fire (it was at night) with that calm dignity of mien and tender expression of countenance for which he was so remarkable, and said, ‘Doctor, I would be glad to learn more fully than I have yet done, what your views are of the prayer of faith?’ A conversation then followed, which lasted until long after midnight, in which, it is candidly confessed, the pastor received more instruction than he imparted.”

A picture is given in this book, of a prayer-meeting of Jackson’s camp, and we can see in that, and recognize men who are to-day with us, and who many times afterwards were at these meetings of Jackson’s. The Southern army had many good men who tried to lead and did lead many of their comrades to the throne of their Heavenly Ruler.

In a letter to his wife, he described his room at Mr. Grigsby’s—where he had his headquarters—with the most exact details, even naming each picture on the walls, the pieces of furniture and everything about him. He always had time to give to his family (then only consisting of a young wife) those attentions that help to heal the pain of separation.

On the 4th of November, he writes his wife. “This morning I received orders to proceed to Winchester. I am consigned to the military district of the Northern frontier, between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany mountains. I trust I may be able to send for you after I get settled. How do you like the programme? I don’t expect much sleep to-night, as my desire is to travel all night if necessary, for the purpose of reaching Winchester before day to-morrow.

“I shall have great labor to perform, but through the blessings of our ever kind Heavenly Father, I trust that he will enable me to accomplish it. My trust is in God for the defence of that country (the valley).” Jackson’s fondness of the valley was at all times very strong. Even in peace he often wrote and spoke of the beauty and abundance of God’s blessings on

that grand and historic region. We give many pictures of the valley.

Throughout the whole Southern country, where ever you go, and the subject of the war happens to be named, men in all walks and conditions of life who were in that valley—the famed Shenandoah Valley of Virginia—during the war, will at once bring up their campaigns of this truly, to them, sacred region. Over its beautiful roads they marched with Jackson, and after his death with Ewell, Early, and others. On its great fields, often covered with ripening or growing grain, they had fought desperately.

They tell of the scenery, the mountains bordering the great valley, the cold springs of water from which on many a forced march, when parched from thirst, they drank as only thirsty men can drink; of the soft invigorating breezes and radiant nights, of the hospitality and devotion and loyalty of its people, who had armies upon their hands from the beginning to the close of the war, and yet never once murmured, but shared their last crust with the men from their own and sister States.

Many Southern families have a father, brother or uncles sleeping the sleep of the brave in the Valley of Virginia. The Shenandoah Valley will forever be to the South a spot most dear; and the South will never forget the devotion of its people to her sons during the trying years of the war.

All through the valley, which extends from Harper's Ferry to Lexington and is from fifteen to thirty miles in width, are roads called turn-pikes. They are covered with stones, broken into small pieces, making a very hard, firm, and smooth road, known as macadamized and so called in honor of a man by the name of MacAdam, who first made this kind of road in England. The lands are very fertile; great quantities of wheat, corn, oats, hay, and other cereals are raised there.

Stock thrive and become very fat on the rich blue grass and clover, which in many parts of the valley grow without cultivation. The dairy products, butter and milk are not surpassed anywhere in the world. The valley was called by Jackson "the store-house of the Confederacy," as its grain and cattle could support the entire army nearly.

It was of this valley that a general in the Invader's army, Sheridan, said officially: "I have destroyed over two thousand barns filled with wheat, hay-farming implements, etc. I have destroyed seventy-five mills filled with flour and wheat. I have driven in front of my army four thousand head of stock and killed for my army three thousand sheep." This same person, with whom Weyler of Cuban fame fought, and a president of the United States followed, is on record as saying, "A crow will have to take its rations along, if it flies over the Shenandoah Valley." What American can applaud this cruel brag, or defend its horrible criminality?

The valley was of value not only to the Confederate army as a depot of supplies, and therefore must be retained in its possession, but if permitted to fall in the hands of the enemy, would give them great additional resources to their already vast supplies from all over the North, East and West, of everything an army, fifty times its size, could need.

Jackson was put in the position to practically protect a frontier of between one hundred and fifty and two hundred miles, and given—as far as his command awaiting him at Winchester was concerned—a handful of militia to do this with. His devotion to duty compelled him to write at once to Richmond and express his views of the proper steps to be taken, ~~(to)~~ not only to regain the great loss to the South by the unsuccessful campaigns then ending in the northern part of Virginia, but to drive the enemy out of the State, and arrange to keep them out.

His advice was rejected and additional disaster followed. Jackson by his vigorous habits, and from the regard and confidence the country had in him, soon got together 3,000 troops, volunteers and recruits. Winter came on, and the northwest of Virginia was being invaded by the enemy, and Jackson showed the authorities at Richmond that all delays would only add to the strength of the Invaders, and crush out any hope of support from that section of Virginia, as men there would join the Invaders, which they finally did.

Eventually the authorities realized that Jackson was not only a fighter and an executive military man, but was a strate-

gist of clear and powerful ability. It seemed that everything Jackson won from Richmond was after he had done something or proved something. He was never officially allowed to plan and handle his own resources. When he "broke away" and acted on his own responsibility, as he was at times forced to do, he proved his capacity.

Loring, Jackson of Georgia, S. R. Anderson, Edward Johnson, Taliaferro, and other commanders of forces, large and small, were finally sent to Jackson. The Stonewall Brigade was with him now, and he felt invincible with all these brave troops from the different sections. His genius for war, or *inspiration*, as some men in after years have called his wonderful foresight, impelled him to attack the enemy and draw them away from the west, and at the same time drive them before him out of Virginia before others could arrive.

Audacity was one of his strong points. If he were alive to-day and war in progress, he would be called by some, what boys call a "bluffer," but his audacity was not bluster or bluffing of the kind that weakens and fails. His was extremely dangerous to meet, as the enemy always found out when they tried to test it, or prove him only a weak bluffer. Jackson would astound an enemy or so completely surprise him that he was whipped before he knew it.

The winter was a very severe one, and many of the men from the South remember to this day the winter of 1861, and it is said that the winters of the war were much colder than they are now; certainly not as much snow falls now in the winter as fell then in that country. The enemy were in the mountains and around that section. Up about Romney, Virginia, Handsock, Maryland, and Cumberland, Maryland, reaching miles up and down the B. & O. Railroad, which brought them in direct connection with the West, and from the East and North by Hagerstown, Maryland.

The enemy were killing the stock, burning mills, barns and private dwellings, killing old men and committing all kinds of outrages not in keeping with civilized warfare. In an official report of General Jackson, as free as he was ever from any harsh language, he refers to "the conduct of the reprobate Fed-

eral commanders." It must have been very grave and dastardly to call forth such expression from Jackson. Tanneries were destroyed and the "hides slit into ribbons." Gardens and orchards were destroyed, private yards were torn up by the trampling of cavalry; many dwellings were converted into stables and the wainscoting and other parts of their wood-work made kindling-wood of.

Even the churches, except one—and this the commander kept for an office—did not escape the hands of the Invaders! It was no doubt the fate of the latter properties that so shocked Jackson. He could not refrain putting on record the deeds of persons who could do all these things in a defenceless village, away up in the mountains where there were no men to defend. Those remaining out of the army of their State, they either forced into their army or sent to the rear as prisoners—a more distressing fate than being prisoners were sometimes thrust upon them.

We do not mention these facts to engender ill-feeling in the rising generation; but such facts should be known; what the Southern women and children in their defenseless homes witnessed and suffered, and why the men of the South fought as men never had before, after receiving letters from their loved ones telling of these horrible outrages. This little town in the mountains of Virginia is not alone in the experience of such vandalism.

All over the South, from one end to the other, there are tracks of wanton ruthlessness; acts perpetrated by her enemies, the effects of which centuries will not remove. We have seen portraits hanging on the walls of many homes in the South through which bayonets had been run by persons in the invading armies, who had neither national nor personal respect.

Generations yet unborn will ask concerning the mutilations of their ancestors' portraits. *What must the answer be?*

Tapestries that cost a small fortune were smeared with grease; carpets from the Orient cut to pieces; musical instruments battered with axes; paintings purchased from masters shot with bullets; heavy plate mirrors, reaching from floor

CHAPTER XXIII.

ROMNEY CAMPAIGN—WINTER AND SUFFERING—CRITICISMS—
JACKSON RESIGNS—A THRILLING EPISODE IN WHICH
JACKSON'S MIGHTY SPIRIT FLASHED ITS INDIGNA-
TION—APOLOGIZED TO AND URGED FROM ALL
PARTS OF THE COUNTRY TO RECONSIDER
RESIGNATION, HE COMPLIES—COM-
PARED WITH GEORGE
WASHINGTON.

Let us go back and follow Jackson's army in this historic march. We have said the winter was severe. During December Jackson took some of his men, and cut the locks on the Chesapeake and Potomac Canal, to further close the communications of the enemy. The soldiers worked four days at this in water waist-deep, and freezing cold, but they cut the locks and turned the water out of the canal. This was done, too, under fire of the enemy. It was a very dangerous task, as the enemy shelled the men with cannon, but they did not kill any of them except one soldier, who was acting as a guard.

On the 1st day of January, 1862, Jackson began his march into the mountains, which march surpasses Napoleon's passing the Alps. He took 8,500 men, five batteries of artillery and a few companies of cavalry; among them, the famous Turner Ashby's. This officer had a brother killed, or murdered, in a previous campaign, and kneeling down beside the lifeless form of his brother, Turner took his sword and turning its blade to the heavens, swore that in all time to come he would avenge his brother. This he did, and Turner Ashby's name became a terror to the Invaders ever after.

The day the march up the mountain began, the weather was like spring, and men laid aside their overcoats and blankets to enable them to move faster, as the sun was so hot. That evening a snow fell; a bitter wind began to blow, and by

night the men nearly froze, as the wagons with the clothes, etc., were unable to catch up on account of the snow, sleet and icy roads. It was one of the most severe incidents of Jackson's army career. At one time he himself aided in moving, with his shoulder to the wheel, a stalled cannon. The men clung to their leader, and made the best of the situation. The icy roads caused them to slip, and now and then a man would fall and his gun explode the charge.

On this march Jackson said there was no time to stop and eat—that everything was possible with his brigade. They all slept under the snow, and ate when they could. The roads were unfrequented, as Jackson took the shortest cuts, intending to prevent the enemy from seeing him. This state of affairs, so fearful to read of, even, let alone suffer, lasted for several days and nights. This was no fault of Jackson's or of the officers, as the men, on the day they set out, refused to be burdened in the hot sun with their overcoats, blankets, knapsacks and rations.

Some of the men, not of Jackson's old brigade, began to desert; and they can not be blamed, for some of their officers actually cursed Jackson before their men, and spoke of him as "a lunatic" to undertake such a trip. The shame of these officers must have been great in after days, and even on that campaign, when they saw what Jackson accomplished.

On January 4th they overtook the enemy, and at once drove them in. The men of the dissatisfied portion of his army acted so slowly that, although Jackson in person entered the town ahead of the skirmish lines, he found the enemy had flown. He was greatly chagrined, but he threw out various regiments and they followed the enemy and drove them. On the next day Jackson was at Hancock, Maryland, and he sent Ashby into the town blindfold to demand the Invader's commander to remove the women and children, as he intended to shell the town. This was refused.

Jackson saw the trick was to force him to shell a town with women in it, and thus the Invaders would be protected, for they had heard of the great humanity of Jackson, and thought he would not shell as long as non-combatants were there.

But in this they mistook their man. He poured a hot fire into the town, and every Invader ran. He destroyed some of the munitions of war that he found and captured, and left for the main object of his campaign.

His teams were nearly exhausted from their falls on the ice, and the men needed rest also, so he halted for a time; and he pressed on after this halt only to find the enemy had again run away. He took the stores of all kinds which they had left. These were very valuable, and he had accomplished the aims of his campaign, driven the enemy from Virginia.

It is surprising that more of these army jealousies were not developed in the early days of this war, peculiarly a fruitful field for envy and jealousy, as the officers were mainly elected or appointed from among men of the "ruling class" (the South had no established army at the beginning of the war) and all wanted to gain rank.

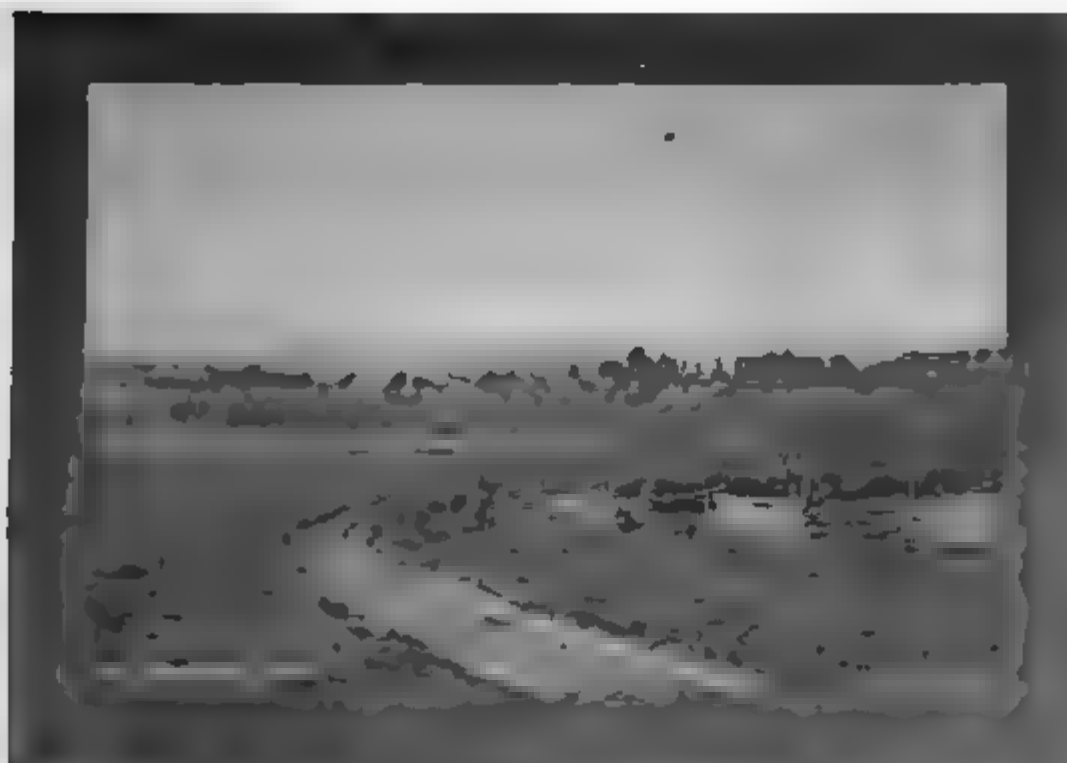
These shafts aimed at Jackson were unavailing. His star was in the ascendancy, he was gathering strength constantly. He did not permit any prejudices, jealousies or premature enmity that might be directed against him to influence his course in the slightest way, as far as the scrupulous discharge of his duty was concerned.

His experience in Mexico, and up to the present in his second war, and his good sense supported him in calmly viewing results of this short, sharp campaign in the frozen mountains. He had freed the Virginia frontier of the Invader army, captured valuables, stores, munition, etc., taught good men a primary lesson in winter campaign and warfare, and spread consternation and mistrust through the North. Had done all these things in less than a fortnight and lost but four men.

He proceeded to place General Loring and his troops in winter quarters at Romney, and made other distributions of commands to protect the frontier safely. He built a line of telegraph from Romney to Winchester, forty miles, and had the brigades so stationed that at any time each could be rallied to support the other. But nothing he had done appeared to shield him from the attacks of those who were unfriendly to him.



Valley Turnpike, Paralleled by B. & O. R. R.



A Valley Battlefield near B. & O. R. R.

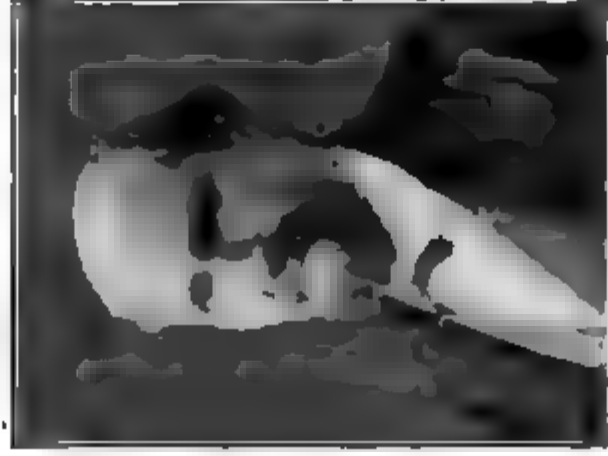


LT. GEN'L JOHN B. HOOD,
(Texas)

With Jackson in engagements
around Richmond, and admired
by the great soldier for his
bravery and devotion.



LT. GENERAL D. H. HILL,
Brother-in law of Jackson and, like A P Hill
one of his ...



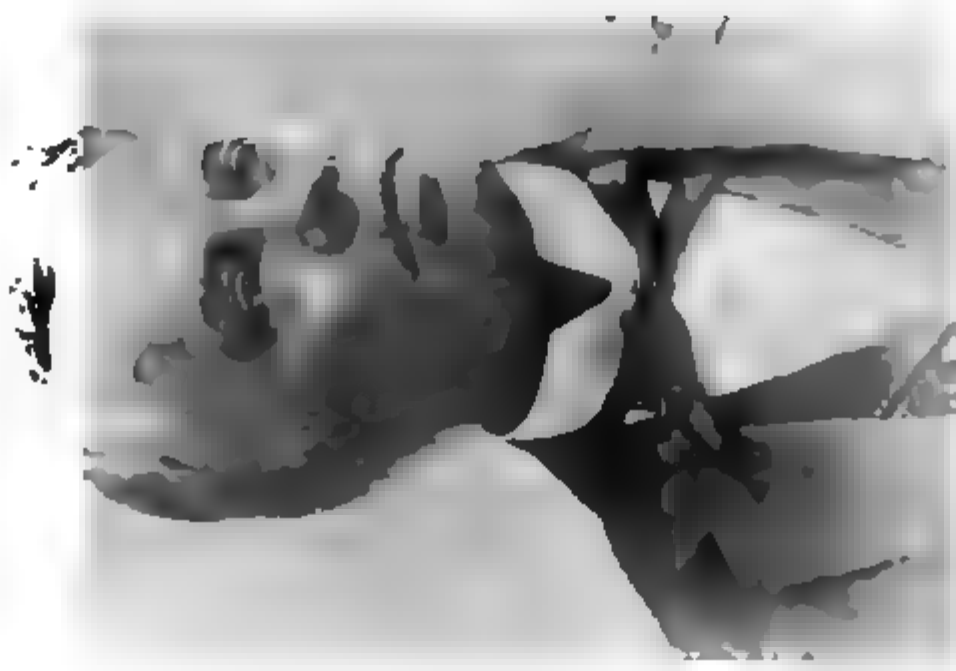
GEN'L BARRINGER,
of North Carolina, a gallant
soldier and an able statesman—
Brother-in-law of Jackson.



One way to "vamos."



"Who said I was playing cards?"
(From "Camp-fires of the Confederacy.")



MR. CHARLES BROADWAY ROUSH,
of Winchester, Va.

A Confederate Soldier who gave thousands of dollars to
the "Stonewall" Cemetery at Winchester.



DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT.

Author of "Dixie's Land," Written in New York in 1859

Some said he was a good enough officer for a parade ground (hinting at his former position at the V M. I. Lexington); others, that he could carry out the plans of superior officers, and was a good fighter under others; but was rash and incapable of forming campaigns and conducting movements and commanding independent divisions. Even accusing him of being anxious to display himself and pander to his vanity, nothing could be more unjust than these harsh, and utterly untrue comments.

Relatives of men in his command were clamorous for his recall or "taking down," and bitterly attacked the "unfeeling upstart." If Jackson was aware of these outbreaks and tirades, no one discovered any effect.

He was also accused of being partial to his old brigade—Stonewall Brigade. Some of the troops called this command "Mud Fence Brigade," "Jackson's Pet Lambs" etc. Many charged him with keeping "Jackson's Fa-vo-rites," as the Stonewall Brigade was also called, in the rear, "leaving Loring's troops in the Alpine mountains to do all the freezing and fighting while *his brigade* was in comfortable quarters in a town." Just the reverse of these charges was true, Loring's men were in cabins, while Jackson's men were in tents and consequently more exposed to the weather; nor were they in a town—Winchester—but were some distance away and in the open country.

The government at Richmond had promised Loring that he could retain his troops. Had this not been the case, and the envied Stonewall Brigade had been left with Loring and Loring's troops taken from him, what manner of complaints and charges would, in such an event, been trumped up against the self-sacrificing Jackson, who had suffered all the ills and privations of the campaign as a private soldier.

Jackson was too thoroughly disciplined and discreet, to permit this caviling to drive him into explaining his policy or plans. He was thorough in the scheme of his military combinations and his knowledge of the dangers surrounding him. He knew where the real position of danger was, and understood Banks, and resolutely and gallantly took that position of

danger. The hint that he left Loring to face greater dangers, is preposterous. He had driven the enemy from the country occupied then by Loring. The severe conditions of the weather, the almost impassible mountain roads, rendered attack upon the country occupied by Loring most improbable; while the exposed position of Winchester and the wide open valley turnpike, unguarded, rendered attack upon Winchester and the Virginia Valley almost certain; and subsequent events proved the wisdom of Jackson's move.

Jackson, though mild-mannered and indulgent, when military matters were involved he was a severe disciplinarian, and all who were associated with him, under his command, were compelled to submit to rigid army regulations—get “broken into harness,” as it were. This chafed many of the high-strung Southerners, who were placed in his command, but when they learned to know him and his noble, brave and just nature, not one but would cheerfully submit to and obey his regulations and execute his orders at any hazard. He was aware of his manner or system of conducting the affairs of army life and war being displeasing to men not yet familiar with his *reasons* and *style*, but he did not allow any differing with his rules and regulations, to alter in the slightest degree his direct plans of executing duty, as he saw it.

We have known men who served with Jackson to state as their conviction that Jackson was without a peer, as a commander; and refer to his marvellous comprehension, control of details and discipline, as the foundation of the confidence which his fighting men and officers had in him, without exception.

A soldier of his old brigade used to relate how the general caught him sitting down on his post while on guard duty near his quarters, a dereliction into which he had been deluded by his notions of these abstractions. He said after he resumed walking his beat, the general came out from his tent to his post looking perfectly innocent of having seen his default. As he came up he gave him the salute due to an officer, but felt some misgivings. But Jackson, he said, entered upon a fatherly inquiry as to his rations, clothing,



Drawing Cannon up the Mountains.

quarters, etc., that showed such an interest in him that he felt sure that an object of such consideration from the General was in the way of rapid promotion. He then catechised him as to his duties as a sentinel and wound up by asking him what he would do if anything unusual happened on his beat. "I'd call the corporal of the guard," said the soldier proudly. "Then call him," said the General. He called and the corporal appeared. "Take this man to the guard-house and confine him ten days for sitting down on his post."

Judge Lyle, of Texas, who was an officer in the Stonewall Brigade, relates the above in a lecture upon Stonewall Jackson, and adds: "Visions of promotion, vanished!"

Affairs grew more unpleasant, and finally a petition was sent to Richmond, signed by General Loring's men, asking to be relieved from encampment near Romney. Rather a strange proceeding for soldiers—asking for relief from supposed danger. Particularly was this a radical *move* when countenanced by the authorities at Richmond. The Secretary of War, without consulting either Johnston, who was in command of the whole Department, or Jackson, in immediate command of the District, telegraphed Jackson, "Our news indicates that a movement is making to cut off General Loring's command, order him back to Winchester immediately." Where they got their "news," was of itself a very startling surprise to Jackson, and the interference, without consultation, disgusted him, but he obeyed promptly and strictly, and the troops under Loring abandoned their position and came to Winchester.

This action of the Secretary of War (one of those official "breaks" that are now looked upon charitably, but none the less contributed to the defeat of the South's struggle) violently disconcerted Jackson's plans; and with characteristic promptness, spirit and independence, he at once applied himself to inditing his resignation from the army (or rather his official position with the army).

Some may consider this act of resigning, after such a vigorous fashion, displayed temper. But no one will entertain the idea after reviewing the brilliant services of Jackson and

The peculiar treatment involved in this act of the Secretary of War. There had been other transactions that were not calculated to give him either pleasure or satisfaction.

He could not escape the conviction that such trifling and meddling in war matters must not be tolerated or temporized with. He, for one, would not countenance interruption from sources unmilitary and demoralizing. He could but conclude, for the sake of all concerned, there was for him but one recourse, and that one he immediately adopted; he tendered, therefore, his resignation in justice to himself and as a means of sparing embarrassment on his account, at Richmond.

His resignation at this period—when the kaleidoscope of war was almost daily presenting new complications and combinations—gives an insight into the independence of his nature, and exposes the weakness of the administration at Richmond, in which there were men who likely should not have been connected with the government, and particularly in the instance of certain ones whose presence in the cabinet, it has been currently asserted, the president was informed would be injurious; subsequent events prove the information not altogether unfounded or unreliable.

There appears to be much of what might be called political interference in republican forms of government as regards the relationship between the civil and military departments; and while the relationship between the two in times of peace is not especially liable to be brought in conflict, there is no doubt existing in the minds of military men that in times of war there is not only considerable interference in conflict, but considerable friction. It appears that armies in the field are under cabinet control to such an extent that comment and complaint, as well as confusion and injury, are almost continual. The time must come when the army and navy of the United States will in time of war, if at no other period, be governed by a War Commission, comprising men who are well equipped in military experience and possessed with sound business and executive ability—entirely separated from every possible political dependence or entanglement. The army and navy will have to be taken from under the frame-work of preten-

tious military politicians, and greatest care observed to guard it against presidential and cabinet, ministerial and military ambitions; and the blights liable to affect the ablest administration and management of a war, for example, spite, jealousies and favoritisms.

Jackson, in his official report, says, "I promptly complied with the order (meaning the order from the secretary of war who had ordered him to withdraw General Loring after he, Jackson, had placed him in position to hold the frontier in that section), but in doing so, forwarded to the Secretary of War my conditional resignation. Up to that time, God, who had so wonderfully blessed us during the war, had given great success to the efforts for protecting loyal citizens in their rights, and in recovering and holding territory in this district, which had been overrun by the enemy.

"It is true that our success caused much exposure and suffering to the command. Several nights the troops had to bivouac, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, their tents not coming up on account of the bad condition of the roads; yet every command, except a part of General Loring's, bore up under these hardships with the fortitude becoming patriotic soldiers.

"General Loring's evacuation of Romney and return to the vicinity of Winchester, was the beginning of disasters. The enemy, who, up to that time, had been acting on the defensive, suddenly changed to the offensive and advanced on Romney; next, drove our troops out of Moorefield, which is near Romney, on the 12th of this month (February), two days after, forced our militia from Bloomery Pass, thus coming within twenty-one miles of Winchester and capturing a number of prisoners."

This is a brief demonstration of the wrong by persons in Richmond in attempting to take such a step as they did, without first communicating with General Johnston, who was the commander-in-chief of the Department, or Jackson who was in direct command of the Division.

They must have been alarmed when they heard of a communication from Jackson which read:

"HEADQUARTERS VALLEY DISTRICT, JANUARY 31, 1862.

Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of War, Richmond, Va.

SIR: Your order requiring me to direct General Loring to return with his command to Winchester has been received and promptly complied with. With such interference in my command, I can not expect to be of much service in the field, and I accordingly respectfully request to be ordered to report for duty to the Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, as has been done in the case of other professors. Should this application not be granted, I respectfully request that the President will accept my resignation from the army.

I am, sir, very respectfully your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON,

Major-General, P. A. C. S."

This letter was sent through the regular military channels, therefore was referred to General Johnston, Chief in Command of the Department. He forwarded it with these words:

"HEADQUARTERS, CENTREVILLE, February 7, 1862.

Respectfully forwarded with great regret. I don't know how the loss of this officer can be supplied. General officers are much wanted in this department.

J. E. JOHNSTON, GENERAL."

General Johnston then wrote Jackson as his "dear friend," pleading with him to bear with the government, and if reasoning with it failed,—

" . . . then ask to be relieved from positions the authority of which is exercised by the War Department, while the responsibility is left with us. I have taken the liberty to detain your letter to make this appeal to your patriotism, not merely from warm feelings of personal regard, but from the official opinion which makes me regard you as necessary to the service of the country in your present position.

Very truly yours,

J. E. JOHNSTON."

When it was urged upon him that he should make sacrifices for the sake of the cause, he felt this was adding insult to injury, and said: "Sacrifices! Have I not made them? What is my life here but a daily sacrifice? Nor shall I ever withhold sacrifices for my country where they avail anything. I intend to serve her everywhere, in any way in which I am permitted with effect, even if it be as a private soldier. But if this method of making war is to prevail, which they seek to establish in my case, the country is ruined.

“My duty to her requires that I shall enter my protest against it in the most energetic form in my power, and that is to resign.” He also wrote the ever true and great Letcher, Governor of Virginia: “The order from the War Department was given without consulting me, and is abandoning to the enemy what has cost much preparation, expense and exposure to secure, and is in direct conflict with my military plans, and implies a want of confidence in my capacity to judge when General Loring’s troops should fall back, and is an attempt to control military operations in detail from the secretary’s desk at a distance!

“I have, for the reasons set forth in the accompanying paper, requested to be sent back to the Institute, if this is denied me, then to have my resignation accepted. I ask as a special favor that you will have me ordered back to the Institute, as a single order like that of the Secretary’s may destroy the entire fruits of a campaign. I cannot reasonably expect, if my operations are thus to be interfered with, to be of much service in the field.

“A sense of duty has brought me into the field, and has thus far kept me. It now appears to be my duty to return to the Institute, and I hope you will leave no stone unturned to get me there.

“If I ever acquired, through the blessing of Providence, any influence over troops, this undoing my work by the Secretary may greatly diminish that influence. I regard the recent expedition as a great success. I desire to say nothing against the Secretary of War. I take it for granted that he has done what he believes to be best, but I regard such policy as ruinous.”

By the action of the War Department at Richmond, the whole of the northwestern territory of Virginia (now West Virginia) was soon overrun by the enemy, and never again thrust from that section.

In a month Jackson had won a principality, the Northwest, and the War Department had lost it by one stroke of a misguided pen. In a month the great heart of Jackson had been stung to the core, and had it not been for the most earn-

est appeals of friends the country would have lost Jackson, whom Lee called "his right arm;" and in this loss the collapse of the Confederacy would have come before the breath of winter left the mountains.

Had Jackson gone from the army, millions of dollars would have been saved to this country and hundreds of thousands of lives spared.

The resignation of Jackson was shaking the young nation; men looked each other in the face and wondered. Jackson out of the army! The Confederacy is lost! There are times when men feel that only a single moment divides success from failure; only a blunder—one mistake—can crush a nation; feeling then, this to be true, resentment ran high against the course of certain persons, and to-day it is impossible to forget the wrong done a devoted people by this action.

When urged by soldiers, officers, ministers, citizens and all sections by letters and personal visitation to revoke his action, he would calmly reply: "The authorities must be taught a lesson, or else at a more critical moment they might repeat such an act and lose a man like Lee or Johnston." Many wrote and told him that likely the government had been misinformed. To one, he replied:

"Certainly they have, but they must be taught not to act so hastily without a full knowledge of the facts. I can teach them now this lesson by my resignation, and the country will be no loser by it. If I fail to do so, an irreparable loss may hereafter be sustained when the lesson might have to be taught by a Lee or Johnston."

Little did he know how important were his services, or when the time came and death should take him from the people, that his country's independence would be lost.

He told a friend, "No, no; you greatly over-estimate my capacity for usefulness. A better man will soon be sent to take my place. The government has no confidence in my capacity, or they would not thus countermand my orders and throw away the fruits of victory that have been secured at such a sacrifice of the comfort of my noble troops in their hurried march through snow and sleet and storm. No, sir, I must re-

sign and give my place to some one in whom they have more confidence." No one can doubt Jackson's realizing the weakness of his government or his pangs of chivalrous resentment. The price of empire was Jackson's disparagement.

At the time when Jackson's very soul was stirred within him at the affront offered him by the Secretary of War, he was boarding with Rev. Dr. Graham, in Winchester, Virginia, and his wife was with him. We will now give an extract from a very entertaining article written by Dr. Graham and contained in Mrs. Jackson's memoirs of her husband.

He says: "On the morning of the thirty-first of January, 1862, going early to his office as usual, he found this order (from the secretary of war), which he immediately obeyed and instantly wrote his request to be ordered to duty at Lexington, and if that were not granted, then his resignation from the army be accepted. This done, he returned to my house perhaps an hour earlier than usual, but appeared at breakfast at the appointed time, with his accustomed serenity of manner.

"In a little while he informed us in a perfectly calm tone, that he and Mrs. Jackson expected soon to return to their home in Lexington.

"Almost immediately he mentioned, as an ordinary thing, the fact that Loring's command had been recalled and would be in Winchester. To my hesitating inquiry if this was made necessary by the advance of a superior Federal force, he replied, 'Oh, no, there are no Federal troops in my district.'

"I was puzzled. But soon the whole case was stated and freely discussed. And while my indignation fairly boiled when the true nature and effect of the affront to him were apprehended, his own spirit did not appear to be ruffled in the least. His tones were just as even, his words as calm, his language as free from asperity, and his whole manner as thoroughly composed as I had ever known them.

"While perfectly sensible of the unprofessional and unmilitary character of that order, and keenly alive to the outrage and insult implied in it to himself personally, he would allow no censure to be visited upon those who had issued the order.

“Not at Manassas, where he and his brigade, standing like a *stone wall*, withstood the onset of the triumphant foe, and wrested victory from defeat; not in the “Valley Campaign,” than which there was nothing more brilliant in the Italian campaigns of the first Napoleon; not in the Seven-days before Richmond; not at Cedar Mountain; not at the second Manassas; not at Harper’s Ferry, nor Sharpsburg, nor Fredericksburg; not even at Chancellorsville, where all his previous achievements were eclipsed by the brilliancy of his strategy and the force of his blow.

“Not on any of those hard-fought fields, where he delivered battle like a thunderbolt, and achieved such splendid victories over his enemies, does he appear to me so truly great as in that quiet home, where, under a provocation the most bitter, he maintained this wonderful mastery over himself, for ‘He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city’.”

Governor Letcher finally prevailed upon Jackson to reconsider his resignation, and he wrote the Governor as follows: “Winchester, February 6, 1862. His Excellency, John Letcher, Governor of Virginia. Governor: Your letter of the 4th inst. was received this morning. If my retiring from the army would produce that effect upon the country which you have named in your letter, I of course would not desire to leave the service; and if, upon the receipt of this note, your opinion remains unchanged, you are authorized to withdraw my resignation, unless the Secretary of War desires that it should be accepted.

“My reasons for resigning were set forth in my letter of the 31st ultimo, and my views remain unchanged; and if the Secretary persists in the ruinous policy complained of, I feel that no officer can serve his country better than by making his strongest possible protest against it, which, in my opinion, is done by tendering his resignation, rather than be a wilful instrument in prosecuting a war upon a ruinous principle. I am much obliged to you for requesting that I be ordered to the Institute.”

Whether or not the horoscopes in the fateful as well as fa-

mous careers of Washington and Jackson was read by the mystic dwellers of the realms of which we know nothing more than that which comes to us in the form of "so it happened," we have no Chaldean here to tell us. Habakkuk complained that the wicked of the north were allowed to see things, peer into the future, and read the signs beyond the bar-lines that shut out cycles yet to be lived, and that the Israelites of the south were not possessed of, and that they were denied the telescopic glances of these ungodly Chaldeans.

We do not know that the occult powers ascribed to the Orient were ever brought to the shores of America; but history, at best, only repeats itself, and perhaps the experiences of Washington and Jackson at Winchester, Virginia, reflects across a round century, and divulges whatever astrological ken our Northern brothers may have possessed in the time of Washington; but certain it is that they then, over a hundred years before, inaugurated the habit or custom of complaining of Southerners; and we base this "grave and august accusation" upon the following historic language of the immortal Washington, who was a Southerner.

In a letter to Governor Dinwiddie, General Washington uses this language: "In fine, the melancholy situation of *those* people, the little prospect of assistance, the gross and scandalous abuse cast upon the officers in general, which reflects upon me in particular, and the distant prospect, if any, of gaining honor and reputation in this service, causes me to lament the hour that gave me a commission, and would induce me at any other time than this of imminent danger to resign, without one hesitating moment, a command from which I never expect to reap either honor or benefit."

So Washington, through the manipulations of these Northern Chaldeans, transmitted to Jackson the same fate; when, in the course of human events, he should come to Winchester, the same place from which Washington, the patient patriot, sent out his lament over a century before—and be subject, not to the lack of patriotism in his troops, of which Washington complained as existing in his (for Jackson's troops were all Southerners), but he, Jackson, had to contend with interfer-

ence from Richmond. So did Washington from the same point. He, Jackson, had to bear censure, severe criticism and comment engendered by men, for purposes that frequently actuate jealous and thoughtless people.

Jackson like Washington, remained with his men despite the caviling in parts of his country, but he did that which Washington did *not* do; he resigned, and by so doing not only exposed the weakness of those who were interfering with him, but set an example, and taught a lesson that kept the matchless Lee favorably free of dictates from that same source, and silenced his traducers and the idle croakers.

The country—the American Union—is at the present time witnessing almost daily, criticism upon its heroes in the war with Spain, and no doubt that had Joe Wheeler been so unfortunate as to have fought the battle of Santiago at Winchester, Virginia, he would have come under the ban of the fate of Washington and Jackson. But the Chaldeans no doubt will see to it that poor Admiral Schley, who was raised within about one day's journey of Winchester, Virginia, will line up in history on the score of comment and ingratitude that Washington and Jackson experienced at that fateful point.

It must not be understood, however, that Winchester is in any manner responsible for the coincidence, as its citizens have always been patriotic; but owing to the position of this beautiful city in the Virginia Valley, it has been the theatre or strategic point in two great wars, and the coincidence was uncontrollable—Washington's being stationed there when he was in command and heard of these complaints from his countrymen; as was Jackson, when his vigorous methods of conducting war caused some easy-going people to murmur audibly against him, and both rebelled against the interferences and comments.

Upon Jackson's receiving further assurances from the Government, that it did not intend to interfere with his military plans, Governor Letcher deemed it best to withdraw his resignation in the name of the State of Virginia.

Jackson at once accepted explanations like a true soldier, and while he never was treated with that dignity of position

to which his eminent abilities and services so justly entitled him, and though he was never given an independent command, his invariable successes were brilliant in executing his plans, and his memory rises above the injustice done him.

Some persons insinuated that Jackson took exception to the action of the Secretary of War and used it as an excuse to leave the army and get back home, to Lexington. No one could have blamed him had he done so; war itself was not only unpleasant to him, as his correspondence distinctly shows—the assertions of others to the contrary, nevertheless—but this vain intimation inspired his contempt. The suggestion, however, that he used any pretext to obtain relief, is preposterous.

Had he been a personified Job or his enthusiasm unbounded as the zeal of an Appollyon, the mysterious unfriendliness and subtle slights that had characterized his treatment officially, would have compelled him to acknowledge his relationship more than unpleasant, and excited an intense desire to spare himself an unavailing personal discomfort.

He was stronger than the superior authorities that were prone to make a moiety of his efforts and achievements, but helpless to inaugurate a preventive for the catastrophes certain to follow the course of these authorities; and in his desperation and despair, he established a principle in warfare that should be known in history as Jacksonian, namely: that as a war secretary cannot *assume* the responsibilities of the field operations, a war secretary must not *presume* to direct field operations.

As Jackson at Manassas refused to surrender to force, Jackson at Winchester refused to surrender to power; and as his services in the first instance were, or should have been sufficient evidence of his genius for war to win positive confidence; his services in the second instance certainly gave evidence of his superior ability to protect the rights of a soldier in the field, for all time to come.

Jackson did not live in vain.

In the remarks of Rev. Dr. Graham, above quoted, it will be noticed that Jackson talked of the war, the condition of the country as a state-matter, and other subjects bearing

upon the conflict, which he has carefully avoided discussing even to so near and confidential a friend as his host, the distinguished pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Winchester. It may be safely assumed that he would not have indulged in this discussion, but for the fact that he considered his connection with the army at an end, he having resigned.

It is related that upon an occasion during the residence of General and Mrs. Jackson at the home of Dr. Graham, a lady visitor asked Jackson the direct question, at the breakfast table, "What is the news this morning, General"? He looked at her with an amused expression, and after a few moments' hesitation replied: "Mrs. ———, ask me no questions, and I will tell you no lies." The lady did not wish to hear her patron soldier prevaricate, so she remained in blissful ignorance. He would not tell his wife war news, that is, if his command was concerned or plans involved. Mystery and silence were secrets of his success.

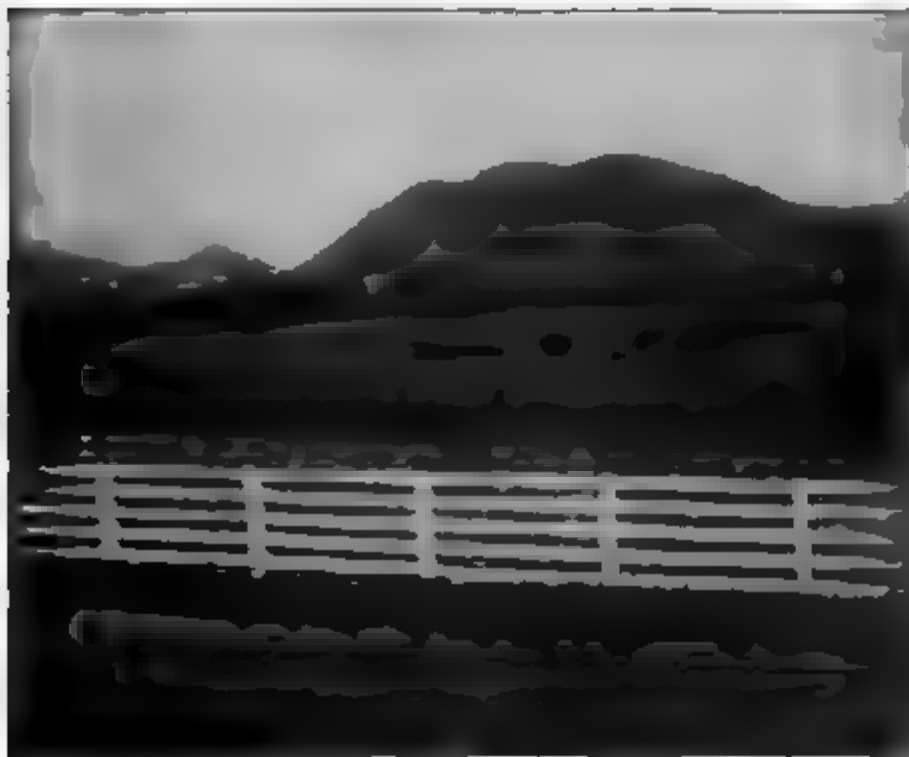


Dickinson '01





Near Winchester, B. & O. R. R.



Massanutten Mountains, N. & W. R. R.—From "Peaceful Scenes."
(17)



Front Royal, Va. The scene of many thrilling experiences during the War of Invasion, among them notably "Jackson's Valley Campaign." From "The Confederate Soldier in the Civil War."

CHAPTER XXIV.

JACKSON AT WINCHESTER—A FEW PERSONAL AND SOCIAL INCIDENTS—VIEWS UPON FORTIFICATIONS—BATTLE OF KERNSTOWN—RAPID MARCHING.

The following is related that a glimpse of Jackson, the man, may be had. He had not seen his wife since he parted from her that Sabbath morning at Lexington, when he marched away with the V. M. I. Cadets. He had written his wife that as he expected to be in winter quarters at or near Winchester, she could come on and be with him, if she could find a traveling escort from her home in North Carolina.

Mrs. Jackson writes of her trip, begun alone, which was a brave undertaking in time of war. Among other mishaps she lost her trunk, but finally, after delays and more or less thrilling experiences of war-time travel, she landed in Winchester, and was driven to the hotel. Her arrival was at midnight. No one whom she knew was at the hotel to meet her, and as she alighted from the stage-coach and was in the act of ascending the stairway leading to the hotel entrance, to her consternation, she felt herself suddenly in the grasp of a pair of strong arms—General Jackson had only a few moments before arrived in front of the hotel, and was engaged in earnest conversation with some of his staff-officers, who, like himself, were muffled in their huge military overcoats, the night being bitterly cold. He had not discovered his wife until some one called his attention to the presence of a lady—when he darted towards her, guessing at her personality in the dark. Like a boy, in his overpowering joy, he forgot the presence of his staff and the grave dignity to which they were accustomed, and held his frightened wife with all the ardor of his nature. For a moment the world-famed Stonewall Jackson was lost to every thought of grim war.

In another part of this book will be seen a full sketch of the winter life of Jackson at Dr. Graham's in Winchester. When his campaign was over in the mountains he started back to Winchester, and it is said that he and some of the younger mem-

bers of his staff galloped ahead of the rest, regardless of the slush, mud and storm, reaching Winchester more than a day in advance of the command.

There was no enemy in sight, and the troops came along leisurely. When he reached Winchester, after his forced ride of forty miles on his "Little Sorrel" in a single day, he decided not to go to his home headquarters, Dr. Graham's, as he was bespattered with mud and the hour late, but went direct to the Taylor Hotel, a historic hotel yet standing, and there had the mud removed from his clothing and boots. His wife was not expecting him, and says he bounded into the room (they were boarding at the home of Dr. Graham) like some light-hearted school boy. He had been away in the bleak mountains amid ice and snow and on the war path for some time, and she relates that he exclaimed as he entered their room, "Oh, this is the essence of comfort!"

Day had barely dawned when he left this cozy home-room to go out into the winter cold, to order plans for the reception of his troops. He devoted his time to making the necessary arrangements, and when the troops came, he had matters arranged. During this time he barely took time for eating or sleep.

If Jackson had hoped to have a few days of rest and peaceful home-life with his wife and friends, and this is not likely—as he calculated that the enemy would try and get into the valley—he was doomed to be disappointed, for he had hardly gotten his troops encamped and settled, when war clouds began to hover over Virginia, in the section he occupied. Removing Loring's troops from Romney gave the Invaders fresh assurance, and they lost no time in preparing to follow up an "aggressive warfare"—if this term can be applied to such an invasion of a peaceful country, by those who had no just right to enter and despoil it by war.

Many expressed surprise at Jackson's not fortifying, building breastworks—embankments of logs, rocks and dirt—"earth-works," as such fortifications are known to many, to others, "breast-works." Of late, these protective embankments are generally referred to as rifle pits.

He did not approve of building these fortifications or, as they were commonly called at that day, breast-works. He has been known to say that soldiers were not intended for such work or duty. "The soldier's avocation is fighting and not that of laborers and ditchers." He wrote his brother-in-law, General Hill, that one reason for not building breast-works was that his position could be turned on all sides. But to those who watched his plans, the conclusion is unanimous, in regard to his reasons for not entrenching. He preferred, like Douglas, to "hear the lark sing, rather than the rat squeak". In other words, he preferred to fight in open ground where his men could feel the freedom that insured success to his battles, under all circumstances. There is some doubt as to Jackson's opinions upon this subject of building breast-works and we have seen letters in which he refers to his intention to throw up embankments when the tools arrived with which to have the work done, but whether this was caused by a voluntary motion of his, or by the orders from superiors in command, we do not know; it is our impression that he did not, of his own suggestion, intend to embank while at Winchester or at any other time in his campaigns. His course directly leads to such a conclusion. Usually, Jackson did not waste time indulging tactics of defensive battle; he was aggressive, and struck the enemy in overwhelming surprise and routed them.

This book is not designed as a military history of Jackson, or a history of his campaign or of the war; it is written, as far as possible, to give a popular, narrative story of the life of this wonderful man; therefore, at best, only mere sketches can be given of battles or campaigns, and though there may be blunders, even in this effort in giving outlines, yet care has been taken to avoid all extravagances.

We are but introducing this marvelous soldier up to this point; soon he is to enter upon a campaign, "The Valley Campaign," more generally known as Jackson's Valley Campaign. The most eminent military writers since the time of Napier, have compared this campaign to the greatest campaigns of all ages, and the universal verdict gives to the Val-

ley Campaign of Jackson and his noble troops, the palm over all of which history gives any account, all bearings considered.

Generals Fremont and Banks of the Invader army, were with McDowell, another Invader general, to swoop down on Jackson and his few thousand and crush him, then with McClellan's hosts on one side, and this vast deluge of men under the above named generals on the other, or west, to flood Richmond and sweep it from the face of the earth! It is estimated that these joint forces amounted to nearly a quarter of a million of men.

The commands of Johnston, which included Jackson's, had not been increased, but Beauregard had been sent to the West to join General Albert S. Johnston, and this left Lee to surround Richmond with his thin command, as best he could. But all this vast array of Invaders, and the mighty preparations did not alarm the Defenders. No man feared.

Listen to the brave words of Jackson: "What I desire is to hold the country as far as practicable, until we are in a condition to advance; and then, with God's blessing, let us make thorough work of it. Thus you see two generals, whose united force is nearly forty-six thousand troops already organized for three years war, opposed to our little force here; but I do not feel discouraged. I have only to say this, that if the Valley is lost, Virginia is lost."

He wrote the above letter, of which we give only a part, to a member of the Confederate Congress.

There was at this moment though, a deep sorrow in the heart of this great and good man. He saw the tremendous preparations going on at the North. This meant desperation and determination there. He realized that a heavy campaign was ahead of him and his brave but poorly equipped men. He had longed to get away from war's horrors and terrors that only added to his grief, the thought of separation from her, whom he loved above all things on this earth, his wife. The thought of again sending her to the far South, and the anguish this forced separation would entail upon her, gave him much unhappiness; but, he knew too, that among his

men, and all over the South, his brother soldiers were suffering the self-same pangs of grief—separation from their loved ones—and he comforted himself in the thought that all were bound in one sacred vow—to honor these loved ones with their life's blood if needs be.

But there were other griefs that bore down upon the heart of Jackson, the suffering of his men, their sickness, their mortality (more men die of disease in camps, than die on the battle field). A number of the men in his command were from the South, far distant, and unaccustomed to the rigors of a Northern Virginia winter, and their physical sufferings were apparent, though they did not murmur.

Accounts are given of the solicitude of the inhabitants of Winchester upon the matter of the soldiers leaving, and many were the efforts made to try and get some hint from Jackson or Mrs. Jackson, as to when or where the soldiers were going. Mrs. Jackson did not know, and her husband never told any one anything about his war movements. The young soldiers had formed many fond friendships in the neighborhood, and sweethearts—that "girl I left behind me"—were hanging on every word their dear soldier lovers would tell them of the future; but alas, the end must come, and soldier boys must show their sweethearts how to part. Some made a very poor attempt at cheering these young ladies, and their comrades aver that some of the boys who were badly smitten, nearly deserted; but this is all a part of war. These young men were of excellent families principally, and they had not, up to this time experienced enough war to wear away the softer inclinations. We have been told that up to the time that Jackson moved his wife, the people hoped that there would not be a movement of the troops, but when they saw Mrs. Jackson leaving, and a train of sick soldiers being sent to the rear, they realized that Jackson had some serious kind of work ahead.

The cup of Jackson's sorrow was indeed full on that eventful morning. His wife was to leave for her home in North Carolina. (This was the last time he saw her until a few days before he died; he never took a leave or furlough during his

entire war experience). Then, too, some of his faithful men were being taken away on one of those melancholy journeys a train of sick soldiers suggests. The sick of an army appeal to all alike, their officers and brother soldiers, the patient and devoted women who nurse them, and the physician who knows so well that the loved ones at home will never again see these sick and suffering brothers, fathers, sweethearts and friends. In the hospital, often improvised and hurriedly arranged, a church, hall, warehouse, or some building in no way resembling what we are accustomed to associate with the idea of a hospital or sanitarium, men were placed on such cots as could be obtained or constructed. They were often crowded with the unfortunate sick and wounded. But the ill preparations were offset by the unfaltering and untiring devotion and attention of the "sacred messengers of peace and consolation;" those ladies and even little girls, who would leave home to administer to the poor victims of war's cruel fortunes. A soldier who could get into a private home was the envied one and most lucky. He escaped the groans and torments of his comrades in the hospitals.

Mrs. Jackson relates her experience on the train upon which she left Winchester, and as stated it was well loaded with sick soldiers. Her sympathies were aroused, and she felt keenly the ills of the men of whom she had so often read and heard her husband speak with such glowing pride. In the car with her were several passengers, and among them, an officer and his wife. They began to discuss the different leaders. They spoke of Lee, Johnston, and others. Then she heard the wife say, "And what do you think of 'Old Stonewall'?" The officer replied, "I have the most implicit confidence in him. Since I know the man and have witnessed his abilities and patriotic devotion, *I would follow him anywhere.*" Mrs. Jackson says these words were like sunshine to her lonely heart.

In the early part of March, General Banks of the Invader army, made his start after a few skirmishes, mainly with Ashby's cavalry; he would not fight Jackson in open battle, but played his tremendous forces well. He tried to get Jackson

to come out and pit his four thousand against his (Banks's) forty thousand; but in this he sadly underestimated the "wary young Napoleon of the West." Jackson would not be led into a trap. In fact he would not fight an enemy on the enemy's plans and terms.

He left Winchester, and went down the Valley turnpike (road). His four thousand men could not be expected to fight Banks's forty thousand on any other terms than those Jackson might find advisable, and as Banks would not give battle to him on his (Jackson's terms), Jackson went off to await his chances to catch Banks where he could handle him.

Before leaving Winchester, a scene occurred at the home of his host, Dr. Graham, which demonstrates the true and firm spirit and will of Jackson. He had just heard of the approach of Banks, and his battle rage was mounting to its highest and supremest sublimity. He was booted and spurred, uniformed and armed—"the personification of a commander plumed for the fray"! His face was radiant with patriotism, and the genius of battle shone from every movement he made. He loved the people of Winchester and craved to serve them. Dr. Graham, in relating the incident, says: "Jackson remained for tea and was unusually bouyant." Just after evening prayer, in which Jackson, as was his invariable rule, took part, he left, and all was expectancy there, at the peaceful home.

He went to the council of war, which he had left to come to his friend's for his evening meal. On arriving at the place where the council was to be concluded, he was shocked to find that his bold plan to attack Banks that night and surprise him, instead of allowing him to prepare to strike him, Jackson, was not agreed to.

He left and said afterwards that he "*never before had called a council of war and would never again call one.*" This vow he kept rigidly, and never called another council.

On returning to Dr. Graham's, he found the Doctor away from his home and sent a courier requesting him to come to his office at once. This request the Doctor complied with promptly, and he says in his account of the event, that

he found Jackson walking up and down the floor. "A great change had come over him," says the Doctor. "He looked as if his spirit was burdened with an overbearing weight of sadness, and his face showed deep dejection. At first he did not seem to know what to say; but finally collecting himself, he remarked that he did not mean to deceive us when he called early in the evening, but that since he had been at the house, he had attended the council of war, and his officers were opposed to the attack that night, and consequently he would have to leave Winchester, as by to-morrow the enemy would have heavy reinforcements.

"Again he paced the floor in bitter indecision, and pausing, grasped the hilt of his sword as if he would crush it, and his face fairly blazing with the fire that was burning in his soul, he said: 'I may execute my purpose still, I have ordered my officers to return at half-past nine.' His appearance as he stood there and uttered these words, I can never forget. I was completely awed by him."

But the hopelessness of his officers again possessed him, and with an air of grief he returned with the Doctor to his house to take leave of the family. He regained some of his composure before reaching there, and expressed the hope that a good Providence would permit him soon to return and bring deliverance to the town he loved, which had been so faithful to his soldiers and the cause of their country.

Dr. McGuire, his chief surgeon, writes that he rode with Jackson as they left Winchester, and says: "As we reached a high point overlooking the town, we both turned to look at Winchester, just evacuated and now left to the mercy of the Federal soldiers. I think that a man may sometimes yield to overwhelming emotions, and I was utterly overcome by the fact that I was leaving all that I held dear on earth, but my emotion was arrested by one look at Jackson.

"His face was fairly blazing with the fire that was in him, and I felt awed before him. Presently he cried out with a manner almost savage, 'That is the last council of war I will ever hold.' And it was his first and last. Thereafter he held council in the secret chambers of his own heart, and acted. In-

stantaneous decision, absolute self-reliance, were displayed by every action, every word. His voice displayed it in battle. It was not the peal of the trumpet, but the sharp crack of the rifle—sudden, imperative, resolute.”

Jackson before leaving Winchester, took personal account of all the preparations. He had his quartermasters gather up the old telegraph wire used in his telegraph line from Winchester to Romney; this material while not at the moment valuable, might be used by the enemy. It is related that he ordered a large number of horses hitched to a locomotive, and hauled it away along the rock turnpike. Nothing was left belonging to his army, and he retired doggedly. Ashby kept the enemy in check and gradually retired.

The scenes and alarming excitement that followed the departure of the Southern soldiers from Winchester, may be imagined by picturing to oneself being left in an exposed town to the fate of war—an army of Invaders approaching. They had little to hope for from these armed hosts, engaged in a plan of war not easily mistaken.

Jackson's army went out of Winchester on January 12, as sad and distressed a body of gallant men as ever left a position to an enemy; but there was no recourse, no alternative. To attempt to strike the vast array sent against them, would have been suicidal, unless by such a plan as Jackson had—fighting under a night's surprise and capturing the enemy. Many of Jackson's men had relatives living in Winchester and near, and all through the valley, and they felt that the interference with Jackson had brought about this catastrophe; and having never before seen the enemy in their midst, and being forced to leave their families to the mercy of them, was harder than fighting and more severe than the vicissitudes of war had, up to that time, impressed them as possible.

Sweet, therefore, was the genuine revenge of these distressed men when Jackson flashed back upon their boasting enemy and routed them with frightful punishment, and drove them from the State. This was a personal experience with many of the men in Jackson's command, and they fought for the home in sight; but their brothers from the sister States, far

from any view of their homes, fought in sympathy and no less determinedly. The cause was common to all.

Fortunate for the "shallow depths of gray," Lincoln made a mistake, that is, the administration of war at Washington: and, by ordering Banks to go to Manassas and *entrench* near there, the evacuation of Jackson's men from Winchester and the neighborhood was not followed up by the mass of Banks's army. He had three chances to fight Jackson, but it appears he declined each offer or chance, and his government moved him to other fields of operations. General Shields of the Invader army was left at Winchester, which is about twenty miles from Strasburg, where Jackson spent the first night after leaving Winchester. Continuing his march down the Valley, he (Jackson) reached Mount Jackson, and here he received word from Johnston to keep the enemy in the Valley. as Banks was crossing the Blue Ridge mountain to join McClellan and consolidate against him, Johnston.

This was all Jackson needed—some excuse to keep within the scope of plans of his ranking officers and the Richmond government, and yet execute some of his own plans or *hopes*. Acting immediately, he ordered his men to turn their faces toward Winchester. Glad news for his brave band! and it is told that his men shouted with joy at the thought of again returning and giving battle to the men who had invaded their very homes and country. The first day twenty miles were covered by the men; the next day they were marching before sunrise, in fact daylight had not dawned when the march was begun. Jackson pressed on to within five miles of Winchester, when Ashby's cavalry came down the road, showing by this move that the enemy was near and outnumbered Ashby. Jackson was in poor trim to offer or accept battle, as he had not expected this when he left Winchester or while down the Valley, and as so many of his men lived near the points passed by Jackson in his march down the Valley, they were given furloughs to go home; besides this, many were sick.

In the skies on that Sabbath day hung the spring sun just above the last hill of the historic Blue Ridge. The little army, foot-sore, half starved but determined, stood like a corps of

grim veterans, waiting the bugle that would hurl them by its blasts into the Kernstown battle.

General Shields, commanding the Invader army, had reached a position and placed his men behind the stone fences and in unexposed places; this act illustrates the force of the Jackson theory—never let an enemy have time to prepare. After considerable difficulty, Jackson got into such position as was possible, and the battle opened. Cannon and rifle made the air a din of angry roar and stinging hums. The relative numbers engaged were about, in the matter of odds, three to four against Jackson's one.

One of Jackson's officers, without his (Jackson's) knowing it, ordered his troops to retire, instead of charging with bayonet. When Jackson discovered his old brigade (this officer was in command of Jackson's old brigade) leaving the field, he rushed to the midst of the fight, and seeing a little drummer boy with his drum, ordered him to "beat the rally."

The boy, brave little soldier that he was, made the drum rattle out the sounds of the "rally," which meant to stand by the guns and not leave the field. We would prize a picture of this scene executed on canvas, for the sake of the American boy. It is a rare, grand and thrilling scene; and some artist should go to this field with men who fought that day with Jackson, and catching the inspiration, produce a canvas worthy of the man, the boy and the hour. He was a child-soldier and he stood there in the presence of his furious general, the mighty Jackson, beating with his little hands the deadly rally in time of battle, while bullets and shells were thick in the air and all about him, and men were groaning, cheering, dying, fighting.

If that boy is alive to-day, he is an old man; but his heart must swell with pride to know that he once had the honor to obey a direct order on the battle-field, and from Stonewall Jackson! And such an order! "Beat the Rally."

But Jackson had arrived too late; the enemy were keeping up a constant fire from fresh regiments, which they had in reserve. Some of Jackson's men stood and held the enemy in check *though they had shot their last cartridge*. One of the

regiments that went into the battle had less than three hundred men on entering, and the regiment was therefore nearly dismembered when the battle was over.

It is but just to the officer who has been referred to as giving the order to Jackson's old brigade to retire, and at the mere thought of which Jackson nearly lost all control of himself, to say that he did not give the order until the men *had shot away all their ammunition!* He saw that death to all would result if he kept the grand brigade on the field. But Jackson never took counsel of anything like his fears.

Jackson lost about one-fourth of his command, killed, wounded and captured, while the enemy's loss is reported to be about one-third as many men as Jackson had in his entire army. The enemy took about three hundred prisoners, and as these men passed through Winchester, the entire city turned out to escort them to the train. While the act was one of defiance, yet there was mingled with the scene many sad incidents. But the horrors of war yet awaited these distressed people. The battle-field was only three miles from Winchester and many went there to aid in burying the dead. In this funeral assemblage, there were old men and women and little children working with heart-breaking care in this never to be forgotten battle-field. A long trench was dug and the dead soldiers were placed in it.

These noble sons of the South now rest in the cemetery at Winchester. A handsome iron fence encloses this beautiful spot, a gift from Mr. Charles Broadway Rouse, a generous native of Winchester, who has since the war made a fortune, of which he has given most liberally to the needs of his people and various movements connected with his life and love in the days of the sixties; among them, one hundred thousand dollars to the Battle Abbey at Richmond. A handsome monument erected in the cemetery referred to—the Stonewall Cemetery at Winchester—commemorates this battle and marks the last place of rest on earth of the brave Southern men who lost their lives in the battles in and about Winchester; and the monument was built by the joint subscriptions of the Southern

States. Many of the States have erected State monuments in the cemetery.

That night Jackson's men, who had that day stood in the leaden rain of battle and won fame in their overwhelming struggle with a foe out-numbering them three or four to one, rested as best they could along the road, in fence corners or in the fields; they had no tents, not even the stretchers on poles that served as a shelter—simply the open bivouac under the stars. Soldiers do not sleep in tents when fighting is to be done. They are with their guns. A soldier's gun never leaves his hand in time of battle or when battles are expected. They sleep on their guns and anywhere they can find a place to lie down. War is hard at best, but when there is active campaigns on hand, war is a little less than fighting forest fires day and night, and any one who has experienced fire-fighting can realize what the exertion and confusion is.

Dr. McGuire says that when Jackson gave the orders to move down the pike, the Valley road, that he was told by the surgeons: "This requires time; can you stay to protect us?" Jackson replied: "Make yourself easy about that; this army *stays here until every wounded man is removed!*"—Jackson never left a sick or wounded man on the march or field uncared for—then with deep feeling said: "*Before I will leave them to the enemy I will lose many more men!*" There was not a trace of brutal warfare in his campaigns or plans, or can an act of savagery or brutality be traced to a single act or deed of Jackson. Humane, civilized warfare marked every movement. Sometimes in reviewing the career of this marvelous man, it is almost impossible to escape the impression many have, namely, that Jackson was under a special Providence. This act, refusing to leave the sick and wounded, astounded the enemy and held them completely in check. They plainly thought he had received re-inforcements and they declined to attack him. The incident has been compared to an act of Bruce, who, by stopping his army to protect a poor woman, won a victory over his enemy. All these seeming *accidents* prove that victory is not only for the strong, but rather for the brave.

A touching incident is told of Jackson as occurring on the night of the battle of Kernstown. He was very hungry; had eaten nothing that entire day except a snack, which he had snatched and munched while holding it in his hands, as he moved along. He had himself led that day *five distinct charges!* These charges were led against men shooting at his men from behind stone fences, walls, or in the copse of woods, and therefore protected. He had been in the saddle since daylight and at all times among his men, cheering them and encouraging them. His horse, "old Sorrel," had not been from under the saddle for nearly twenty-four hours.

Jackson came up where Major Hawks, the commissary officer, had made a fire which was blazing brightly. The night was cool. Major Hawks gathered some rails, and Jackson wanted to know what he was doing. The major replied, "I am fixing a place to sleep." Jackson, who had nowhere to sleep, and as it was his custom to share the fate of his men, at all times, he remarked: "You seem determined to make yourself and those around you comfortable." The major went to some soldiers and told them Jackson had nothing to eat. They shared their food with their beloved general, and soon he was fast asleep beside his faithful commissary officer, on the rails.

This battle of Kernstown, has been pronounced a victory by those most competent to pronounce judgment. Jackson never yielded the point that it was a defeat in any sense, other than being repulsed. He claimed that results were of greatest importance to the South.

Certain of one result; it sent to Washington the wildest alarm, and Lincoln recalled the troops, or a great portion of those whom he had sent under General Banks and others to attack Johnston, although General McClellan had left his president over forty thousand troops in Washington "to defend the *Capital*." This change of front relieved Johnston, because of the Invaders withdrawing.

The Congress of the Confederacy considered the Kernstown battle a victory, as they passed the following resolutions: "Resolved by the Congress of the Confederate States that the

thanks of Congress are due, and hereby tendered, to Major-General T. J. Jackson and the officers and men under his commands, for gallant and meritorious services in a *successful engagement* with a greatly superior force near Kernstown on the 23d of March, 1862. Second: Resolved, that these resolutions be communicated to Major-General Jackson, and by him to his command."

General Johnston also issued a very complimentary order, and Jackson's men felt and *knew* they had won a victory.

Jackson said that if he could have had ten minutes longer—this means, had the ammunition held out ten minutes longer—he would have driven the enemy from the field. Taking this in connection with Jackson's always having won in battle, together with the words of the official report of the general in command of the enemy, "Such was their gallantry and high state of discipline, that at no time during the battle or pursuit did they give way to panic," *defeat* does not seem to be the word for the results of this battle for either side,

Kernstown is one of the great events of the war, and for the only time in the experience of Jackson, he was forced by unavoidable circumstances to fight on ground and terms not of his choosing and at a time when he was not even in possession of the small command given him, as many were sick or away on leave of absence.

Jackson did not lose the battle! He did not give the order to retire. He was misinformed by the reports of the cavalry, they reported a much smaller number of the enemy than he was forced, by the accident or misinformation, to face and fight. Had he fought on Monday instead of Sunday, the enemy, having seen his force, would have even redoubled theirs, and captured his entire army.

It is said by men present and in the battle that the Invaders' regiments seemed to spring up out of the ground, and as fast as one was cut down another would appear, and they fought desperately. Jackson had less than 3,000 men. The enemy in their report stated he had 12,000. The enemy had at best accounts 11,000; and in the battle itself 8,000.

For about a month, Jackson and his men had a chance to

rest, and during this time, the army grew in size rapidly. He writes his wife that he hopes the army will become an army of Christian soldiers; and he never failed to praise his Heavenly Father for shielding him in battle, and giving success to the cause of the South.

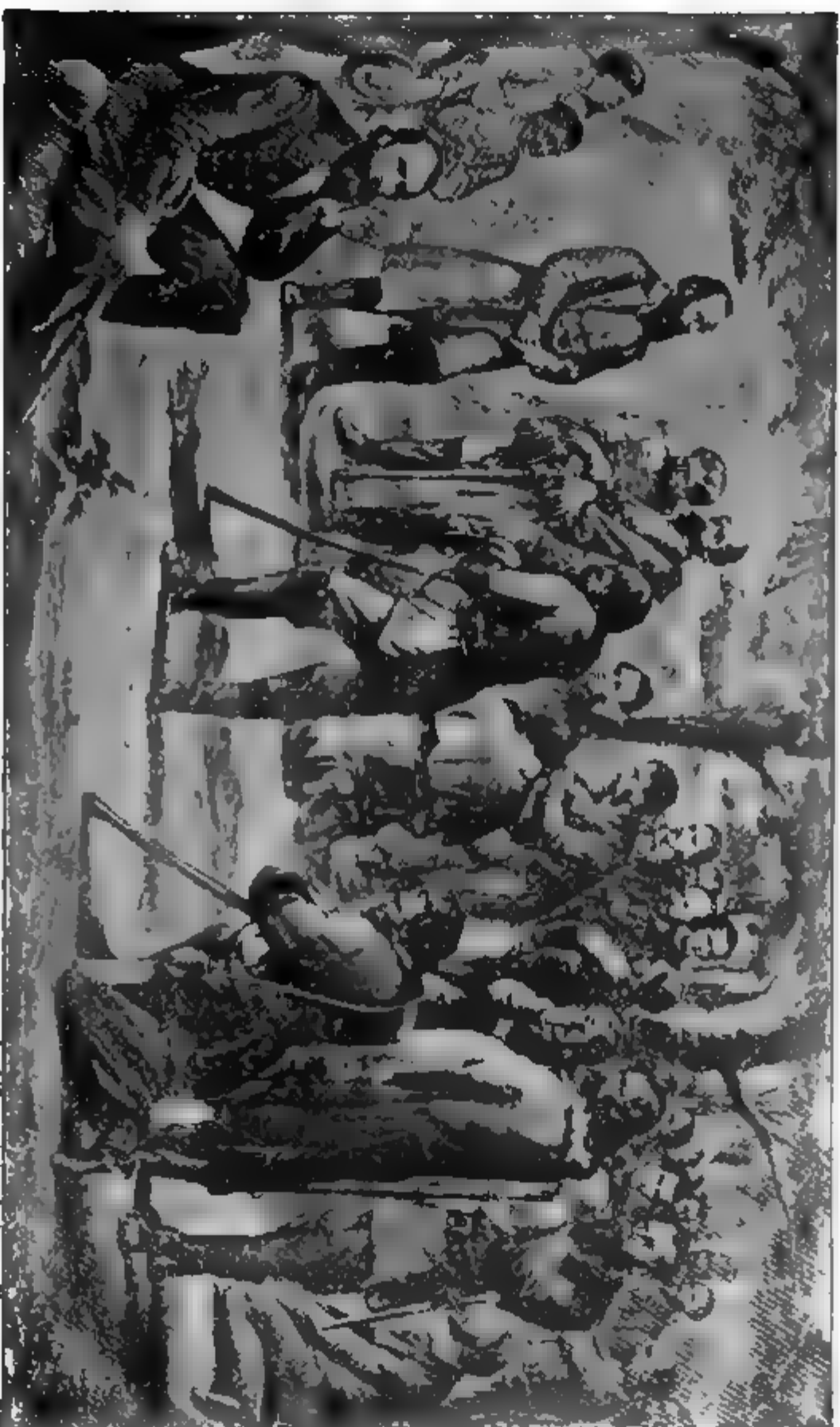
On the 11th of April, he writes Mrs. Jackson: "I am very much concerned at not having a letter this week, but my trust is in the Almighty. How precious is the consolation flowing from the Christian's assurance, that 'All things work together for good to them that love God!' God gave us a glorious victory in the Southwest (at Shiloh), but the loss of the great Albert Sidney Johnston is to be mourned. I do not remember having ever felt so sad at the death of a man whom I had never seen."

In the same letter, he refers to his wife's concern about his fighting on *Sunday*, and says: "I was greatly concerned too, but I felt it my duty to do it. So far as I can see, my course was a wise one. I hope and pray to our Heavenly Father that I may never again be circumstanced as on that day." As stated, had Jackson not fought on Sunday at Kernstown he would have probably lost his army, and Johnston would have been overpowered by the enemy.

During this time Jackson had occasion to see something of the spirit of disloyalty in certain sections, particularly in the mountains. And here we venture the observation that, with few exceptions, the mountainous regions were not in warmest sympathy with the South, notably East Tennessee and Northwestern Virginia.

In North Carolina, some of the best men of that grand old State, which did so much for herself and the cause of Southern independence came from the mountains. But the per cent. of loyal citizens, as a rule are not found as hailing from the mountains. Jackson wrote to an officer, at Richmond, Colonel French, complaining of desertions; and also that he had been told, some of the men gathered in as recruits said they "would not shoot."

Jackson writes that he could make them shoot, but could not "make them aim right." He spoke to them as "non-



Jackson Leading a Camp Prayer-Meeting



A Glimpse of Jackson.

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**In the Virginia Valley—The Great Supply Region for which
Jackson Contended,—(N. & W. R. R.)**



One of General Bank's Forts.—B. & O. R. R.



On Battlefield of Fishers Hill, Va.—B. & O. R. R.



LT. GEN. S. D. LEE, OF S. C.
An Admired Officer--Fought with Jackson.

Combatants," and decided to make of them companies of 100 men each, but not issue them any guns,—and as they were careful with property, and understood wagoning, he would when occasion required, put them to this work, and take men more experienced and place them in positions of more value and service. Thus he kept up an effective system of the army and without injury to the dignity of *esprit de corps* of his men.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONGRESS ADOPTS HIS SUGGESTIONS CHANGING ORDER AND
SYSTEM OF ARMY PROMOTIONS.—BATTLE OF MCDOWELL.—
A DESCRIPTION OF JACKSON.—THE MOST BRILLIANT
CAMPAIGN IN MILITARY HISTORY.—THE VALLEY
CAMPAIGN IS ENTERED.

Through the suggestion of Jackson two important military or army regulations were established by the Congress of the Confederacy, introduced at his suggestion, by the member from his district. These regulations were as follows: First, That all officers in the army above the rank of third lieutenant, should be selected by promotion and not by election. Second, That promotions must be based upon merit and not upon seniority. The wisdom of this plan of providing officers is seen readily; it prevents favoritisms and political influences from shaping the destiny of soldiers in the matter of rewards, promotions, etc. In the late war with Spain there was considerable complaint upon this subject of promotions, seniority, etc., and Jackson's plan could have been used effectively. Jackson made this suggestion upon army promotions and forms of providing for officers because of an act, where a cavalry officer was, by a foolish regulation, able to refuse to obey the commanding general.

Again "on the horizon began to gather the dull flecks of threatening battles." Banks, Milroy, Shields, McDowell and Fremont of the Invader army, were under marching orders. They were sent to "force Jackson well back," as the orders read. On the 24th of April, Banks telegraphed to Washington, "The rebel Jackson has abandoned the Valley permanently and is en route to Gordonsville, by the way of the mountains." How foolish was this message; as ridiculous as the one sent from Kernstown that "the rebels had twelve thousand men and lost in battle thousands." The only hypothesis upon which these excited wire-workers could possibly hope to have their government believe their reports, was on the ancient paradox, *credo quia impossibile est*.

Jackson's position was dangerous, as two large commands, in fact three, were after him, surrounding him on two sides and from behind. His ability to prevent capture or losing the Valley to the enemy, was more than doubted by many, and likely this impression, which was commonly expressed during that period, led to the sending of the telegram referred to, that Jackson was leaving or had left the Valley. A case of wish being parent to the thought? Flashing here, there and everywhere were the will-o'-the-wisp Jackson men. But in reality they were only giving an exhibition of their agility and capacity for fleet-marching. Shamming, in other words, and manoeuvring actually. A collision must come sooner or later, and when Jackson had reached a place where he thought it safe to pit his few against his many-sided enemy, he therefore let the battle of McDowell, called by the Invaders "Sittington Hill," proceed. This was no haphazard affair however. Jackson had made his plans, and while people everywhere were conjecturing and wondering "What has become of Jackson," and predicting all manner of ills, etc., he was calmly arranging one of the most brilliant operations recorded in military records, "Jackson's Valley Campaign," as it is generally called.

His present plans formed, General Ewell came from Gordonsville and General Edward Johnston was not far away. Jackson concluded to have Milroy taken first, and to his own and Johnson's troops he assigned this task, while Ewell was to hold Banks and then the three to unite on Banks. In his attempt to get back of Milroy he had a hard forced march along muddy roads. He even aided in repairing and building some portions of this road himself, carrying pieces of timber on his shoulder, and despite the fact that he was covered with mud from the march, he would not require of his men any service he would not himself aid in executing. His men said of him, "He is a soldier as well as our general."

Milroy got reinforcements through General Schenck, and both Milroy and Schenck were under Fremont. This gave him eight thousand troops. These men fought the opposing troops desperately, although many of them here in this

battle (and this was in the early part of the "Civil" War), were about as much Americans as the subjects of the Emperor of Germany are to-day. Many could not speak English. They were "patriots of another country" rushed here to kill American freemen, and on their own soil. Johnston was wounded and had to leave the field. General Taliaferro took his place.

Many brave officers and men lost their lives that day. The battle began at half-past four in the afternoon and lasted until after eight that night. The Defenders used no cannons in the entire engagement. Milroy left the field to the Defenders, after setting fire to the woods, leaving his killed and wounded on the fields and in the burning woods. Dead soldiers were found belonging to the Invader army. In one place one hundred and three were discovered under a pile of brush in a small ravine or hollow among the hills. At McDowell, a little village near where the battle was fought, and from which the latter received its name, the Southern soldiers found cases of new guns, all kinds of munitions and supplies, and among other things, a complete bakery; this was a valuable addition to the poor equipment owned by the Defenders. The twelfth Georgia Regiment and other men from the far South fought that day along with their brothers.

Jackson chased the Invaders as far as Franklin, twenty-four miles, and as they would not fight but continued to run into the mountains and set fire to them, he withdrew. Their plan was to fight with fire. The smoke completely hid their cannons, and the men got in behind rocks, and therefore fighting them was impossible.

Jackson telegraphed this simple, modest message to Richmond, "God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday." The next day a scene occurred, which we will relate in the words of a soldier present. "There in the beautiful little valley of the South Branch, with the blue and towering mountains covered with verdure of spring, the greensward smiling a welcome to the season of flowers, the bright sun unclouded, lending genial and refreshing warmth, that army equipped for the stern conflict of war, bent in humble praise

and thanksgiving to the God of battles, for the success vouchsafed to our arms."

This scene was an impressive one, and it has been stated that while the Southern soldiers were engaged in prayer the enemy were shelling them with cannon. Jackson issued an order for the service, reading: "Soldiers of the Army of the Valley and the Northwest, I congratulate you upon your recent victory at McDowell. I request that you unite with me this morning in giving thanks to Almighty God for thus having crowned your arms with success, and in praying that He will continue to lead you on from victory to victory, until our independence shall be established and make us that people whose God is the Lord. The chaplains will hold divine services at 10 o'clock A. M., in their respective regiments."

As soon as these services were over the command to march was given.

Banks all this time had done some very strange things, and among them, allowed himself to be cut off by moving some of his generals' positions. He learned of the defeat at McDowell and at once began to move toward Winchester. He fixed his commands so as he could be attacked from front and rear. Jackson at a glance took advantage of this, and was like a lion preparing to spring upon his prey, when to his great disappointment, General Ewell, whom he had left to watch Banks, came to him, after a ride of a day and a night without even an escort, to tell him that Johnston had ordered him, Ewell, to Gordonsville.

General Ewell says Jackson remarked sadly: "Then Providence denies me the privilege of striking a decisive blow for my country, and I must be satisfied with the task of hiding my little army among these mountains to watch a superior force." This was too much for the big-hearted Tennessean and he told him, as he, Jackson, was the ranking officer, if he would take the responsibility he, Ewell, would remain with him until he could at least hear from Johnston.

Jackson promptly said he would assume all the responsibility. They arranged all plans and Ewell hurried back to his command; and what follows this beginning is the pivot on

which will rest Jackson's fame as a commander, when left to his own direction and responsibilities, not subject to the direction of others, not handicapped, or compelled to carry out or execute some plan, he had no part in forming; and therefore, a mere executive. History will write him as unmatched as a military genius and capable of commanding any army ever assembled, and of planning a campaign with unexcelled comprehension and foresight.

During all these stirring days Jackson dashed off notes to his wife, or a telegram, now and then, to reassure her, for she would see the news in the papers, and was anxious, fearing he would be killed in battle. On the 19th he wrote her, "Near Harrisonburg, May 19th—How I do desire to see our country free and at peace! It appears to me that I would appreciate home more than I have ever done before. Here I am sitting in the open air, writing on my knee for want of a table . . . Yesterday Dr. Dabney preached an excellent sermon from the text: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' It is a great privilege to have him with me." It is not possible to go into the details of the situation of affairs when Jackson took upon himself the bold stroke. It is enough to say that he had the authorities at Washington in consternation, and the whole army of the Invaders guessing and in dismay. Here he was with a few thousand men, not a fourth as many as the enemy immediately about him, terrorizing three armies that had been sent out to capture him. He had taken the "bits in his mouth" for the first time and was to stand, or fall by the responsibility he had taken, to run a campaign on his own plan.

Jackson is now himself, as God made him, and as all fair and just treatment entitled him to be, a man of independence and responsibilities; a man, who within a short period of time would dazzle the world with his fame and name, and send death-like terror to the hearts of his enemies, who were counted in arms by the tens of thousands; and more than this, call forth from the press of the North even, the acclamations of laudation and praise for his marvelous splendor, being the military genius of the day!

Let us picture him at this moment. Away up in the mountains, far from telegraphs, far from the press, far from civilization almost, this dauntless warrior ate and slept in the open air with his invincible band of heroes. He was not the grand general in gold lace trimmings and sashes, no plumes waved from his hat nor did he wear the "gaudy raiment of the bedecked knight;" but a man wearing an old gray uniform stained by hard marching and fighting, rough riding and the mud, wear and usage of active campaigning, sunburnt, almost dilapidated in appearance, a cap faded and homemade, dingy and peculiarly a feature of its illustrious wearer; (this cap has been photographed and used as one of Jackson's well-known marks. In the illustration in this book of the cabinet standing in Confederate Museum at Richmond, will be seen this famous cap, among the other memorials of Jackson); nothing marking him as the general in command, except a general's star on the collar of his dingy gray coat; even this star was worn of its lustre by exposure to rain and snow—such was the personal uniform of the man the soldiers loved as "old Jack," "Stonewall" and "Blue Light Elder;" this, the man they had sworn to follow to victory or death. *He was in his thirty-seventh year; a young man, full of force; a wonderful man; well named "thunderbolt in battle," "Stonewall."*

Within ten days the Defenders had marched from the mountains at Franklin to Front Royal, crossing a mountain, the Massanuttin, which runs down the middle of the Shenandoah Valley from near Front Royal to a point near Harrisonburg; making in reality, two valleys of the one great Shenandoah Valley. Jackson's command consisted of troops from Louisiana to Maryland; from nearly all the Southern States, (some from each, were in this campaign at one time or another).

One incident occurred to show how the same country, and even the same State, was divided by the war. A fierce fight occurred in this campaign between Col. Johnson of the First Maryland Regiment, on the side of the South, with a regiment of the same name, First Maryland Regiment on the side of the North. Johnson won.

As soon as Jackson reached Front Royal, the enemy began to

scatter, but not before opening upon the Southern troops with cannons. Jackson sent a courier for the cannons of his command to be rushed, but the courier was a mere lad, and he never reached the cannons, but fled. This act of the boy, caused a complete change as to the system of appointing orderlies ever after in the army.

A delay was caused by the roads and miscarriage of orders, and night came on, but the fighting was resumed by daylight, and Jackson kept up with the advance skirmishers, and in the heat even, directing and leading charges when any enemy was encountered. He had only a few cavalry, as his army had not gotten up, but with odds against him, four to one, he created a panic as soon as it was known to the enemy that Jackson was himself "in the saddle," at the front as usual; and from this spread a general rout.

Jackson moved his main command to Middletown, and as he suspected, caught Banks's retreating forces on their march from up the Valley to Winchester. He charged some cavalry with his artillery--think of it--charging cavalry with cannon! A sickening scene followed. The whole regiment was caught up and dead men filled the road, while others fell from their horses, pretending to be dead, but hid behind the stone fences along the road on both sides and were captured.

The enemy saw that death and annihilation was upon them, and they began to burn their stores, their weapons, and many ran and left the wagons in the road with the horses hitched to them. *All night Jackson rode at the head of the column and when they halted to rest, he would keep guard.*

Again and again he fell into the rifle-fire of the enemy posted behind the stone fences, but he kept on. At one time, this was at night, a long line of fire shone above the fence, and Jackson ordered all to charge, and some of the troops not his old command, faltered and he grew furious, saying "Shameful. Did you see anybody struck, sir? Charge them!"

Finally it was decided that owing to darkness, and the enemy having the fence to protect them, that a halt be taken till daylight. Jackson told the men to rest and he would

watch. He threw a cloak over himself and for the rest of the night repeated his silent watch over his sleeping and thoroughly worn-out troops. They were not at Kernstown again or near there.

A stand was made by the enemy and the battle opened early next morning, May 25, 1862, and we give here an instance of Jackson's emphatic manner of giving verbal orders. He said to an officer: "I expect the enemy to bring artillery to this hill! You understand me, sir, do you? *They must not do it!* If they attempt to come, charge them with the bayonet and seize their guns; *clamp them on the spot*, sir!" As he gave this order those who saw him said: "he looked fiery and meant what he said."* The battle began to assume serious aspect, and Jackson went to the top of a hill referred to and deliberately looked at the enemy, then gave the command: "*Forward after the enemy!*" with a yell "loud enough to wake the

*General Butler of South Carolina relates an instance of Jackson's positive manner in treating even his brigadier generals. Two of these general officers were ordered by Jackson to take a certain position. They went to Jackson and protested. He said to them: "Gentlemen! When I receive orders it is my habit to obey them, and when I give orders I expect them to be obeyed." The brigadiers retired, took their positions and performed their part of the general battle successfully.

Another instance is given of Jackson's sparing no one, when he had reason to doubt their conducting themselves as soldiers—which means obedience. An officer failed to do as he was ordered; he went to Jackson, reported that he did not consider the plan reasonable, or some such excuse. Jackson told him that it was his duty to obey orders first, and reason afterwards; adding, "Consider yourself under arrest, sir!"

During a perfect monsoon of battle on one occasion, an officer to whom Jackson had sent an order to make a desperate charge, and take certain works before him, said, "General, I can not make this charge: no men can stand such fire, they will all be killed or wounded!!" Jackson calmly told the excited officer, that he was accustomed to take care of his dead and wounded and for him to make the charge, which the officer did and with but slight loss won the works.

Standing, like some giant in a might of wrath, looking at the almost superhuman bravery of Jackson's men in a struggle to capture a position from the enemy, General Lee said to Jackson, "Can your men stand this deadly fire?" Jackson replied: "My men will stand anything for the sake of their country." He ordered a courier to tell a commander to "cease firing and charge with the bayonet."

dead." The whole of the Defenders seemed to catch the spirit of their commander, and after the enemy they went, driving everything before them in one resistless charge.

The day was won. On, on rushed the victorious Southerners and the men of both armies seemed to vie with each other as to which should be first to get into Winchester. Jackson was again in Winchester! We can imagine with what pride he rode into that town—a veritable conqueror. He had carried to the highest success the vows we firmly believe he made the morning he left Winchester after the fateful failure of his war council referred to.

The inhabitants of the town were dazed with the tumult, as they had no warning of their deliverers being near. The men as well as Jackson shared the pride of the victory, for they, too, had once been driven from their homes, friends, sweethearts, and countrymen, here. There was wildest rejoicing.

At Front Royal, Strasburg, and all along the entire way the Defenders had come, they were cheered and hailed as victors by the people. Women, children and old men clung to them when they could get near, and blessed them, even hugging their horses, while it was difficult for the men to move along so demonstrative were the people in their gratitude.

The enemy not content with a second chastisement, set fire to the town; and while the citizens were rejoicing at their deliverance, they had to run and try to save their town from another variety of enemy's fire. The enemy had left in some of these buildings their own sick and wounded; and many had ammunition in them; knowing this, the delicate women of the town they had tried to despoil and had left in flames, their comrades to the mercy of which were exposed and helplessly so, put forth their every effort to extinguish the fires. They were aided by the old men and boys, as every able-bodied man was in the army. The town was saved and with it the poor, unfortunate men, who had been not only abandoned by their fellow comrades, but left to the flames, were saved. In the name of Americans, is this war? Savages could not display more of the brutality of depravity than acts of this character.

On beyond the town the wretched Invaders were still fleeing, and the fields were blue with men prone, flat down on the ground to prevent being shot, and waiting to surrender. A mass of men lay on every hand, some dying, some wounded, others palsied by the sheer fright they felt. Knapsacks, guns, blankets, everything in a twist and toil of mad confusion.

Jackson exclaimed: "O, that my cavalry were in place! Never was there such a chance for cavalry! Go back and order up the nearest batteries you can find." He told an officer who had dashed up to ask him if he wished such an order given, "Order up every battery and every brigade to forward to the Potomac."

Jackson felt, and justly so, the unpardonable remissness of the cavalry that utterly failed him, and he said openly, that had the cavalry done its duty and not stayed back to pillage, and had they not refused to join their comrades on foot who had run all day and fought until nearly exhausted, not a man would have been left of the Invaders.

It seems a cavalry officer of Ewell's forces refused to obey an order from Jackson. This caused serious loss. The act was one barely short of treachery; but no doubt, the officer did not intend his lack of good sense to be so severely judged. Jackson had to contend with considerable amount of this sort of insubordination and it is readily accounted for. Jealousy is the bane of armies and navies.

A part of the cavalry had failed him, and the infantry was exhausted, having been marching and fighting since the previous morning; it was now about noon of the second day. He ordered the infantry to halt. Nature could do no more. The men had been without food, or nearly so, for thirty-six hours, and apart from their exertions in fighting and marching, had, the morning before, double-quickened, run, and marched steadily after the enemy from Front Royal, nearly twenty-five miles away.

Immediately they went into camp for rest and food. Finally the cavalry came up, and they were ordered to drive the Invaders out of the State. This they did, and well, driving them beyond Martinsburg, across the Potomac. Banks was the first

of the fugitives to get into Martinsburg, having deserted his army long before the battle closed. So different was this kind of "loyalty" to the patriotism and loyalty of Jackson; he not only remained with his brave soldiers, but watched over them as they slept—the only sentry on watch and the enemy everywhere around him.

While at McDowell, he did not sleep until he saw all the sick, wounded, and even the young cadets from his old Virginia Military Institute (who had come out as a battalion, to fight in this battle) safe, and provided for—then he lay down on the ground, and slept.

In the fight the day before, Jackson lost a young officer Captain Sheats, whose life promised a great deal for his country. Only a year before he was a boy on his father's farm in the Valley. He managed to get all the horses, weapons, and nearly every article needed to fit out a full cavalry company, and everything he had, he captured from the enemy; so his outfit cost his government nothing. He got up a cavalry company and was a young man on whom Ashby relied. He was lost in a desperate charge not far from Strasburg. Many of the best young men of the South gave up their lives in these two days.

Banks's army had been driven by the Defenders about sixty miles in thirty-six hours. When the Southern soldiers drove the last Invader across the Potomac, a large lot of slaves were found, whom the Invaders had decoyed from their masters, all over the valley, telling them Jackson was coming and would kill them.

How infinitely cruel and wicked was this act, and how clearly the character of the negro is shown; but there is much sympathy to be extended this race. In this case the Southern troops saw that these poor creatures got safely back to their homes.

In reading of war, and even after gazing upon photographs and sketches taken during the actual operations of a battle and the written details concerning same, "It is impossible," says a brother who served four years in the field, "to grasp the awfulness of a battle." We have heard many men tal

of war and battles, and have gone over the grounds on which fiercest battles raged, and where tens of thousands of men, with the machinery of war, made desperate havoc?

At the approach of battle, the older men, that is, the veterans, know of it by the accustomed signs, such as activity about headquarters, strictness along the picket-lines, an order now and then concerning rations, and other preparations, that indicate something on the line of anticipation. The men are not told that a battle is ahead of them. They have pledged themselves to follow the authorities and leaders without questioning; and good soldiers are prompt to do this. Occasionally a subaltern may have picked up a crumb or a scrap around headquarters, or an astute picket caught a courier off his guard and managed to get an inkling of where he was going or where he was from, and connecting all these bits of *information*, the men gradually guess pretty close to the condition of affairs.

No one knows the hour when the bugles and drums and shouts of officers and the dashing here, there, and everywhere of couriers, bearing various orders and instructions, may call them to battle. There may be some marching, and often is, before the scene of the conflict, war's arena, is reached; or it may be an immediate participation without further warning.

The fatigue, mental strain, and heartache of a battle are difficult to be realized by those who have never seen or been engaged in one. There is often a halt and the men are held in sight of the battle in the dread expectancy suffered under bursting shells, of being called any moment to plunge into the vortex. This is most dreaded by men who have been in battles; and it is only the novice who fails to realize the dread horror of waiting on the eve or outlines of a battle, that knows nothing of the sufferings and suspense. All old soldiers will tell you that they would rather fight five battles and be in the hottest part of the fray, than remain for fifteen minutes just outside the firing-line and endure the trials which the position entails.

Battles open in many different ways. When we use the word battle, we refer to a collision of magnitude,—one that

has been deliberately planned, and all the details worked out by generals and engineers—skirmishes are liable to occur in a somewhat hap-hazard fashion. We do not mean by the expression “in many ways” as applied to the opening of a battle, that the opening is one of chance, but the position and condition of the field operates in concluding or in determining in the mind of the commanding or general officers as to whether the cavalry, artillery, or infantry, will take the initial, or a combination of the three. Usually the cavalry brings on the battle; and the artillery is used mainly to hold off advances and to protect the infantry. At some parts of the battle, cavalry, infantry, and artillery are all engaged.

The energy displayed in a battle is likely the supreme display of mental and physical powers of man; when ball and shell, sabers and bayonets, are mingled in the din and smash and clash, there is no time, not a moment, for the exercise of any other law than that of self-preservation, which begins at the individual soldier and goes on until it reaches the entire corps.

When the operations of a battle have included the fullest meaning of the violent collision, men are inspired by the varying emotions, from self-preservation to the highest claims of chivalry. There is the mad, wild rush for position; the din of explosions from the rifle to cannon; the heat, the smoke, dust, or the rain, the ice and the snow, the storm or the fair and calm; but the men fight on amidst the shrieks of pain, groans of the dying, appeals for help when there is no time or hand to give this help; cries for water when there is no water; the thirst, hunger, turmoil, and above all, the thought of loved ones far away; and the agony impelled by the thought that death may come, in the scenes about them and these loved ones could not be near.

There is the charm, too, of excitement; the thrill of hope and victory; the love and pride of country, home and self; the surging to and fro while comrades fall, and the fate of battle hanging heavily; the yells of officers and the shouts of leaders everywhere urging the men, in the name of country, family and self, to fight to the death.

Then the charge. It may be the rush of cavalry or of weary infantry—repulse? retreat?—no! Rally! And the command rings out, “Charge with the bayonet!” The boys, brave little souls, rattle in with their drums and roll out the rally. And on the surging masses plunge. Shells bursting, bullets singing, missiles whistling, but on they go! Then comes the yell, which for deep tones and long-sounding terror, has never before marked the horrors of battle—the Rebel Yell!

A chorus of thousands of voices of men who, with but one impulse, have sworn to win or die in the last line of fire! On the enemy comes! Cannon to the right and left—cavalry, infantry, rush down upon the battle plains. Defenders stand in grim defiance hurling a deadly fire; and then the final crash! Another yell—the scream of voices and glorious shouts of victory as the men advance and rout the enemy; or, if defeat be their portion, and retreat or capture the penalty, the heart breaks and the battle ends.

But be the results a victory or defeat, on the fields, stained in a thousand places by the blood of their comrades, are the dead and wounded, ghastly in a score of ways. The sickening sense of war’s horrors chills the blood of the hardened veteran, but war is their occupation and the condition is accepted. Often on the battlefield the army is bivouacked, eating and sleeping as best they can, many realizing that the fitful fever of the day and the mockery of rest by night will all be passed before another night draws its curtain, and darkness and silence fall upon their dead forms.

The next day Jackson issued orders in which the men were complimented to the last degree for their valor and patriotic compliance with their call to duty, but we give the great man’s own words below. They are as follows:

“Within four weeks this army has made long and rapid marches, fought six combats and two battles, signally defeating the enemy in each one, captured several stands of colors and pieces of artillery, with numerous prisoners, vast medical ordinance and army stores; and finally has driven the boastful host, which was ravaging our beautiful country, into utter rout.

“The general commanding would warmly express to the officers and men under his command his joy in their achievement, and his thanks for their brilliant gallantry in action and their patient obedience under the hardships of forced marches, often more painful to the brave soldier than the dangers of battle.

“The explanation of the severe exertions to which the commanding general called the army, which were endured by them with cheerful confidence in him, is now given, in the victory of yesterday. He receives this proof of their confidence in the past with pride and gratitude, and asks only a similar confidence in the future.

“But his chief duty to-day, and that of the army, is to recognize devoutly the hand of a protecting Providence, in the brilliant success of the last three days (which have given us the results of a great victory without great losses); and to make the oblation of our thanks to God for his mercies to us and our country, in heart-felt acts of religious worship. For this purpose the troops will remain in camp to-day, suspending as far as practicable, all military exercises; and the chaplains of regiments will hold divine service in their several charges at 4 o'clock, P. M.”*

The men found so much in Winchester that the immense stores the cavalry had captured a few days before at Martinburg seemed very small. In Winchester the Invaders had regular stores and shops. They had begun to think the town belonged to them, and from all accounts the average Invader-sutler was not a very modest person at best, but would, when they had a chance, get all the money the Northern soldiers had and what the negroes could be induced to take away from their owners, in the way of various property. They were growing rich rapidly. Their grief was severe when they saw the “stars and bars” instead of the “stars and stripes” floating over their rich little depot, Winchester. Their hearts, so patriotic and true, nearly broke. They did not mind in the least the loss of their goods and ill-gotten gains but their sense of pa-

*See appendix for Jackson's official report on the battle of Valley Campaign.



Stonewall Brigade Band.—(See Sketch of Band in Appendix.)
By Kindness of the Confederate Veteran.



"On the Rail "



"We'll Sing To-night and Fight To-morrow, Bully Boys, Oh!"—Night Amusement Around Confederate Camp Fire.—From "Confederate Soldier in the Civil War."



JACKSON.
(From Steel Engraving)



JACKSON AT THIRTY-THREE.

triotism was bruised. They scorned such impudence of the "rebel ragamuffins" to dare come and take *their* Winchester away from them—"the salt of the loyalty of America"—these sutlers.

The men could not resist the chance to get some new clothes, - and to Jackson's horror, when he got his nap out (Jackson late in the evening before, went to a hotel utterly exhausted and went to sleep with his clothes and even his boots on), and was again on the streets, there before him stood whole companies dressed to the cap in brand new "yankee" uniforms.

There were some things at which Jackson drew the line, and *color* was one of them. Anything like "Yankee cloze," as some of the jolly capturers of these stores, called their *new* uniforms, Jackson could not tolerate. Blue did not suit the color of their General's ideas at that time, and he immediately wrote an order which soon separated the blue and the gray and put the gray where he decided it belonged—on the backs of his men.

Now these men did not intend to don blue as *their color*. They were in need of clothes and it is natural they should not be very particular as to *color*. Jackson was not so very hard on the "boys," he simply had the provost-marshal to arrest every soldier in "Yankee uniform," as though they were the real article—a "Yankee" indeed. The men took off their new things and put on their old gray uniforms, but they kept the shoes. No doubt many sent their new clothes home and had them dyed, and when the color they loved as much as Jackson, or any man, was given them, they were returned and became the comfortable apparel of many a poor Southern soldier.

Many of the overcoats captured during the war were changed by the art of the dyers, and became black, or very dark blue, or brown. Some of these old "Yankee overcoats" can be seen to this day, in the remote regions, in either black, brown or "grayish-green," and some "undyed."

It is interesting to see the enemy's view of matters, and the report of the Winchester battles are sparkling instances of how very sensitive the pens of some people become when their military or political conduct has been opened to criticism by

circumstances, and how easily the pen can slip. But we would like to give some of the extracts from Northern papers of this battle, and will here repeat a few from correspondents of Northern papers, who were with the Invaders. This is from one who witnessed the Winchester rout :

“During breakfast I heard the tramping of horses upon the road, and the heavy rolling of artillery over the pavements. Certainly, I thought, there can be no haste ; we shall not be compelled to leave Winchester. Presently there was a commotion, a sobbing among the women, and a running to and fro, which brought me to my feet in time to find our forces were started on a hasty retreat ; and, as I saw flames rising from the burning buildings not far off, and heavy volumes of smoke roll upward from them, I began to realize that we were to abandon Winchester. Burning a town it seems was a part of their plan of retreat and a sort of signal to vamoise.

“The enemy were in the other end of the town, as the rattle and echo of the musketry up the streets and between the houses most plainly indicated. All the streets were commotion. Cavalry were rushing disorderly away, and infantry, frightened by the rapidity of their mounted companions, were in consternation. All were trying to escape as fast as their neighbors, dreading most of all to be the last.

“Presently the enemy’s cannon boomed in the rear, and small clouds of smoke in the sky, suddenly appearing and then dissolving, showed where the ball had exploded. Some shells fell among our men, and the panic was quite general for a while. Guns, knapsacks, cartridge boxes, bayonets, and bayonet cases lay scattered upon the ground in great confusion, thrown away by the panic stricken soldiers.”

It is not to be wondered at, that Jackson’s men cheered him whenever he came in sight, with his old dingy uniform and well worn cap ; or that they would call him by names of affection. Once one of the soldiers asked another : “Why is ‘old Jack’ a better general than Moses ?” After guessing various comparisons, the conundrum was “given up”. “Because it took Moses forty years to lead the Israelites through the wilderness, and ‘old Jack’ would have double-quickened them through

in three days." Jackson was famous for swift marches. In this lay a great deal of the success he and his men gained. Upon an occasion one of his regiments marched fifty-two miles in one day.

Armies can not move like small bodies. They are large, and move slow as a rule; but Jackson forced everything. He would ride in front, and keep a constant system of hurrying up from the time he took the saddle. It was not "you do this and that" but he set the example. If they had to march in rain, sleep in rain, eat in rain, he was with them; or if in snow or storm he shared every danger and ill, and was at the front, always at the front.

As has been said, there was little of "red-tape soldier" about him. At one time when orders were being sent him by budgets almost, he lost patience and having sent often for men to use in his campaigns and failed to get them, sent word that he wanted fewer orders and more men. He sent this message that has become historic. "*Give me more men and fewer orders.*"

In battle he was all activity; "here, there and everywhere, though as calm as if no fighting was going on and he was engaged in parade or practice exercises." He would dash in among the cannons or infantry and give orders in his sharp, snappy manner for a regiment to take positions he would indicate. During an engagement, he fully realized the imperative need of action and no man more fully appreciated the value of a moment, than he.

On the evening he was wounded he said if he had an hour more of daylight he would have driven the enemy from his position and compelled his surrender; and this, too, in the face of his almost superhuman and brilliant successes of that fatal day.

The results of the campaign just referred to, in the matter of captures, included nearly a half million dollars worth of property (a considerable portion of which the Invaders managed to destroy, by a misunderstanding on part of some of the regiments of Jackson's forces, and by which the Invaders got back into Front Royal), about 3,000 prisoners; 9,354 small

arms, two pieces of artillery, many fine horses, which Banks in his report boasts he took from Virginia farmers, and a great variety of ammunition and other army outfits and supplies, over a hundred head of cattle, 34,000 pounds of bacon, flour, sugar, coffee, hard-bread, cheese and other ration supplies and hundreds of thousands worth of commissary supplies, immense medical stores and sutler stores. The Defenders had also killed a large number of their foe and driven the balance, except prisoners and wounded, out of the State.

Of the prisoners captured many were released and allowed to be sent to their people, as they were ill and the conditions would not admit of their being held. In a foot-note the matter of treatment of prisoners is referred to.*

It was during the race of the armies, through Winchester—Jackson's army behind,—while old men and women were caressing the horses of the officers and troopers, the men were being embraced by the grateful young ladies of the noble little city, and all was victory, that Jackson for the first and last time, was known to lose his dignity far enough to utter anything like a triumphant expression.

*FOOD AND TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

The policy of the Confederates was established by law. By an Act of the Confederate Congress passed soon after the war was inaugurated, it was provided that prisoners of war should have the same rations in quantity and quality as Confederate soldiers in the field. By an Act afterwards passed, all hospitals for sick and wounded prisoners were put upon the same footing with hospitals for sick and wounded Confederates. This policy was never changed. There was no discrimination in either particular between Federal prisoners and Confederate soldiers. Whatever food or fare the Confederate soldiers had, whether good or bad, full or short, the Federal prisoners shared equally with them. Whatever medical attention the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers had, the Federal prisoners in like condition also received. Where the supply of the usual standard medicines was exhausted and could not be replenished in consequence of the action of the Federal government in holding them to be contraband of war and in preventing their introduction by blockade and severe penalties when resort was had to the virtues of the healing herbs of the country, as substitutes for more efficient remedial agents the suffering Federal shared these equally with like suffering Confederates.—*1898 Report of Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans.*

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Jackson could not withstand the scene before him; he had in the words of his namesake of the Hermitage "triumphed over his enemies," and feeling deeply the wrong done him the day he and his men had been forced only a short time before to leave these people they loved, and remembering Kernstown, he gave way to the emotions crowding his brave heart, and throwing his old cap over his head, like a school-boy he joined in with the most enthusiastic cheerers.

After a short rest, only a day, Jackson went at the enemy again. On the morning of the 28th of May he was on their trail again, and bearing down on Charlestown. General Winder of his army met the Invaders near Charlestown and a skirmish opened, and with a running fight, he pursued the enemy beyond the town and until he saw their position overlooking Harper's Ferry (to which point Jackson had started), was too well guarded, when he returned to await reinforcements.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON WITH JACKSON'S VALLEY CAMPAIGN.

News came about this time from the gallant 12th Georgia Regiment, which had been left to watch the Invaders under Fremont and Shields, who were known to be on the lookout to cut Jackson off, in event of his again being forced to go down the Valley, that these generals of the Invader army were after carrying out just what he supposed, and were arranging to cut him off and effect his capture.

Jackson at once recalled the Second Virginia Regiment—a regiment that has an enviable record. They marched that day over forty miles without a single ration of food. These men began their forced march from the mountain top (the heights) at Harper's Ferry. When he got to Winchester on the 29th of May, he sent orders to troops following, not to halt until they passed that town, that they must force their march. His men knew this meant that great danger was near and certain, and they responded vigorously to the demand upon their strength and endurance.

Many soldiers consider a forced march as taxing upon the nervous system as the exertion of battle. In one the soldier has the aid of excitement and vivid distraction, and while the other, the march, is thrilling—especially if battles are ahead—yet the long, weary tramp, hunger and often thirst, foot-soreness and a burden of heavy equipments—often as much as seventy pounds—are not calculated to give any degree of pleasure. The soldier, too, on the march, is often ill enough to be confined to the cot or tent; but men forget all these hardships when duty calls and their comrades need them.

Once Jackson was severely criticised for marching his men so hard (long, forced journeys) and even his most patient and devoted officers complained of this. He would always reply to any criticism on this subject: "*I would rather tire down a few men in a forced march than reach a battle too late, and, in consequence, lose many men.*" There is no answer to this argument, and if this plan is observed closely it will be found

no easy matter to answer any of Jackson's views, except to agree with his sound sense and his just and absolute manner of both thought and action.

To be early on the battle-field and secure choice of position may require hard marching, but as death often follows tardy arrival at the battle-field, the fatigue feature of a forced march can not be compared with the results of reaching a battle and being forced into desperate positions.

Jackson continued the Valley march and the fast gait, until the danger point had been safely passed, when he ordered rest and took a gait more on a strolling motion. He was rushing the men to get to a place where they could stand the attacks of the enemy, and as he knew Shields and Fremont were after him, he realized the necessity of protecting his little army by placing them in every advantage, position would give. He was somewhat hampered by his trains of spoils, captured from the enemy a while before, and he had to press into service the private carriages of the people in Winchester and elsewhere, to transfer parts of his captured stores.

He had oilcloths, shoes, and many new things for the army; such as medicines, surgical instruments, fine hospital appliances and nearly everything that an enormously rich government back of the Invaders (made rich largely from monies collected from the invaded country, previous to hostilities) could supply, was among the stores Jackson's men were lugging down the Valley. They were literally making off with their foe's wares, regardless of any sort of concern or regret.

One blessing came from the victory over the Invaders, among many others, and that was the capture of medicines. The North with its navy, being connected directly with all foreign countries, put up a blockade, early in the war, against all medical stores, and would not release it, for the South to aid in administering even to their, the North's, wounded and sick soldiers, in Southern prisons. Inhuman!

Old people in the South that were non-combatants, died for lack of proper medicine. Helpless women and children shared the same fate from the effects of this uncivilized blockade on medical stores.

Jackson lost in all these days from the 23d to the 31st of May, sixty killed, three hundred and twenty-nine wounded, and only three missing (deserted or captured). The straggling among Jackson's men was of such slight extent that the matter was referred to in the report of the Commanding General as worthy of distinction and gratification.

Fremont and Shields were gradually tightening the lines, and Jackson saw that the immediate future held severe work for his men, as these two generals had heavy forces. He wrote to Richmond for men, but the request was, as usual, disregarded. He wrote: "I have not fifteen thousand effective men. If the present opening is improved, as it should be, I must have FORTY THOUSAND." (He was in consequence of this refusal, forced to fight with his little handful of men against an army "grandly equipped," consisting of sixty thousand.

The rout Jackson's men gave the Invaders set the North to a lively guessing task. They asked on all sides, "Where is Jackson?" "Has Jackson taken Washington," etc.? Lincoln telegraphed General McClellan to dispatch twenty thousand more men to Fremont and Shields to "capture Jackson." He also telegraphed May 25, these words: "Banks ran a race with them, beating them into Winchester yesterday evening. This morning a battle ensued between the two forces, in which Banks was beaten back, in full retreat, towards Martinsburg, and probably is broken up in a total rout."

Jackson had an aphorism—a favorite one, which was: "NEVER TAKE COUNSEL OF YOUR FEARS." Lincoln took as many as he could well accommodate, and he and his secretary of war and the whole North, were on racks of fears. One was telegraphing McClellan to reinforce Fremont and Shields and send more troops to Washington to protect "the Capital"; the other telegraphing the governors of Northern States to rush all the troops to Washington, that Banks was routed, and the enemy in great force was advancing on Washington. As a fact at that very time, Jackson and his men were resting from their battles and had no "great force" to advance on any place. Then too, these ex-

cited gentlemen had orders out to have Fremont rush to Washington; and yet, with all this confusion, Jackson remained calm, but as stated, saw great danger ahead. He prepared for it wisely. Northern newspaper correspondents wrote about a trip of some men sent to "crush Jackson," and it is worth repeating: "Word was flashed over the wires from Washington that the Philistines were upon the Congressional Sampsons, and we were summoned to the rescue. The order from the war department, to send 20,000 or 30,000 men to assist Banks in the defense of Washington, put an entirely new face on matters, and knocked up the plans which a month and more of time and *millions of money* had been spent in procuring, into that peculiarly chaotic, formless, and voidless shape, popularly known and described as a "cocked hat." As McClellan had before been served, so now was McDowell.

"At Markham Station, besides rheumatic pains, I encountered Colonel Ashby's house, a deserted, whitewashed tenement, with battered walls and crumbling staircases, and smelling strongly of secession and old cheese. (This statement, like many others, is entirely false; the lamented Ashby lived in a strong, well built stone house on a commanding hill, and the house is to-day in excellent condition; and the Ashbys, at the time, could not have had cheese; and as for the offensiveness of secession, all things in the South took on that odor to the North.—Author).

"At Front Royal we found Major-general McDowell and several minor generals. They were all determined upon one thing—that thing, to bag Jackson, and recapture the immense train he took from Banks—for you must know that Banks *lost over two millions of dollars of property and, it is said, several thousand prisoners*, and it had been determined to retake all the national gods and goods.

"A word about Blenker's division. With all respect to General Blenker himself, as a German and a gentleman, it comprises as lawless a set as ever pillaged hen roosts, or robbed dairy maids of milk and butter.

"I saw a company of them gutting the cellar of a house, carrying off everything eatable and drinkable, and only re-

plying to the earnest remonstrance of the *widow* of the home and the representation that she had seven children to feed, with their guttural '*nix fur stay*'; and two infantry captains bathed their yellow beards in the golden cream, and were aiders and abettors, in fact, the overseers and directors of the larceny, not to say brutality."

Jackson continued his march and contended with ambuscades and petty annoyances from Fremont's men. Once a party of cavalry after dark, as Jackson's men were marching along the road, dashed up, and being challenged, said they were Ashby's men, and before the Southern cavalry could detect the falsehood, they were being shot at by the Invaders: but this cost the Invaders several of their men, and they were pursued down the road from which they came. Jackson was very indignant and ordered that any further attempts of the kind should be severely dealt with.

Fremont was in the main or Shenandoah Valley, while Shields was in the smaller or Page Valley. Signals from Jackson's signal-corps, on the mountain, told his men, that Shields was going toward Port Republic to head him off, but Jackson went on direct to that point. His object was to keep Fremont and Shields separated until he could strike them, one at a time; in this he succeeded, and no more brilliant, or bold piece of strategy, is on record. Jackson had a very small force and knew his salvation was to keep these two large Invader forces apart, and fight each separately. Both were after him.

Friday morning Jackson had left the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. He had by Monday morning, June 2nd, marched fully sixty miles with heavy encumbrances in way of captured stores; had passed Strasburg and by his bold front thrown General McDowell who was in charge of one of the armies trying to capture him, completely off his track; had in reality *passed between his adversaries*, Fremont and McDowell and kept a sharp lookout on Shields. He destroyed bridges as he crossed them, and thus kept his adversaries separated and also hampered them. Ashby's men which included various cavalry companies kept the rear closed.

from getting his forces united with Shields. So far Jackson kept them apart by burning bridges and fighting their advance with cavalry and checking them. There was a bridge that Jackson would not have burned, but left this to be guarded by General Ewell's forces against surprise from Fremont, for, in his audacity, Jackson intended not only not to be captured by these powerful adversaries but to fight both and drive them off.

Sunday morning, June 8, 1862, dawned bright and clear. Those who had been favored with a visit to the beautiful valleys of the Shenandoah Rivers (there are two Shenandoah Rivers, one runs on the north side of the Massanuttin mountain and the other on the south; these streams are called respectively North and South branch; this same mountain divides the valley) can appreciate a summer's day in these hills and dales.

Preparations were being made for religious services in the camp, and the wearied troops were taking a rest and enjoying the beauties of their surroundings, when as a flash from a clear sky, the whole command was surprised to witness the pickets come rushing in with the cavalry and flying artillery of the Invaders almost at their heels.

Jackson had hardly time to mount his horse and gallop for the bridge when two of his staff that started with him were captured, and kept in the village, Port Republic. These captives saw the Invaders prepare to capture the ammunition wagon which Jackson's men had ordered off for a safer position. The alarm of war spreads like the alarm of fire; and one or two of our officers seeing that to try to get away was useless, got together some of the pickets, and as the enemy's cavalry dashed after the ammunition wagons, they were met with a volley of rifles, and next by cannon.

The situation was precarious and the men were compelled to fight with desperation to keep the Invaders from the ammunition wagons, and they held them until Jackson, who had rushed to his men across the bridge, had ordered the long roll beat and the artillery put in motion. Commotion was everywhere, and men were running to their various duties.

while the artillery was thundering rapidly at the Invaders across the river.

Bear in mind, the main forces of the Defenders were across the river on the north side, and the enemy held the bridge and the town on the south side. Without faltering, Jackson ordered the men to fire and then rush over the bridge, and charge with the bayonet, the cannons of the enemy; with one volley the gunners were swept away, and the Defenders, with a deep, long, running yell dashed through the narrow bridge.

Immediately after giving this bold order he reined in his horse, threw the bridle line over the neck of the faithful steed and raising his hands toward the heavens, he stood with a look of meekness upon his face, that had no fire of battle in it, and the God of battle heard him. What might have been a second Lodi was prevented by the swift actions and indomitable pluck of the intrepid Jackson and his men, early in the action. Only two of the Defenders were wounded.

At the bridge this remarkable incident is related by a Northern Journalist:

“Yesterday I met Captain Robinson, of Robinson’s Battery, on his way home to Portsmouth, Ohio. He was at the battle of Port Republic, where his brother lost three guns, was wounded and made prisoner. Captain Robinson, who appears to be a very modest and veracious man, relates that while he was working one of his guns, Stonewall Jackson, whose form was familiar to him, came within hailing distance, and standing erect in his stirrups, beckoned with his hand and actually ordered him, saying:

“Bring that gun over here.” Captain Robinson replied by firing three shots at the ubiquitous Presbyterian, but without the effect of even scaring him. “I might have known,” said he, “that I could not hit him.”

“Captain Robinson is utterly at a loss to explain this extraordinary demonstration of the redoubtable Stonewall. Whether he mistook him for one of his own men, or that some incomprehensible ruse was involved in the act, he does not pretend to guess. But one thing he does know—that Stonewall Jackson is the great man of the war and that our troops in the

valley believe him to be as humane as he is rapid and daring."

"Jackson and his staff had not recrossed the river, and were completely cut off. His army was on the north side of the Shenandoah, its general with his staff on the south side, with the enemy's cavalry and artillery holding the only avenue of return to the north bank. The emergency served to display Jackson's nerve and presence of mind. He rode toward the bridge, and, rising in his stirrups, called sternly to the Federal officer, commanding the artillery placed to sweep it, 'Who ordered you to post that gun there, sir? Bring it over here!' "

The tone of these words were so assured and commanding, that the officer did not imagine they would be uttered by any other than one of the Federal generals, and bowing, he limbered up the piece, and prepared to move. Jackson lost no time in taking advantage of the opportunity. He put spurs to his horse, and accompanied by his staff, crossed the bridge at full gallop, followed by three hasty shots from the artillery, which had been hastily unlimbered and turned on him. The shots were too late, and were harmless.*

The following appeared in the *Confederate Veteran*, Nashville, Tenn., July, 1901:

STONEWALL JACKSON AT PORT REPUBLIC.

BY R. S. FORTSON, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

I was a member of Company F, Ninth Louisiana Volunteers, and was at Port Republic, Va., on the day of the battle between Shields, Federal commander, and Stonewall Jackson, Confederate. Being ill, I was with a small number of other sick soldiers ordered to cross from the north side of the river Shenandoah to the Port Republic side, and to go in the direction of the baggage trains. We crossed the river a little above the bridge in a small boat, after which most of the men went directly toward the baggage train, while I and a comrade named Jones, of the same company turned to the left and went directly to the pike. Upon reaching the pike we saw in the direction of the bridge that spanned the Shenandoah River three or four Federal soldiers with a

*NOTE.—As this incident, related by Cooke, is thoroughly in keeping with Jackson's nerve and dash, it is not in exact accord with other accounts of his movements that morning, and must refer to his crossing the river when going for reinforcements, instead of returning for the general battle.—AUTHOR.

cannon at the south entrance of the bridge, only seventy-five or one hundred yards from us, and pointing toward where we were. We started to run, when we saw General Jackson alone coming down the pike at a gallop. He had on his old brown cap, but wore a United States army overcoat. He rode by us, passing within ten feet of us, in the direction of the cannon above referred to. I heard him say: "Who ordered you to put that gun there? Move it down; don't you see the enemy over yonder?" pointing to our troops on the north side of the river and also pointing to a level place, a little below the bridge. The Yankees (as we then called them) at once removed the gun to the place indicated by General Jackson, who immediately rode through the bridge as fast as his horse could carry him, and waved his cap to his men as soon as he got where they could see him. They moved at a double-quick toward the bridge, firing as they went, and soon drove the gunners and other soldiers away from the bridge, and he marched his army right on. There were other Federal troops in sight down the river. I knew General Jackson by sight perfectly, and cannot be mistaken.

* * * * *

Once over the river, the Defenders turned cannons and rifles upon the enemy with furious fire, and ran them from Port Republic. Shields's infantry was coming up to reinforce, but it was too late, they could not stand Jackson's "foot artillery," and the novel sight of cannons, "firing on the run," was too much for them and they fled under the fearful slaughter of the Defenders.

Jackson's plans were carried out to a fine finish, and Shields was forced into a position, where he could not join Fremont. Had he attempted to do so, Jackson's artillery on both sides would have destroyed him completely, Jackson himself expressed it "*No, sir! No! He can not do it; I should tear him to pieces!*". Shields did not attempt such a reckless and foolhardy project.

In the battles of Port Republic and Cross Keys were men from nearly every Southern State, and it would be a pleasure, had we the space, to recount in these pages, or repeat, rather, the many acts of bravery, sacrifice and fortitude exhibited by them in each company or command. Many of the troops had never before seen mountains; were unaccustomed to the exertion of mountain climbing and the climate, which was at times, almost rigorous; but they fought as if on their native

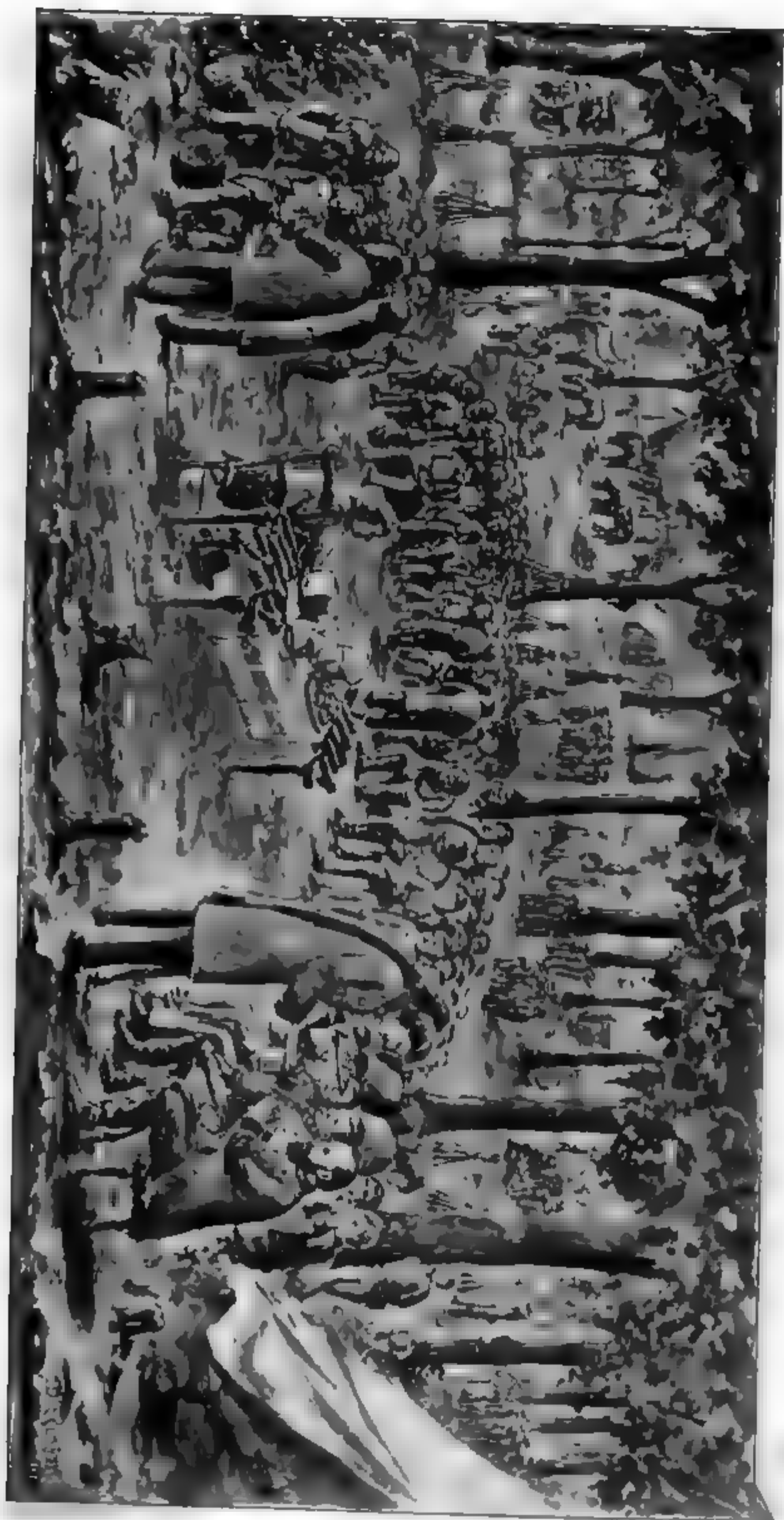
heath, and, certainly, on the soil upon which their forefathers had fought for American Independence. The Jackson men fought these battles for *independence*, not "freedom." They were already free.

We cannot imagine where the sentiment of that song of the Invaders's entitled "*Shout in the battle for your freedom.*" found its origin. Whose "freedom" was threatened? It seems to us a parody. The South had not in the least, disturbed the *freedom* of any other section.

It is more than painful to hear this musical misnomer in instrumental or vocal form. Quite as unpleasant to hear, as Sherman's musical triumph "*Marching through Georgia*" (a march that should bring a blush of shame to every man engaged in it). Marching against old men, women and children, without any possible chance of armed resistance, is hardly enough of war's achievement, to inspire a poet or musician! Probably the sense of satisfaction or safety originated the martial parasite. This "piece of music" should be debarred from every school in the United States. It is liable to teach the boys to fight girls; and this is wrong. We have heard gray-haired Southerners say; "There is nothing pretty about it anyway."

Fremont not expecting the turn matters had taken, swept down on General Ewell's little army, and would have crushed it, but he ran against some of the best troops the South had ever sent to the field. At about ten o'clock the battle began, and about noon Jackson reached the field. He, at a glance, saw hard fighting, and with that quick mind, and rapid manner of reaching conclusions, while under the strain of battle, he went with vim to the aid of Ewell.

The masterful strokes were too much for the enemy, who though having a superior force was, by sundown, ready to quit the field. The engagement had been in some respects severe; it began at ten o'clock and by noon Jackson went over the river to the scene of the battle and remained on the field until night, when, as there was no fighting to do, he requested Ewell to come to his headquarters that night, and left.

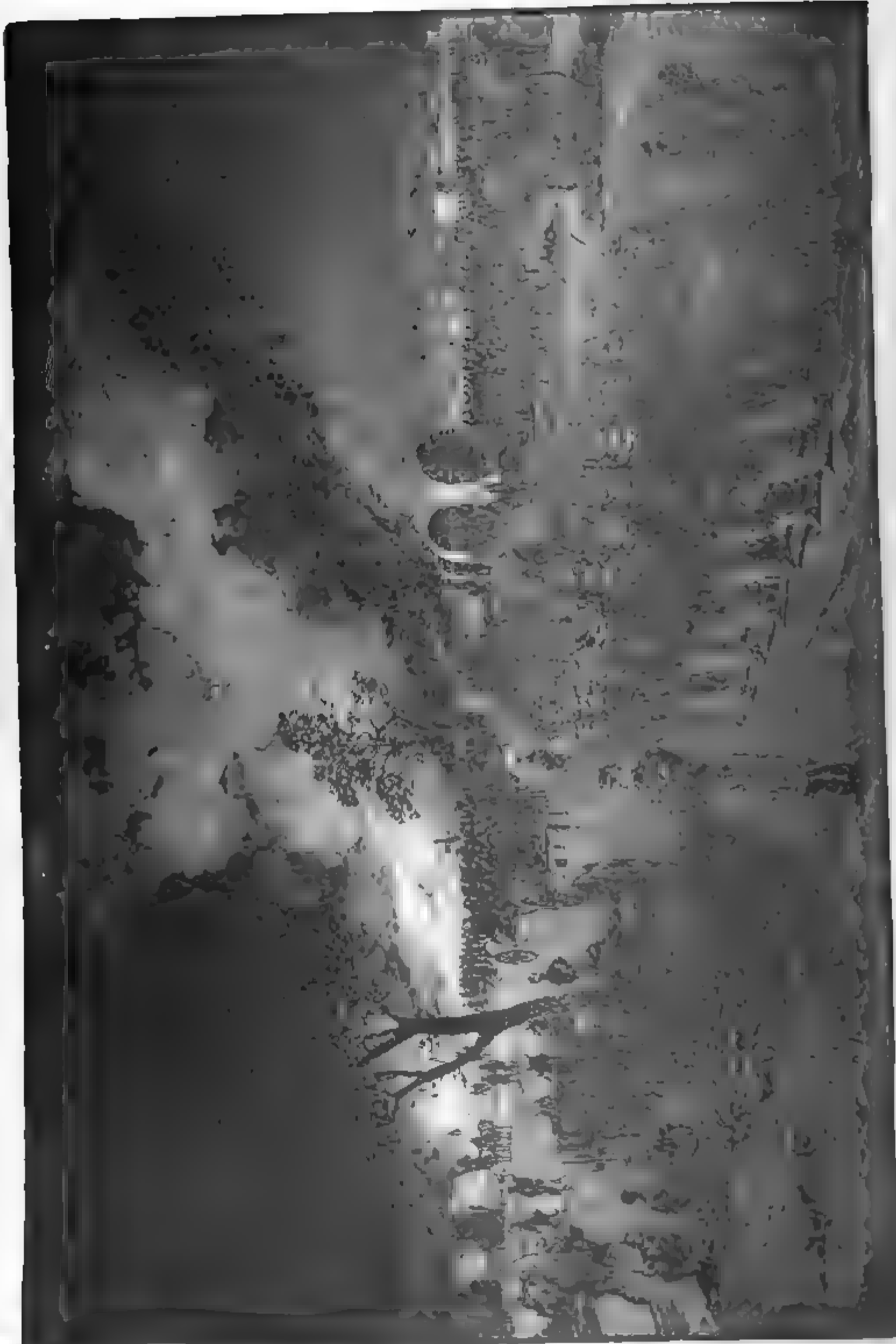




Battle of Frazier's Farm, June 30, 1862. (One of the 7 days battles around Richmond.
(From "Confederate Soldier in the Civil War.")



Charge of the Confederates on Randol's battery.
Copyright by the Century Co., 1884.



A Union retreat from the & his Kilmunby. The first Jackson & force 1
a supplies long by the & others: 1862

Jackson did not think he had as effectually defeated Fremont as that general considered himself defeated.

He had reported to Washington that he was overwhelmed by a superior force, which is a mistake, as Fremont had 18,000 and Ewell less than 6,000; and the numbers actually in the fight were in about the same proportion. But it is well to tell these things when an officer has failed in his efforts; at least some seem to think so, if the reports on file in Washington, be read and compared with the truth.

The night was calm and the moon shone in all its glory. Under the effulgent rays Jackson was superintending the building of a bridge made of planks, put on the running gear of wagons and the wagons were drawn into the river and the planks placed upon them. A novel bridge, but better than wading the river. This "wagon-bridge" was at the lower ford.

At two o'clock in the morning Jackson was at work on his plan to finish up Shields next day, for he thought Fremont was merely stunned, and he, therefore must drive Shields far out of reach. An officer came to Jackson and was given directions to the effect that five hours were to be devoted to getting Shields out of the way, and the work was done within the five hours.

Port Republic battle is claimed to be one of the most spirited and swift engagements of the war. It was not a great battle in the sense of numbers engaged, but the rapid motion, strategy, courage and endurance of the officers and men were of great value. Both sides lost no time or energy in fighting and contested bravely. Shields personally, it is said, was only fifteen miles in the rear of the fight, but his next officer, General Tyler, (who was no doubt the proper man to be in actual command), did good service; he gave the Defenders "a hot fight," and but for that same spirit that under all circumstances held these iron-nerved and strong-hearted Southerners to the steel and bullets of their foe, the day would have been Tyler's. The loss was severe on both sides, but the battle belonged to the Defenders.

Some scenes occurred that day which should forever shame

all connected with or were responsible for the same. Jackson's men were caring for the sick and wounded, including the men of the enemy as well—those who had fallen into the hands of the Defenders—they were fired upon, in spite of the surgeons' yellow flags which were in distinction of the Invaders. Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Maryland, chaplain of the First Maryland Regiment, with prayer-book in hand, was standing near a row of graves or ditch, in which the dead were to be placed, when Fremont's men fired shells among the funeral gathering assembled to perform the last rites over the comrades and enemy as well.

It has been stated that the reason for this inhuman treatment of the surgeons and chaplains, firing shells into the midst, was done for the purpose of inducing Jackson to accept a flag of truce that he might properly attend to his wounded and dead. And had the design succeeded, then the Confederate commander would telegraph his government that Jackson was forced to ask a flag of truce, and therefore, the day was won by Fremont's. But if any such scheme actuated the enemy, it did not work; and Fremont was compelled to adopt other plans for reporting as the battle was unquestionably won by the Defenders.

Had Jackson not been too shrewd for such a scheme, he might have been entrapped into the trick; as it was not all the commander of the Invader army could do was to telegraph Washington the next possible ruse, and he win the day. He had been overpowered by the vast numbers of the Defenders. This same officer left his sick, wounded and his supplies at Harrisonburg, to the mercy of the Defenders—their hands and his adversaries—but these adversaries did not shell the unfortunate men; they were cared for, and not molested. Such abuses of this nature were not the rule among the Confederate commanders, but the exceptions were, nevertheless, diabolical, and should be exposed. We here give the testimony of Dr. Tebault, of New Orleans, surgeon-general of the United Confederate Veterans, showing the sentiment of men of mercy, and calling attention to a duty due their comrades, dead and living. We sincerely hope that the su-

of the Southern armies will have their war services written carefully and exhaustively.

OFFICE OF SURGEON-GENERAL, UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
623 North Lafayette Square,

NEW ORLEANS, LA., JUNE 30, 1898.

To the Survivors of the Medical Corps of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States:

Comrades: The eighth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will take place on the 20th, 21st, 22d and 23d of July, 1898, at Atlanta, Ga.—that historic, patriotic Southern city which was subjected to the torch after being captured by the Federal army under General Sherman, her helpless women and children and non-combatants made homeless and sheltered by refugees, in a land scarred and desolated by more than two thousand hard fought, bloody battlefields, and whose territory, almost to a foot, had felt the thunderbolts of a most cruel and destructive war. The great majority not only of the patient and patriotic and humane surgeons constituting that peerless medical corps, but the great majority likewise of the pure and valiant men comprising all the other great departments of the Confederate government and its matchless army and navy, have preceded us across the river of Time, and are now resting "under the shade of the trees," awaiting our coming on the eternal plains in the vast impenetrable Beyond.

As survivors of that Christian-hearted, distinguished corps of Confederate surgeons who knew no enemy in their professional work, is there not a high and pressing important duty remaining to be done, and due, not less to ourselves than to our departed and immortal comrades of the same service—a responsible duty to collect and systematize for reference, the correct professional facts relating to our work in field and hospital and military prison in connection with the unequalled world-wide involving Southern Constitutional Cause that the coming historian may with readiness and with truthfulness record them for the future generations to read and appreciate?

For the first time, Jackson saw on this day, when returning from the pursuit of the enemy, the explosive rifle balls. In these balls is a hollow space at the end, in which is placed fulminating powder, intended to explode if touched by the surgeon's probe, when searching for the bullet in wounds. Can any implement of warfare be more wicked or cruel? Or is anything, and everything fair in war?

Shields was surely out of the way, and the first blow had been given in the most masterful punishment probably, in history, touching military experience namely: Jackson's defeat

STORY OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

2
of two great armies, that had him pinned in, with vastly superior forces!

Jackson with his men, were taking short snatches of uneasy rest, when the scouts came in during the night, or rather very early in the morning, on the tenth, reporting that Fremont was having timber brought to the river. This was accepted as meaning the building of a bridge, to be placed where Ewell had burned the old bridge, when he came over with his men to join Jackson.

The burning of that bridge, by Ewell, was not a trifling act, in its strategic bearing; when a bridge is burnt behind an army, it is usually done when there is no enemy's army in front, but a great deal of the enemy, behind. In this instance, there was an enemy, and a vast one, in front and behind also. It was, like all Jackson's acts, done under what men have nearly concluded, was inspiration on the part of the Master of Armies!

Fremont contenting himself with a make-believe, as far as bridge-building was concerned, was suddenly smitten with the impression that if Shields was so completely routed there was nothing to prevent his meeting such or alike fate, and this with the repulse on the eighth, would be difficult to explain to the Washington authorities, so he went on toward Harrisonburg.

He was followed as far as Harrisonburg, and when he heard the enemy, which proved to be only a band of cavalry, he ran; and as related herein, left his sick and wounded and all the hospital outfit in Harrisonburg. Counting the prisoners and the sick at Harrisonburg, his loss was over nine hundred, and this does not include the loss by death. He also lost nine field pieces, cannons, over a thousand small arms of the most recent makes, and other valuable supplies.

These accumulations were trifles to the results of the victory over both Fremont and Shields. For Jackson and his men had again held the Invader hosts off Richmond by diverting them and breaking into all plans at Washington. He had out-generated every Invader leader sent against him, while his men had covered their arms with eternal fame. Jackson lost

one piece of artillery, because he had no horses with which to move it, but not a man was lost by capture in the three battles. His loss was 1,173 men; the Invaders lost 1,775, not counting their loss in wounded and prisoners about 900.

In fifteen days Jackson had moved over a hundred miles with a little army of less than 17,000; been constantly menaced by two armies of nearly three times the size of his, one on one side and one on the other, and either with proper energy or skill could, had they been like his men, have routed him "fore and aft."

In forty days he had marched four hundred miles, fought four regular pitched battles, innumerable skirmishes and combats; *defeated four armies* and their generals, Banks, Shields, Milroy, Fremont with Blenker, Sigel, Stienwehr, Schenck and others. He had sent 4000 prisoners to the rear, and delivered on parole over a thousand more, and inflicting a loss by death and wounds of likely 6000. He had captured over three millions of dollars worth of stores and property from the enemy, besides having rendered McClellan powerless, and driven dismay and terror to every part of the North and almost paralyzed the government at Washington.

CHAPTER XXVII.

JACKSON AND HIS MEN CELEBRATE THE LORD'S SUPPER— FIRST INSTANCE IN HISTORY OF ITS CELEBRATION IN CAMP—OFFICIALLY DESIGNATES HIS FOE AS INVADERS.

Let us look at this humble Christian soldier, as he is resting a day or so with his men after their agony of war and the loss of many dear comrades left for ever in the soil of Virginia. We find him, after two days rain, on the plains of Mount Meridian, not far from Brown's gap and the scenes of the bloody Port Republic and Cross Keys.

For five days, his little army remained at this beautiful spot bathing in the sparkling Shenandoah, resting while they did their sewing and a hundred other little odd things which they had been compelled to neglect while on the constant march and fight.

On the following Saturday, Jackson had divine service in his army, and all attended. A striking feature of this season of rest was the administration of the Lord's Supper on Sunday, June 15. This must have been an imposing scene. There in the woods, the ministers of the gospel, army chaplains, passing among the war-stained veterans, handing them the chalice and patin. Jackson took an humble place, and partook of the sacramental feast as a private soldier.

On the thirteenth, he issued this order to his army: "The fortitude of the troops under fatigue, and their valor in action, have again, under the blessing of Divine Providence, placed it in the power of the commanding-general to congratulate them upon the victories of June 8 and 9. Beset on both flanks by two boastful armies, you have escaped their toils, inflicting successively, crushing blows upon each of your pursuers.

Let a few more such efforts be made, and you may confidently hope that our beautiful valley will be cleansed from the pollution of the Invaders' presence. The major-general commanding invites you to observe to-morrow, June 14, (*Saturday*) from 3 o'clock P. M., as a season of thanksgiving, by a sus-

pension of all military exercises and by holding divine service in the several regiments."

A few days after this, he writes his wife that his army is stationed near one of those wonderful caves for which the valley is famous. The cave is called Weyer's, and is not far from the celebrated Luray cave. Jackson wrote that every time he looked in the direction of the cave, he was sadly reminded of her, as they had visited the cave together when living in their happy home in Lexington not far away.

He finished his letter which was full of gentleness and thoughts of their eternal welfare, by saying, "Would'nt you like to get home again?" His mind dwelt on peace, *but death was to be preferred as he expressed it, to peace without honor and independence.*

Had he lived, there would have been peace, not only in America, but throughout all the world. Jackson had plans that would have resulted in the Christian people ruling the affairs of this earth.

Louisiana "Tigers," the troops under General Taylor deserve especial mention for their charge at Port Republic. Jackson heard the cheers of the Invaders as their splendid artillery threw their iron against his men; he could not endure this and galloping up to General Taylor said: "Can you take that battery? It must be taken." General Taylor galloped back to his brigade, and pointing his sword to the enemy's battery on the hill, called out in a voice loud and clear, "Louisianians! Can you take that battery?" With a yell they sprang to the charge. It was a desperate thing to undertake, but they ran down the hill covered with tangled undergrowth, across the meadow and up the mountain in the front of a deadly fire, described as being very rapid and angry. They were mowed down by the grape, shell and canister, but they went on, true to their organization name, like tigers indeed. Behind the cannons were heavy bodies of infantry, and these men poured their bullets into the ranks of the "Tigers." Officers and men went down under the fire. Out of three hundred and eight men in the charge, one hundred and fifty-eight were killed or wounded, but on they went

yelling and firing until they literally took the guns from the hands of the Invaders, and then as they ran, turned their own guns upon them with terrible slaughter.

Fresh brigades were sent to recapture the guns, and the Tigers with the Third Virginia Regiment had to give way, but they charged again and finally got the guns back from the Invaders, and kept them pouring a deadly fire into their routed forces.

The battle surged with varying fate around this spot, but finally the Defenders after terrible fighting won the day and Shields was forced to retreat, being defeated.

Jackson sent the following modest dispatch to Richmond :

NEAR PORT REPUBLIC, June 9th, via STAUNTON, June 10th.

Through God's blessing the enemy near Port Republic was this day routed with loss of six pieces of his artillery.

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General Commanding.

Over thirty years ago a talented writer of many books upon the war, the lamented John Esten Cooke, said: "This campaign, April to June, made the fame of Jackson as a commander. . . Jackson's Campaign of the Valley will always attract the attention of military men, and be studied by them as a great practical exposition of the art of making war."

"The swift and sudden marches, the rapid advances and successful retreats, the obstinate refusal to fight on some occasions and his furious and almost reckless onslaughts on others; his far-seeing generalship, his prudent boldness, and that indomitable resolution and tenacity of purpose which no storm could shake."

His country had already begun to look upon him as a "Man of Fate," a tower of strength. His victories ever brought to the failing heart of his country, new life. Scarcely had he rested from his labors and successes in the mountains, before he was called to a broader field of action. And yet, by some ungenerous element in the government, he was never given the honor and distinction he so richly deserved.

No other general had shown the skill and genius of Jack-

son. He had invariably won his battles. He defeated three generals in detail with their three armies amounting to sixty thousand, and did this with less than a fourth as many men and with arms, supplies, even food for the men and outfits far inferior in every way to his foes' equipments.

While his army on one occasion was resting from a long march, two sentinels on duty out in a steady rain were complaining of the hardships of soldier life, when one of them said: "I wish the Yankees were in h—." "I don't," said the other. "Why not?" "Because, if they were, 'Old Jack' would have his pickets at the mouth of that place before sun-up to-morrow." His troops said of him, "he is easy on us when our backs are to the 'Yanks,' but look out when he turns our faces to 'em. It's long-step then, night and day!"

Fremont spoke officially of the battles of Port Republic and Cross Keys as a "significant demonstration of the enemy." The "demonstration" sent him whirling down the valley and put him in touch with Shields, Banks, and Sigel. The meeting and greetings of this dismayed and chagrined body of commanders must have been pathetic. Likely Jackson and his wasps were referred to feelingly.

On the 10th of June, Jackson sent to his wife this modest telegram, and also wrote her: "After a hotly contested field from 6 to 10.30 A. M., completely routed the enemy, who lost eight pieces of artillery during the two days. God has been our shield and to His name be all the glory. *How I do wish for peace, but only upon condition of our national independence.*"

We notice that Jackson frequently in his telegraphic reports to Richmond and even in his letters, refers to the number of pieces of artillery lost by the enemy and seldom refers to capture of men or results. It is possible, that he like Napoleon, laid great store by artillery, also he was always an artilleryman, and knew what it costs to capture artillery by the courage and loss of life involved in its capture. As he never used idle expressions, his frequent reference to captured artillery has a meaning.

A northern writer said of him: "Jackson moves infantry

with the celerity of cavalry. His men always said, 'Jackson moves at 'early dawn' except when he started the night before!' But despite all these 'hardships, fatigues and dangers' a more cheerful, genial, jolly set could not be found than these men in gray."

A Federal prisoner once remarked, "I believe if old Jackson was to point out some artillery and gun blankets on the other side of hell, you fellows would wade through its fires to capture them."

Among the jokes of Jackson's men—and we have all heard soldiers joke—was the dubbing General Banks "Old Jack's Commissary," because he captured so much from this officer who complained that his government "sacrificed him" (giving no credit to Jackson's men for aiding in the sacrifice). When Jackson got after Banks the men would say: "Lee is out of rations and is sending 'Old Jack' after Banks."

General Ewell's name will live among the generals of America, and, in the South. Sons and daughters of men who were with him, Jackson, Ashby, Winder, Taliaferro, Stewart Taylor and many other knights of the South, will remember the days of their fathers in the "Valley Campaign" then about to close, as Jackson's men were wanted to save Richmond.

Once a gentleman asked Ewell what he thought of Jackson's generalship, he replied: "Well, sir, when I first commenced I thought him crazy; before I ended, I thought him inspired." Generals Ewell and A. P. Hill went to Jackson's tent one night just before a great battle was to be fought; General Ewell left his sword at Jackson's tent and went back after it, and just as General Hill predicted, he found Jackson praying, calling on the Lord for guidance in the coming struggle.

General Ewell when he joined General Hill related the scene he had just witnessed, and added, "If that is religion I must have it," and not long after he became a devout follower of the Saviour, and he said it all came of Jackson's influence. Before that time General Ewell had been very profane.

Jackson's servant, Jim, a faithful one to the end, like all body-servants, found out all about his master's habits. He said: "The General is a great man for praying—night and

morning—all times. But when I see him get up in the night to go off and pray, then I know *there is going to be something to pay*; then I go right straight and pack his haversack, because I know he will be calling for it before day."

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

- " Come, stack arms, men; pile on the rails;
 Stir up the camp-fires bright,
 No matter if the canteen fails,
 We'll make a roaring night.
 Here Shenandoah brawls along,
 There lofty Blue Ridge echoes strong,
 To swell the brigade's roaring song
 Of Stonewall Jackson's way.
- " We see him now—the old slouched hat,
 Cocked o'er his eye askew;
 The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
 So calm, so blunt, so true.
 The 'Blue-light Elder' knows them well;
 Says he, 'That's Banks—he's fond of shell;
 Lord save his soul! we'll give him'—well
 That's Stonewall Jackson's way.
- " Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
 Old 'Blue-light's' going to pray;
 Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
 Attention! It's his way!
 Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God;
 'Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod,
 Amen!' That's Stonewall's way.
- " He's in the saddle now! Fall in!
 Steady, the whole brigade!
 Hill's at the Ford, cut off! We'll win
 His way out, ball and blade.
 What matter if our shoes are worn?
 What matter if our feet are torn?
 Quick step! we're with him before morn.
 That's Stonewall Jackson's way.
- " The sun's bright lances rout the mists
 Of morning—and by George!
 There's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge.

Pope and his columns whipped before—
‘Bayonets and grape!’—hear Stonewall roar;
‘Charge, Stuart! pay off Ashby’s score!’
That’s Stonewall Jackson’s way.

“ Ah, maiden, wait and watch and yearn,
For news of Stonewall’s band;
Ah, widow, read with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on,
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
The foe had better ne’er been born,
Than get in Stonewall’s way!”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ORDERED TO AID IN DEFENSE OF RICHMOND—HIS ADROIT
MARCH.—SEVEN DAYS BATTLES AROUND RICH-
MOND.—JACKSON'S MARVELOUS VISION AS
TO MCCLELLAN'S DEFEAT.

Jackson was needed to aid in the defense of Richmond against the rapidly combining forces of the Invaders. And the thought of leaving the mountains to go to swampy, low lands is not a pleasant one. The summer was the season above all others, when such a move was especially uncomfortable, on account of the cool, clear waters, the delightful air, refreshing and invigorating nights of slumber; the peculiarly attractive *markets* of the mountains, rich milk, butter, mutton, and other especially attractive food supplies. But a soldier's life is one of uncertainty and trial.

None of the troops knew anything as to the plans of their commander. Not even Jackson's staff knew. Jackson firmly believed that "*Mystery is the secret of success.*" He often would say that success depended upon secrecy. We have been told that he said, on more than one occasion, that if his coat knew what he was going to do, he would take it off and burn it. He had the reticence of a Von Moltke.

It is well here to give something of the keen foresight of Jackson and show how he would even keep his military family—his staff—in the dark about any movement he contemplated making. He had on this occasion all his engineers working on maps and routes to the Valley, and thus they told all their intimates, confidentially, that Jackson was going to follow Fremont; when as a fact, he was preparing at the moment to go in the opposite direction.

Jackson had been sent for to move at once and help Johnston; and while this was all well enough, Jackson knew a great deal more about the situation than those who were so free with orders as to where he should go; and though he could not refuse, as he was not in command of the movements of the army, he could save his men, and also carry out for the Con-

federacy more, than men so far from the real thing of war itself, could possibly do.

He knew that Shields, Fremont, McDowell, and the rest of the Invaders, were watching him. That the Northern people were in mortal dread of his advancing on the capital—Washington—and, worse still, the whole Northern country. From prisoners and every source of information, he was convinced that his men were dreaded as so many demons and desperate fighters.

He could not doubt but that they would try to capture his men if they got them anywhere in their power, as they had such heavy odds against him, inexhaustible supplies and everything that war required; and if he was captured, that Johnston's men would go also, and thence the army about Richmond would follow, and all be lost.

He had an able officer meet him one night, and there they had an understanding as to what Colonel Munford was to do. Jackson decided to order Colonel Munford to return to Harrisonburg to tell the news, where the people would hear it, that "Jackson was going down the Valley or *things looked that way*"—for Jackson would not tell a falsehood—nor did Colonel Munford know what Jackson's purposes in reality were.

The surgeons of the Invaders' army, whom Jackson was allowing to stay at Harrisonburg under a flag of truce—although Fremont had fired on Jackson's men—thought the flag of truce would have to end at once, and that their sick soldiers would have to be taken care of by Jackson's surgeons.

The plan worked like a charm, and the surgeons fearing that by some of the strange hitches common in war times, they might get mixed up and taken prisoners, left the sick without any further ceremony, and as the Colonel let them have teams to hurry on with knowing that they would tell the news that much quicker, they lost no time telling Fremont that "*Jackson's whole army was advancing.*"

The manner Jackson went about this illustrates his capacity for the smallest details. He wrote Colonel Munford a note, and from this the Colonel found out as much as he knew

of Jackson's immediate advance, and was requested to meet him at night.

There was a gentleman living near Harrisonburg who was humorous, and possessed shrewd ways of getting food for the army and a very loud voice. Colonel Munford had this gentleman walk with him to his room on his return, which room was only separated from the one occupied by the surgeons, by a thin partition.

The Colonel talked very loud and the other continued to question. This conversation nearly drove the surgeons wild as they heard that Jackson was preparing to move at once. Soon they were sent for and told of Jackson's intentions.

The result has been told above. One of the richest parts of this joke was that when these surgeons were allowed to come in under a flag of truce, they were very arrogant, and said that it made very little difference, as Fremont and Shields were to join and drive Jackson away. A boaster nearly always loses.

The enemy were rushing to Strasburg away up the Valley toward Harper's Ferry while Jackson was moving his army by various ways, toward the east, but in directly opposite direction from the Valley. General Lee had given orders to meet the prisoners taken by Jackson, and parole the officers, who would at once tell the news about the great reinforcements for Jackson going to the Valley, and this would cause Lincoln to keep reinforcements from McClellan, and draw the attention of the whole Northern army to the Valley, away from Richmond.

After two days marching, Jackson in the meantime giving orders to have the cavalry watch the enemy and keep out all possible communication, they reached a point near Charlottesville, and then Jackson gave his staff to understand where they were going. The enemy were then too far to reach him, and he was too near Johnston to be pressed by the enemy. Jackson rode ahead now with a few couriers, and went to Gordonsville about twenty miles toward Richmond.

The very strictest orders were issued to keep the men in ignorance of everything. A joke is told on Jackson, in the

STORY OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

way of his men understanding how to *catch* their general. Jackson was riding along, and he saw some men up in a cherry tree. He asked them, "Where are you going?" "I don't know," replied the soldier. "To what command do you belong?" "I don't know." "Well what State are you from?" "I don't know."

"What is the meaning of all this," Jackson asked of another, and the soldier replied, "Old Stonewall and General Hood issued orders yesterday that we were not to know anything until after the fight."

Another anecdote is told at this time—one of the "wizard's" generals asked a minister who was entertaining Jackson, to tell him where his commander was going, general.

"I was about to ask you the same question, general," Before marching he had a long talk with one of his friends, in which he said that if he could get sixty thousand troops, he would go direct to Pennsylvania. "I will not go down the Valley, I do not want the people there harassed. I will go with forty thousand, if the president will give them to me and my route will be along the east side of the Blue Ridge." The route Jackson named, was the very route Lee took to Gettysburg in that fatal campaign.

At one o'clock on Sunday morning Jackson took one courier and rode to Richmond to meet General Lee. A few miles from his quarters he came to the picket line and was halted. He tried to get through, but the soldier told him he was ordered not to pass citizens or soldiers, and the order he said was from "Jackson." Finally, the Captain was called and he knew Jackson in person, and thus he was allowed to pass. He praised the picket for doing his duty and not allowing him to pass.

The night before Jackson took this journey to Richmond, he had been invited to breakfast with some friends near by, and when the servant came over to his tent, to summon the party to breakfast, no one was there but his servant, who told the servant of his master's intended hostess: "The general left at one o'clock last night and I recond, is whippin' t Yankees in the Valley by now."



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A group of people in a wooded area. A man in a dark suit and white shirt stands in the center, looking towards the camera. To his left, a woman in a light-colored dress is partially visible. To his right, another woman in a light-colored dress is looking down. In the foreground, a young girl in a light-colored dress is looking towards the camera. The background is filled with trees and foliage.



"THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS."

Represents a "CONFEDERATE CANDLE" made of string and wax,
coiled on a spool. Some of these candles had
several yards of "tape."

Kindness of Confederate Veteran.





The "Old home ain't what
it used to be."



A FAITHFUL DEFENDER.

A monument should be raised by the boys and
of the South to the "tried and true" slaves, who
guard over their mothers and grandmothers, when
the men were "in de wars."



FAMILIAR SCENES IN 1865.

From Southern homes went brave men, never to return, and
broken-hearted mothers, wives and sisters were forced to
desert the "dearest place on earth"—home.

Concerning the same trip another story is told. He and his companion stopped at the home of a gentleman for horses, as they had ridden very hard up to this point and his horse was jaded; he was refused, and rather abruptly, as the gentleman did not know his visitors. No one suspected the commander of an army to be so plainly uniformed as Jackson and traveling almost alone, and in so unassuming a manner. Jackson, nevertheless, took the horses and left his "old Sorrel" and his companion's horse, until he could return the impressed horses. The owner of the horses was very indignant, but when he was asked to saddle the horses, he lost patience and told Jackson that he had his negroes to do this kind of work. When the gentleman had ascertained that the officer who had so uncere- moniously taken his horse was Stonewall Jackson, he said had he known who the officer was, he would have saddled all the horses on his plantation for him and done anything he wanted done.

Jackson knew how to move an army by railroad and this was his plan. Instead of having some moved and others left waiting away in the rear, he would have the trains with the army wares of all kinds—the freights—moved to the front; then the passenger trains were taken to the rear, the *hindmost* troops taken up and carried beyond the *foremost*; then the train was run again to the rear, the hindmost troops taken up, and so on till a whole army gained a day no time being lost, and the *rear was kept up*.

Generals Lee and Jackson had their interview, and the latter went at once to his troops and took them to Ashland junction. We cannot take the reader through these battles now to follow—the "seven-days fight" around Richmond—as Jackson was only a commander among many others, and the real force of the man was of course hampered by circumstances. The battle of Chickahominy was then being prepared for, and we can only give the merest outlines as to Jackson's part.

Jackson was enthused at the thought of engaging in a gigantic battle, and he would scarcely eat or sleep, so eager was he to get his men into position; he chafed at the delays over which he had no control, not even indirectly.

The enemy had burned bridges to delay him, and inexperienced officers caused other delays. He was all energy, and he realized the import of Napoleon's words, "Ask me for anything but time."

Late at night two leading generals came to him and suggested a plan to march his command by two columns instead of one, and thus use two roads. He did not reply, but told them to return later. As they left, one remarked that the reply was withheld until the general could pray over it. One of the officers returned and found Jackson engaged in prayer.

It devolved upon him to open the battle at Richmond by an attack on the right flank of McClellan's army. The sound of his artillery at a certain hour was to be the signal for others to attack in front. It is related that mounted on old "Traveller," General Lee took position on the field, watch in hand, awaiting the time. The hand upon the dial had scarcely pointed to the hour, when the thunder of guns announced to his chief that "Stonewall" had begun the fight. Turning to an officer Lee exclaimed exultingly, "Jackson is always in time."

The "seven-days fight" around Richmond was marked by many desperate struggles. The charge of the Texans called forth high praise from Jackson.

The brave act of the young Alabamian, Pelham of Stuart artillery, was noted by Jackson in person; this youthful officer fought a whole battery of Invader artillery with one cannon until he received reinforcements, and the rout of the enemy followed.

Jackson ordered, when exasperated by delay, "*Sweep the field with the bayonet!*" and he moved about over the battlefield with his old faded cap well-down over his forehead, and sucking a lemon.

Graphic accounts have been given of the rout of the Invader army, and Jackson, Longstreet, Lawton, the Hills, Hampton, Magruder, Whiting, Ewell, Hood, Winder, Cunningham, Trimble, Stuart, Huger, Holmes, Anderson, Taylor, and their brave officers and invincible men, crowned themselves with fame in these contests and struggles, when their various commands had to fight sometimes four and five to one.

The Invaders burned Lee's home, the house in which Washington was married, and all the outbuildings, and did what damage possible to the surrounding country, as they saw they were being forced from the various positions. The burning of Lee's home was vandalism of unusual degree. The positions from which the Invader army was being driven were in reality, battle-fields—Chickahominy, Cold Harbor, Gaines Mill, Savage Station, Mechanicsville, Frazier's Farm, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, and other smaller positions.

The Defenders passed through the "cities of canvass," the camps of the Invaders, and found all kinds of first-class war materials; even a regular telegraph office, used by McClellan, with lines leading direct to Washington. The Invaders had tried to destroy these supplies by burning and cutting. Piles of the best quality of provisions were partly burned where they had been piled in heaps; drugs and medical stores were mixed with mud; tools, axes, hatchets, spades, shovels, picks, pontoon bridges, wagons, cooking utensils and a long list of fixtures and appliances were found, partially destroyed.

The Defenders captured over 10,000 prisoners, fifty-two pieces of artillery and thirty-five thousand stands of arms.

One of the most desperate and huge acts of this retreating army was the running into the river a train loaded with ammunition, which they had fired. The explosion and fearful rush of the mad, burning train, without an engineer or any person near to stop the wild hurricane of "thunder and lightning," is described as being the most terrific sight witnessed during the war. The train dashed through the bridge that had been cut, and went with an earthquake crash into the river below. A picture of this train is given.

The season was hot, being mid-summer, and the flat marshy country in which these battles were fought, between 25th of June and 1st of July, 1862, made the hardships much more oppressive. There were bogs, mud and swamps to contend with, undergrowth or tangled briars, ditches, etc.; rain, heat, thirst—scarcely a day or night was spent that the men did not suffer from hunger. But they were fighting for their homes.

Many were killed, wounded and taken prisoners. The figures of these battles as to general loss are appalling.

Near Savage Station the Invaders left thousands of their sick in the hands of the Southern troops and their whole hospital outfits—a small city of white canvas, was abandoned. Weeks were consumed in gathering up the stores left by the Invaders. Mules and horses by the hundreds and all kinds of outfits were sent to Richmond. So many of the Invaders surrendered from time to time, that some one said to Jackson: "It will embarrass us to feed them." He replied: "It is cheaper to feed them at present than fight them." Jackson captured more than one "hospital city."

The sickness from fevers and other diseases fell heavy upon both Northern and Southern troops. The greatest loss in war is from sickness, and the following figures in the foot notes serve to give an idea of the ravages from this cause.

The following notes from Dr. Tebault, Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans, will be found instructive upon this *serious side* of war:

"In numbers the Federal loss was 67,058 killed and 43,012 died of wounds; total, 110,070. Of the Confederates the like total was 74,524. The Confederates had 53,773 killed outright and 194,026 wounded on the field of battle. More than one-third of the 600,000 Confederates were therefore confided to the Confederate surgeons for battle wounds.

"For the nineteen months—January, 1862, to July, 1863, inclusive—over 1,000,000 cases of wounds and sickness were entered upon the Confederate field reports and over 400,000 cases of wounds upon the hospital reports. It is estimated that each of the 600,000 Confederates were, on an average, disabled for greater or lesser periods, by wounds and sickness, about six times during the war.

"The heroic, untiring important part thus borne by the skillful Confederate surgeons in maintaining in the field an effective army of unexampled Confederate soldiers must challenge particular attention."

During these days and nights of constant and miasmatic exposure and loss of rest (and Dr. McGuire tells us that Jackson could not survive loss of sleep without its effects telling upon his nervous system), caused many to notice in Jackson a reaction in his usual energy. Some have been heartless enough to attribute his temporary indisposition to a waning zeal. We refrain from comment upon such persons as they did not even

spare the chief, General Lee, in their criticism. Jackson himself, doubtless felt that the results of the day were not satisfactory, and he remarked as he lay down on the ground the night before the horrible battle of Malvern Hill, "Let us see if we cannot do something to-morrow,"

Several allusions have been made to Jackson's success when actively engaged upon campaigns in which he was enabled to handle his resources and manage affairs upon his own responsibility. He recognized in himself, as all men who are great must do, if they are sincere (and Jackson was certainly this), that he possessed the ability to command. His record shows that no one, during the entire war matched him in his campaigns for success. "*He never made a mistake.*"

It is not likely that he allowed the fact of his being for the first time made to serve as merely a part of a general action to influence him. He had the greatest regard for Lee. There can be no doubt of this. Therefore he could not have for a moment doubted his commander-in-chief. All his course denies this. But no mortal ever fathomed the true depths of this most remarkable man.

He was as conscious of his gifts and powers as any one; and yet, he was at all times an humble man who placed "God where God belonged" in his life—the ruler of his every action—and whether he felt when mixed with a general army of various and intricate combinations, that he was anything but an arm, instead of being the brain and arm, no one knows.

General D. H. Hill, in writing of Jackson, says: "Jackson's genius never was shown when he was under the command of another. It seemed then to be shrouded or paralyzed. Compare his inertness on this occasion with the wonderful vigor shown a few weeks later at Slaughter's (Cedar Mountain) in the stealthy march to Pope's rear, and in the capture of Harper's Ferry.

"MacGregor on his native heath was not more different from MacGregor in prison than was Jackson, as his own master, from Jackson in subordinate position. He wrote once to Richmond requesting that he might have "*fewer orders and*

more men." That was the key-note to his whole character. "The hooded falcon cannot strike the quarry."

Malvern Hill! The name sends a sigh to many a heart throughout America. Malvern Hill was the scene of the next battle, after the night referred to, when Jackson told his officers that they would all try and *do something* next day. Here fell many men whose names are yet spoken in sadness and pride. Jackson commanded on the left. The artillery fire from both sides was almost incessant. The charges of the Invaders was marked by the most stubborn onslaught, but the Southern soldiers had the advantage in many respects, in fact in all, save numbers and equipment.

All day they fought, both sides, like the fate of the war depended upon this struggle. Both sides were nearly exhausted. Night came, and the damp chilly air was comfortless. The artillery of the Invaders kept up its fire late into the night, lighting up the dismal, deathly scenes by the flashing glare of bursting shells. The Defenders fought, even though they barely could see; in fact, could only see the fire lines of the rifles of the Invaders, and shoot at that line. Yells filled the night, when sounds could be heard above the roar of the Invader's artillery. "A gruesomeness pervaded the whole earth, and night was hideous."

About ten o'clock the fighting stopped, and the men at once began to look for something to eat, and a place to rest. Jackson went part of the way to the rear, and in a few moments, was sound asleep on a pallet, out under the trees; his servant prepared this pallet for him. As he slept, the soldiers and wagons were moving about him. At one time, in that day's battle, he assisted in person in the moving of a piece of artillery.

At about one o'clock in the morning, one of his division-commanders came to his pallet, aroused him, and asked for orders. Jackson arose and sat on his ground-bed. At this moment the enemy was retreating, but no one knew it. The night was of Egyptian darkness, starless and black. In a moment Jackson said, "McClellan and his army will be gone by daylight." All the rest of the men looked for disaster the

next day, but he saw the enemy being defeated, having done its best, was routed.

By this laconic and electric response is again shown Jackson's almost inspired genius. He had no mind for fancies. He literally "took no council of his fears."

A writer who was in McClellan's army, reported:

"Huddled among the wagons were tens of thousands of stragglers; for the credit of the nation be it said they were wounded, sick or utterly exhausted, and could not have stirred but for the dread of the tobacco warehouses, (used as prisons in Richmond). The confusion of this herd of men and mules, wagons and wounded, men on foot, men on horses, men perched on wagons, by the road side, men searching for water, famishing for food, men lame and bleeding, men with ghostly eyes looking out between bloody bandages that hid thin faces—fill out the picture, the grim, gaunt, bloody picture of war in its most terrible features.

"The night was one of rain, storm and blackness, but as the men approached the river James, and the Galena's smokestacks, they were like Xenophon's hosts greeting "The Sea! The Sea!" On reaching the river, General McClellan went aboard one of the vessels at once, and meeting General Patterson, (*another one of Jackson's old victims*) he laid his hand on his shoulder and took him hurriedly into the cabin, beating the air with his clenched fist as they entered. He told Patterson the fate of the army, "that it lay stretched along the banks of the river."

* * * * *

The Northern Secretary of War officially reported, "I doubt whether there are to-day 50,000 men with their colors." (Note.—McClellan had over 115,000 men in the battle and reserve when the "seven-days" fight began).

None seemed to have any knowledge of his reaching the wonderful conclusions he did that night at Malvern Hill. Such as his assertion that the enemy was gone—when only three hours before he had been fighting him. The greater the consternation of others, the calmer he grew. He never temporized about any matter. He went to the element of war, with deductions, shorn of all confusion. He often said *war meant fighting*. "When once he saw the battle about him, no power could shake his confidence in his victory. He could tell at a glance when the enemy was whipped. His *vision* often puzzled his comrades."

The next morning General McClellan and his hosts were gone. He was anxious to follow the routed enemy, but again his hand was stayed. He was up and among his men at the break of day, had their food immediately prepared and plans arranged for their rest, both of which they sadly needed. An officer who had occasion on the day of the battle of Malvern Hill, to go to Jackson, says that he had never seen such an expression on his face before; that his was the most determined looking face he had ever gazed upon. Says the officer: "With fire flashing from his eyes, his under jaw projected and his teeth firmly set, he fairly seemed an avenging god bent on destruction, as he dashed over the battle-field." Many have said Jackson in battle was as indignant and infuriated as if the contest was that of a personal encounter.

As no orders came for his advance and as he was not in command, he could not follow the route. From the report of the farmers and others along the route taken by the retreating enemy, there can be no doubt but that Jackson with ten thousand fresh men could have captured McClellan's entire army. The Congressional committee from the North stated: "Nothing but a heavy rain, thereby preventing the enemy from bringing up its artillery, saved the army from destruction." This, while about as near as civil authorities get at war facts, proves that Jackson's conclusions concerning the weakness of the enemy were correct.

The failure to follow the enemy has been attributed to several causes. One, that incompetent and inexperienced officers were dilatory in their duties, and Lee being away from the field, the time to strike passed; and when Lee went over the ground with Jackson, in front of McClellan's position two days afterwards, it was decided not to strike. Too late! Jackson would have won a victory as complete as his victories always were; but then, he had no power to do more than carry out plans made by others.

The seven day's fighting around Richmond did not accomplish much, as the loss of men will never be repaid by the spoils of war. The fighting was brilliant and the number of

the Invaders was heavy as compared with the Defenders, about three to one.

Had McClellan been followed immediately, surrender would no doubt have ensued and the war ended.

In his Valley Campaign, Jackson, with less than seventeen thousand men, had run off over sixty thousand of the enemy, and in addition to this, had kept off fully forty thousand that threatened Fredricksburg and consequently, Richmond. These forty thousand were called to Washington when Jackson's defeat of Fremont and Shields was reported to Washington. Here, at Malvern Hill, with a routed army at his mercy, he was helpless!

Deeply impressed with the errors of which he could at most merely conjecture, as to cause, he wrote again to Richmond to friends there, and spoke to Colonel Boteler and also General Lee upon his proposition to invade the enemy's country; but his hopes were doomed to be shattered. True, after a while an excursion was made into the enemy's country, but not under Jackson's direction, as results show. With all sacredness, if we are to interpret the meaning by results, we must confess that Jackson's God of battle was indeed Jackson's God of battle, and not another's.

JACKSON IS THE ONLY GENERAL OR COMMANDER KNOWN TO HISTORY, OR OF WHICH ANY ACCOUNT IS GIVEN, WHO NEVER LOST A BATTLE OR WAS DEFEATED IN HIS CAMPAIGNS. This assertion is made in fair challenge for competent proof of its error.

The enemy was on Harrison's Landing on James River, below Richmond, and Jackson, it is said felt, that his "Scipio Africanus policy" could, at that moment, be tried. (A Fabian policy was never Jackson's); but he was not permitted to go. We have read of the exhausted condition and the loss of confidence among the troops in the Invading army, after the Seven Days fight around Richmond; and while this was not the condition of the Defenders, they were always brave, hopeful and determined, as all men are who fight for a just cause, *for their homes and inherited riches*, yet there was enough to dis-

courage the stoutest patriot's heart after these days of struggle to see nothing accomplished and thousands of their comrades dead or wounded. The losses of the Seven Days fight around Richmond was among the heaviest during the war.

Then too, the Southern soldiers had suffered great privations for lack of the barest necessities of life; food was scarce, clothing and medicines were equally as scarce. Who can compare the Southern troops to their enemies in any degree, or by any means? Their enemies had not only an enormous population from which to draw recruits to their ranks, not only the regular army to begin with, but the ports of the world were open to them, they had money by the billions and facilities for fitting out armies, that dazzled the North itself*

A Southern man, an officer, has said since the war ended, that the greatest man developed by the war was on the Northern side—true this Southern man has been unable to sustain himself, but this aside, he is wrong; who cannot be greater than a weak opponent, when supported by the array of power and advantages named above?

*STRIKING FACTS.

"Let me here briefly and tersely recite a few historic facts, from official data in my possession, of interest to stimulate our further research: Of the thirty-four States and Territories only eleven seceded. In these eleven States the men of military age—from eighteen to forty-five years—numbered 1,064,193—inclusive of lame, halt, blind, etc.

On the Union side the same class numbered 4,559,872—over four to one—without estimating the constant accessions from the world at large augmenting monthly the Union side.

The United States enlisted men numbered 2,865,028 against not exceeding 600,000 on the side of the Confederacy.

With the States of Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, West Virginia, Tennessee and the remainder of the Southern States, the remarkable facts present that the South itself—the slave States—gave exceeding 300,000 to the Union side—more than half as many soldiers as comprised the entire Confederate army.

These facts, derived from the war records, show that there were four armies in the field, each one of which was as large as the entire Confederate army, without including the more than 300,000 contingent from the South.—*C. H. Tebault, M.D., of New Orleans, Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans.*

Jackson." The faithful Virginian was overcome, and she placed her hands to her face and wept. Everything she had, including the butter-milk, was put on the table for her loved general.

It is a fact worthy of note, that during these seven days of battles, wherever Jackson went, or the men could see him, he was cheered, and nowhere could he go, or appear, that the men did not yell all sorts of affectionate words of recognition. He was beloved in his brigade, he was loved by the whole army, by the people, and to-day by the world at large.

Many believe that a special Providence watched over Jackson. On a march to attack the enemy about Cold Harbor, Jackson was not familiar with the country, and his guide being either stupid or inclined to take advantage of his importance, Jackson was misled—taking the wrong road. This was a serious matter—to lose an hour with a whole army going into action as a reinforcing body; and yet Jackson said, with his customary patience, "Let us trust that the providence of God will so overrule it, that no mischief shall result." The delay enabled General D. H. Hill to meet him at the right time exactly, and they joined General A. P. Hill who was fighting overwhelming numbers, and the three soon drove the enemy back, though after a savage resistance on part of the Invaders. During this day Jackson shone at his best.

He rode among the different bodies of troops and gave orders. There was a delay. The sun was going down on that terrible June day, and he saw the Defenders were being crowded by the artillery and desperate fighting of the enemy. He gave this order: "Tell them this affair must hang in suspense no longer—*sweep the field with the bayonet.*" Fortunately, the delay had broken before the order had to be executed, in this instance, as the yells of the Defenders showed the day was won, and the enemy began to leave the north side of the river and swamp.

There is to be found but few of the official reports and papers of Jackson—what became of them no one appears to know. The following will give us in his own words how he fought, won, felt, and wrote officially: (The following re-

fers to Texans). "Advancing through a number of retreating and disordered regiments, he (Hood and his Texans) came within range of the enemy's fire, who, concealed in an open wood and protected by breastworks, poured a destructive fire for a quarter of a mile into his advancing line, under which many brave officers and men fell.

Dashing with unfaltering step in the face of these murderous discharges of canister and musketry, General Hood, Colonel Laws, and others at the head of their respective brigades, rushed to the charge with a yell. Moving down a precipitous ravine, leaping ditches and streams, clambering up a difficult ascent, and exposed to a deadly and incessant fire from the intrenchments, these brave and determined men pressed forward, driving the enemy from his well-selected and fortified position.

"In this charge, in which upward of a thousand men fell, killed and wounded, before the face of the enemy, and in which fourteen pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment were captured, the Fourth Texas, under the leadership of General Hood, was the first to pierce these strong-holds and seize the guns.

"The shouts of triumph which rose from our brave men (as they, unaided by artillery, stormed this citadel of their strength) were promptly carried from line to line, and the triumphant issue of this assault, with the well-directed fire of the batteries and successful charges of Hill and Winder (latter with the Stonewall Brigade) upon the enemy's right, determined the fortunes of the day. The Federals, routed at every point, and aided by the darkness of the night, escaped across the Chickahominy."

Some day the lives of Confederate leaders, in the different arms of the service, the Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery as well as Navy, with the Civil also, will be written in the interest of true patriotism and fullest American service. Then will be shown the valor and all that belongs to the great fighters of the South, to the men who left their homes to defend their rights, under the Constitution of the country they inherited from their forefathers.

What has been said and written by certain persons upon the supposed ingratitude of the Texans as to the part Virginia took with her troops in the troubles of that State, Texas, and its varying fortunes before it became a State of the Union, must be "withdrawn." All are ever ready to accord to Virginia her glorious part in history, and in the broad liberality of her paternal love and patriotic co-operation, but as we have never known of Texas showing a lack of gratitude to any State for the services they may have given her in her troubles, we write this to say that no Virginian or Southerner should ever again accuse Texans of a want of chivalry or gratitude, after the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27th, 1862! They saved the day, and in saving the day saved Richmond, and saving Richmond saved the Confederacy! She paid her debt that day, and placed her name and banner high on the roll of eternal fame. Jackson spoke of the Texans in that charge, as they passed into the storm of death—the enemy's artillery tearing their ranks like the angry waters crashing through crevices in a dam—exclaiming, "These are soldiers indeed!"

One night during these days of fighting, Jackson, after giving orders for the troops to be ready to move by the first light of day, lay down to get some sleep. He was on the ground with the rest of the soldiers. A rain came up about one o'clock in the night and soaked him. No one could sleep after this storm, so he gave orders to prepare to march at once, and went to reinforce General Magruder—the same Magruder who gave the reports of Jackson in Mexico—Jackson ranked him now but was greatly attached to him.

This was a fortunate act, the two forces combining, and before the attack of the 30th of June, gave another victory, Savage Station, to the Defenders. Such occasions as these, Jackson's moving during the inclement night and at such an hour, gave zest to the belief that he was inspired. Many claim to this good day that Jackson was always under a special Providence.

On this day, 30th of June, after having fought and ridden all day, he writes his wife this letter (showing that in the

heaviest trials of battle and in the scenes of terror on all sides, he remembers his lonely wife, his home, longs for peace, and tells his wife to give one-tenth to the church, to take an account, and see that she does it systematically) :

“Near White Oak Swamp Bridge. An ever kind Providence has greatly blessed our efforts and given us great reason for thankfulness in having defended Richmond. To-day the enemy is retreating down the Chickahominy towards the James River. Many prisoners are falling into our hands. General D. H. Hill (his brother-in-law), and I are together.

“I had a wet bed last night, as the rain fell in torrents. I got up about midnight, and have not seen much rest since. I do trust that our God will soon bless us with an *honorable* peace, and permit us to be together at home again in the enjoyment of domestic happiness. You must give fifty dollars for church purposes and more should you be disposed. Keep all account of the amount, as we must give at least one-tenth of our income.

“I would like very much to see my darling, but hope that God will enable me to remain at the post of duty until, in His own good time, he blesses us with independence. This going home has injured the army immensely.”

After about a week, the Southern soldiers marched to a point near Richmond, and the rest was enjoyed. But the climate and the drinking water played sad havoc among the men, and the sick list grew rapidly, while deaths were numerous.

From the hour war begins, there is much to make the soldier long for home. His home may be an humble one, but it has the comforts of a palace when compared to the hardships and starvation of army life.

He came and did his part faithfully in complying with Lee's request, “He must come and help me drive these people away from Richmond first.” This remark was made in connection with Jackson's request for troops, after his Valley successes, before referred to. The troops, 40,000, were wanted by Jackson to go and take the enemies' country and end the war. This remark of his beloved chief, Lee, added fresh laurels to his fame.

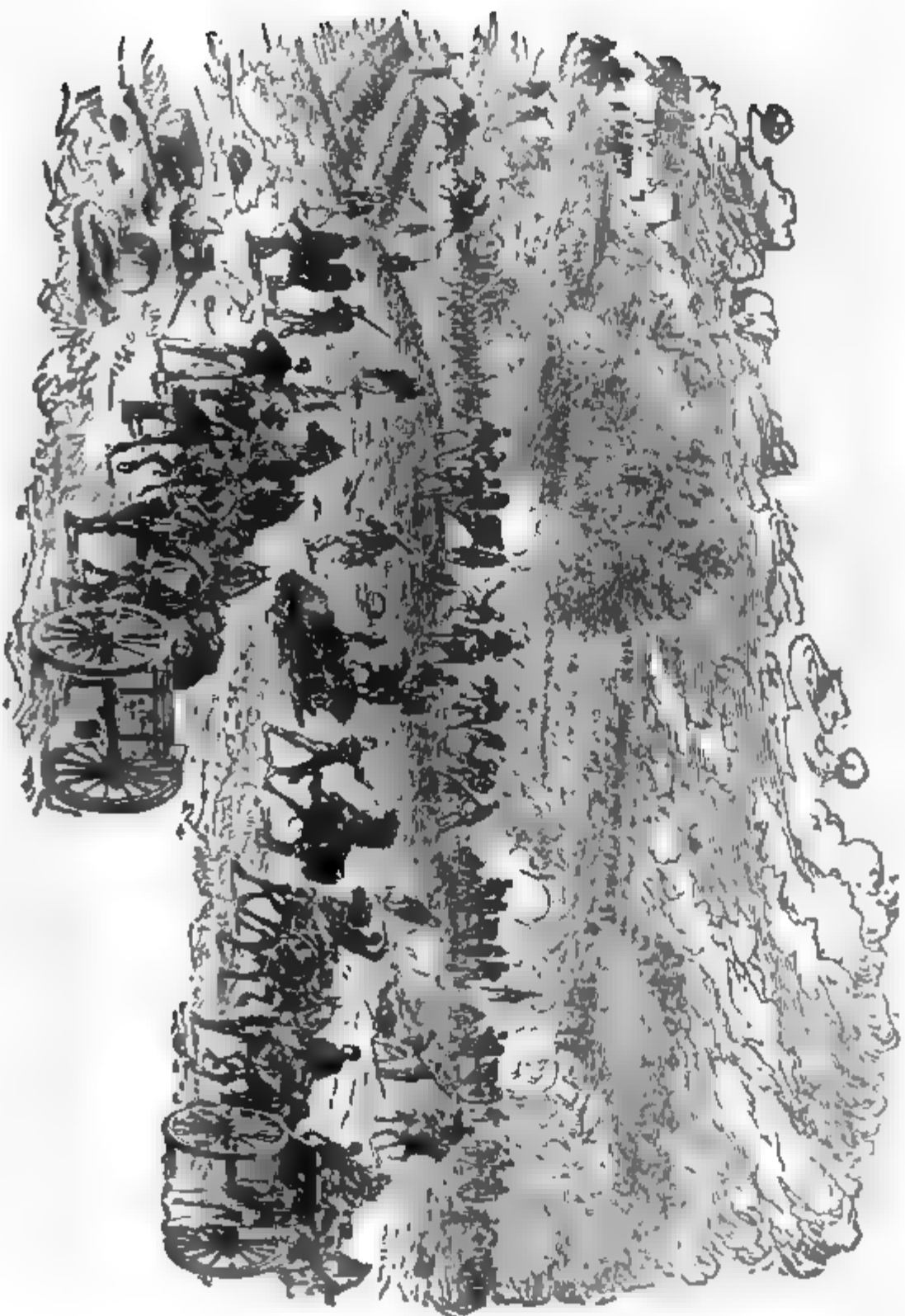
About this time he writes a lady in Cumberland, Maryland, who had sent him a beautiful hat. He does not say whether he wore it often, but he doubtless did not often discard his cap, as his mode of fighting did not admit of large, fine, showy hats. The cap and "Little Sorrel" made him a kind of mascot to his men and all troops fighting with them as comrades, for wherever he went, and the men could see his horse and cap, they felt that victory was as good as theirs, in any odds put against them.

While in Richmond, he went to hear Dr. Hoge, and an account of his visit to the city and his attendance at church is related by one who had the honor of seeing him. He entered the church unobserved and took a seat near the door, and but few knew he was there until the services were concluded when some of the congregation recognized him and, to his embarrassment, began to throng about him. As soon as he could do so, with any degree of politeness, he escaped, and left. No one suspected the plainly dressed man, with the sunburnt uniform and cap, was the "great Stonewall." He returned at once to his tent, after a visit to the mother of a young soldier in his command, who had lost his life in battle.

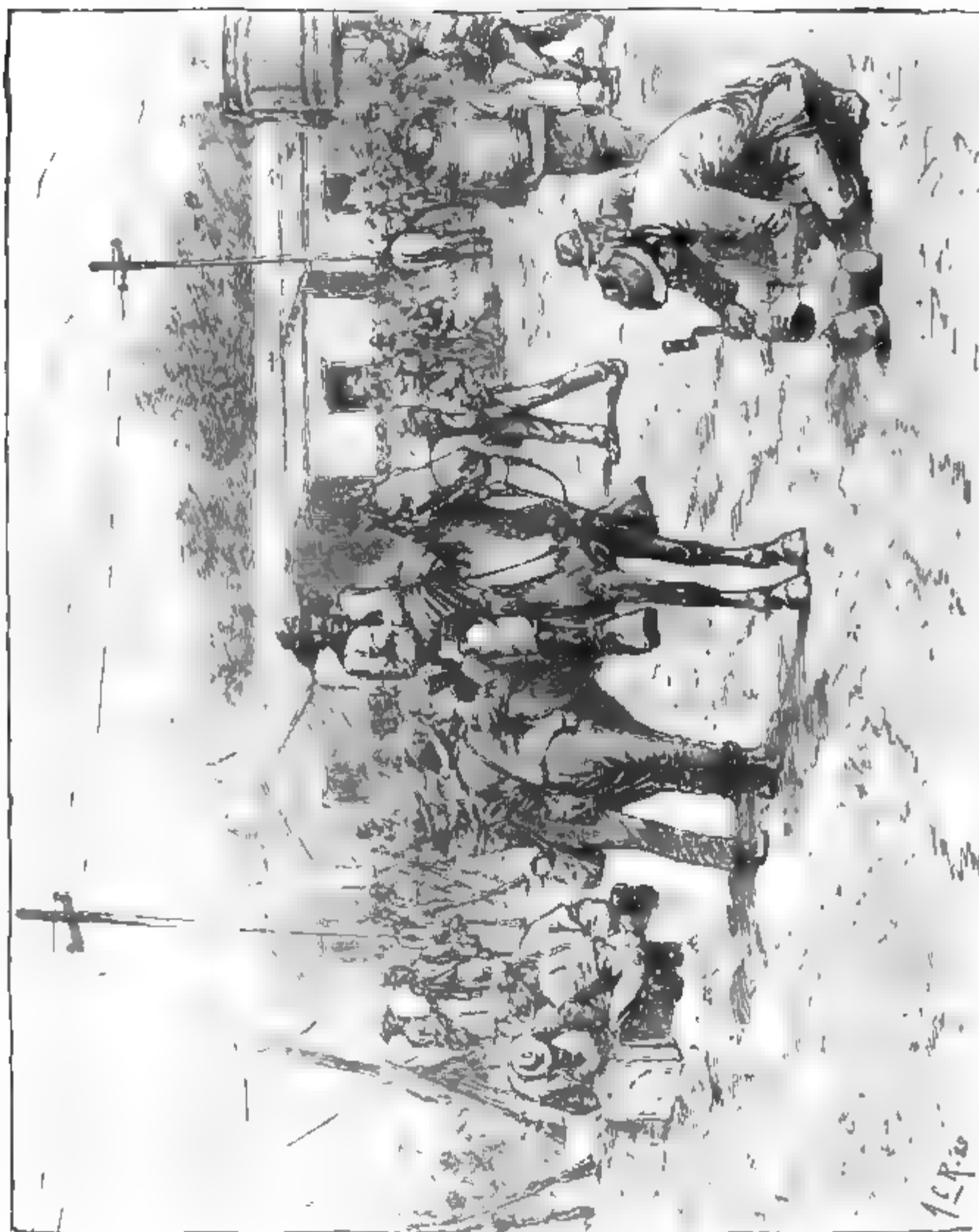
During all the excitement of the Seven Days' fight around Richmond, there was such confidence in the army of the Defenders on the part of the people in the city, that although in hearing of the battles, that is, being near enough to hear the cannons and at times see the shells bursting in the skies, they continued in their usual avocations and daily customs.

The Carthagenians, when camped around Rome, and had been victorious, did not disturb the Romans, who, in the Forum, sold the very ground on which the Carthagenians were camped, and the patriotic Italians bid full price; so in Richmond, the presence of a "boastful enemy" did not cause the citizens to lose faith or waver in their purposes.

After the experiences around Richmond and the disasters generally, the Invaders gave a new name to their army. They called it "The Army of Virginia." Was this a piece of humor, likely perpetrated by a wag, who was unfriendly, in a rather mean way, to some of the leaders? The Southern au-



White Oak Bridge Artillery Engagement.—(Jackson's Men in the Distance Advancing.)
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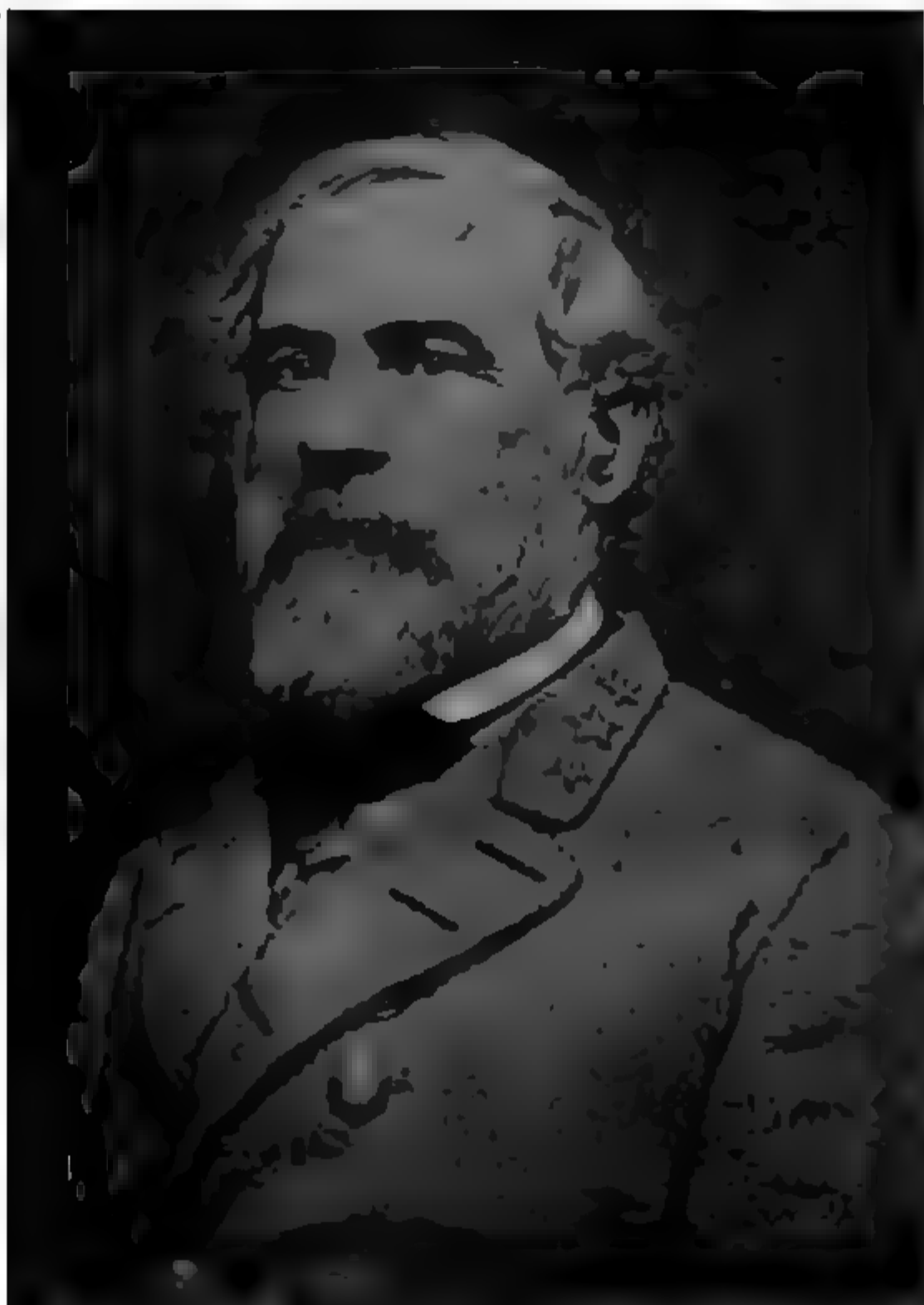


12 P. 20
Jackson's Troops "Abandoning" the Enemy's Supplies at Manassas Junction—Second Manassas.
Copyright 1900, by the Century Co.



Starke's Brigade (of Jackson's Corps) Fighting with Stones Near the Deep Cut—(Second Manassas.)

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JACKSON'S FRIEND.
Commanding General of the Confederate Forces.

thorities had for some time designated their army as "The Army of Northern Virginia." This name was retained throughout the war, and it is retained as the name of the Confederate Veteran Survivors for certain States forming a division, and Gen. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, is Commander.

General Pope, the Drawcansir of that period, proved a failure and was retired. The name of the Invaders' army was then changed to "Army of the Potomac." This change was on the order of changing the name of hotels to get rid of bad reputations. Pope was anything but popular in Virginia, particularly about Culpepper where his army was stationed. We are told that he allowed his men to take children's ponies and other things that could be of no possible use or service to his men, army, or country.

Some war correspondents from the North could not stomach this "new-fangled sort of a military man," Pope, and severely criticised his course and the conduct of his men in their treatment of non-combatants. For the sake of those who do not like to read unpleasant things about the war, we desist from repeating the letters of these correspondents, but "they do read so truthfully, and are so attractive in their rough and ready facts."

CHAPTER XXIX.

LEAVES RICHMOND AND SOON MEETS POPE, THE BOASTER.—
NOTES UPON THE TRIALS OF THE TIMES.—THE SOUTH—
ITS HISTORIC GRANDEUR AND SPLENDID CIV-
ILIZATION AND WEALTH.

Jackson and his troops left the unhealthy section near the swamps, and to their delight, were on their way to the Blue Ridge mountains, and while fighting was before them, they could see that to remain in the hot, marshy section was far more to be dreaded than the battles.

They are to meet a new destroyer, General Pope—a Tamerlane without a conquest—who had come from the West on a record made by himself, in words, of taking ten thousand prisoners from Beauregard, which number was reduced to a decimal of one per cent. finally, by those who knew the facts. However, he gave out in his reports that the only part of the enemy (Southerners) he had ever seen, was the *back*—he may have been confused at the time of making the boast, at any rate he soon saw the front of the enemy about Culpepper, Virginia, and with them one who never met defeat, never turned his back to the enemy, and never *boasted*.

General Pope gave, among other stirring items in his orders, these words: "I have heard much of lines of communication, and lines of retreat. The only lines a general, in my opinion, should know anything about, is the line of his enemy's retreat." (It is reported Jackson smiled superbly when he heard this.) He further proposed to have his army sustained by the country over which it domineered, there being no resistance, as all the Southern men were in the army from around Culpepper and all over Virginia for that matter.

He therefore made a band of outlaws of his troops, who took everything they could get their hands on, even going into the dining rooms of private families, when they were at meals, and either driving them from the table, or else taking what they wanted, and if they saw fit in their mood, destroying the remaining food.

We could give account of this brutality from the hands of one of the Northern men who, were opposed to such outrageous treatment of unprotected and non-combatting women and children, but desist. Another one of this new destroyer's (Pope's) edicts was, that all Southern persons living within his lines, must either take the oath to support the Lincoln government or perjure themselves (lie, in other words), and upon being detected, were to be hanged like spies.

This action of the Invader-general and the feeling it engendered, not only locally, but which, through sympathy, spread to all portions of the entire Southern country, implanting a deeply-rooted resentment, was, in a great measure, responsible for the Southern people declining to welcome those who came South from the North, just after and for many years subsequent to the war for Southern independence.

There was for a long time, too, another fruitful cause for this shrinking from giving and refusing welcome to the people who came down from the land of the former Invader, namely, the manner in which these comers or visitors conducted themselves. There was the Freedmen's Bureau, a scandalous scheme, concocted for the purpose of indirectly robbing the South; its agents were highly offensive to the people. Then came that motley multitude, the ubiquitous "Scallawag," the pestful locust of reconstruction days. These people fired the negroes to acts of every imaginable crime and deeds of violence against their former masters, and did more devilment and created more real discord than the war, in some respects.

Then again, there came a class of people, and some who had no class, that conducted themselves after a fashion so obnoxious to Southern people that there was no possible plan upon which a welcome could be granted. We refer to the supercilious, the shoddy upstarts, who imagined, it would seem from their conduct, that they considered an average Southerner belonged to them, and that the South was merely a side-show—that the "real thing" was the North, and that they would treat the Southern people as dependants. They would ask offensive questions, make incendiary remarks, and generally

insult the Southern people. There could be no welcome for any of these classes or individuals, and the report that the South was dangerous and uninhabitable for Northern people, and was to be shunned, grew out of these conditions for not one of which, the Southern people were responsible.

Some may question the connection of these digressions with a narrative life-story of General Thomas Jonathan Jackson. We will attempt to show that they have every claim upon any story connected with the life-story of the man who loved his country and his people; concerning which and whom these digressions are made; and that their relationship may be understood, as a part of the life of this patriot whose life-story must and will forever be a part, and a prominent part, of the history of this country and people, we shall tell the whole story of the conditions that existed during the war. (which he and thousands of other Southern men deplored), and of the conditions that grew out of that war, and whereby his country and his people were not only distressed, but, for a generation or more, affected; and by the two combined, the history not only of America, but of the world was changed. In these causes, who, of all the mighty and many patriots of the South, shares with nearer concern, and whose life-story is essentially a more important part, than was and is Jackson's?

Could this patient man have lived to see the post-bellum sufferings of his people, his mighty soul would have rebelled. We say had he lived to witness post-bellum sufferings (this being a condition he never could have witnessed), for had he lived, post-bellum sufferings would have been unknown in his country, either North or South, East or West. He would have been President of the Re-United States; and as such, given peace and protection to every inhabitant within its borders. God be praised that he was spared the pain of seeing people come with contemptuous and jeering words upon fields where the blood of his men had been spilt in a cause as sacred to him as his life's faith in God. This, his people had to endure. He was proud of his country, and the Southern people are equally proud of this same country. Every

field upon which their kindred fell in defense of their independence is sacred to them; and any one who visits these fields, and wishes to see where valorous men planted patriotism upon the soil of their forefathers, from which will spring the strength of chivalry to the end of time, will find, if they come reverently to look upon these sacred spots, men and women, even of the farthest generation, who will tell them of their countrymen. But if they come even in the day of generations far in the future, and attempt to desecrate the sacred ground of these men of might and honor, they will find a rebuke that can not be other than just.

The Southern people, as a people, and they are such, are not ashamed of any act—not one—connected with this war as committed by their men. The day will come when the grandchildren of Confederate veterans will prepare permanent homes for the helpless veterans, in addition to the State institutions, and provide a permanent fund that will for all time to come, keep the marble white and the sod green above their graves.

When we hear any person living in the South speak regretfully of the war, except in the agony of its horrors and hardships, or attempt to apologize, in any way, for the part taken by the South in this greatest of all wars, we cannot enter into such sentiments, and are ashamed of the sympathy we have for such an one. There is yet another peculiarly distasteful habit among certain persons, to refer to any act of the Southern people upon affairs of the Union, when such act is especially non-sectional, that is, for the whole Union to attempt to patronize the South, and congratulate it upon such conduct. The press of other sections were panegyric in their references to the South and her course during the Spanish-American war. The South has ever been the patriotic section of the Union, and most American and conservative. It is as sound on truth and right and independence as all the rocks ever named in history.

Read what the eminent Hoar of Massachusetts, the venerable and profound statesman, said in Charleston, South Carolina, a few years ago, and still better, what he said in his own

State (both utterances made in august gatherings of representative people), and ponder the future! Review the words of the lamented McKinley, the murdered and beloved president, and translate to your soul the meaning of Jackson's life!

Senator Hoar said in an address before a Massachusetts gathering recently: "I believe if every man of the North were to die, the South with the virtues it has cherished from the beginning, of love of home, love of State, and love of freedom; with its courage and its constancy, would take the country and bear it on to the achievement of its lofty destiny."

No thoughtful person can deny that there is distinctive climatic, social and commercial differences in the sections of the United States, and especially so as touching the South. The territory of the United States is more vast than that of Europe and yet there, in Europe, are found peoples widely differing. Different peoples settled different parts of America, and this, with the fact that the South has never been a section selected for immigration, in a popular sense, has caused the people to be mainly homogeneous.

As a matter of general, original settlement, the South was settled by Huguenots, the Cavaliers, Scotch and Irish; the North by Puritans. There are certain strains of blood and certain conditions that will make the people, in a sense, resemble as a people, but the climate, the ruling traits inherent, the conditions breathed in the air, taken in the water, seen with the eye—the very surroundings, in fact—will make a people as prone to differ as the "sparks fly upward."

Marriages between Southern and Northern men and women, commercial and economic matters will draw the sections nearer together, but there will, as long as time lasts, be that certain, unnamed, unseen, but ever present difference between the Southern people and those of other sections that neither the pen, the sword, the brush, the orator nor the blood can change.

The roses play their part, the honeysuckle and jasmine, the magnolia and orange blossoms their part, the mocking bird its part; the quick winds of the Vermont hills, the trend

of traffic and ingenuity of the East, the broad, brilliant financing of the North, the rugged agriculture of the West and Middle States, will play their part, and while all are a part of the same common country there is but one Vermont, one Texas, one California, one Florida, in the Union—Regions differ; influences are fixed.

There is but one portion of the Union in which the white and black races can live in comparative harmony, and that is the South. The cotton and rice, the sugar, fruits and melons, the fish and fowls of the South, the grain and cattle of the West, the strong mixture of agriculture and manufacture of the Middle States, the commerce and skill in production of manufactures in the North and East, will make the Union.

But the difference in mode of living, the effects or demands of sun, air, water, and other of nature's forces, will give the various sections peculiarities. The soft accents of the Southern people is the result of climate, as demonstrated by comparison with their brothers of colder latitudes, where breathing through the nostrils has developed a nasal accent. In the "mooted energy of the sections," it must be remembered that the soft winds of the South-seas bring easy returns for scant labor, and the prevailing heat prevents the blood from demanding vigorous exercise.

Life in the South is one long, continual rest-day, as compared with most of the portions outside of the region commonly classed as the Southern tier of States. The struggle for existence in colder climates shapes the temperament of the inhabitants. Rich soils and balmy winds do not call for the exertion that sterile lands and rigorous blasts exact.

The peculiarities of each section is as much a part of that section as other possessions are. The South has her wealth in her fields, in her mines and her water-powers. The South is destined to be the "Strong-box of the Union."

The South has survived the periods that seemed as "dark ages" to her and has risen as clean and pure from the ordeal as she rose from that ill-proportioned and severe struggle of 1861 to 1865. She has lived to send her sons to the ranks of "blue" in defense of the country of which she has ever been a part;

and therefore, fought those who undertook to make her anything else. Her men are among the councilors of the Union, respected and potential as are others among the foremost of the Union's soldiers, and her people are moving to the forefront in all organizations in which the States take part. The South is the South, and will ever be; and will assert herself, by her men, wherever one "places his shingle or bakes his bread."

All this and all that will come will not disturb that which Jackson's life made glorious—the memory of "those days when war shrieked and desolation stalked throughout her borders." Those days belong to memory, to the descendants of the men who figured upon the arena of all that made an epoch for American history, that will in time be told in truth, and when so told will but add new lustre to Southern honor and chivalry, patriotism and civilization.

The future to the living; the past to memory and example; the two to all ages; one and inseparable, in all that makes a citizenship which Jackson and the heroes of those days would have been glad to shape, in the name of GOD.

There is a current practice among some enterprising persons to refer to the South as the "New South." Is there a new West, new East or new North? If not, why should there be a new South? The South is older than any other portion of the Union, which Union her sons wrote the constitution to form and the laws to govern. She is higher in dignity and rights of age than any apologist, demagogue, bigot or jealous fanatic can disturb or change.

The South is old; old in history, old in sacrifice, old in fame, old in glory, old in chivalry—old in all that goes to make up a people who fear to do wrong and dare to do right. She may not have the wealth of other sections but her young people are after this secret, kept in the wisdom of Providence, from their fathers and mothers, and will yet find it and vie with the world. She was once a princess, but the furies trifled away her possessions, assuming the *human* freight (slaves) of her cars of fortune were the main things of her affluence; but they lost the way to the regions of her mountains, her forests, her streams, her soils and her climate, and

of the *Blackwood's Magazine* speaks of these acts of Pope and the German officer as "casting mankind two centuries back." History will condemn his course.

The outrages of these men under Pope were such as compelled him to issue "Order No. 107," in which he made it a death penalty for a soldier to enter any or take private property without authority. Virtuous after-act, but it is never too late to give credit to those who forced this un-American army-commander to countermand his original orders.

Early in July, 1862, we find Jackson and his men about Gordonsville, and the men enjoying the fruits of the season, while the tired horses pastured the broad fields of blue-grass of that fertile country. Jackson spent a while at Rev. P. B. Ewing's, where he made a deep impression upon all by his simple and devout manners and his uniform gentleness. One of the little girls, a daughter of Mr. Ewing, was very fond of the General, and one day while sitting upon his knee asked him for one of the brass buttons on his coat; he told her some day he might give her all.

In the accounts of Jackson it has been written that he sent the famous coat so familiar to his men to this little child, but this is not correct. Mrs. Ewing writes that the family had many little keepsakes from the General, but the coat episode is an error.

Mr. Ewing, speaking of the prayers of Jackson, said there was something about them different from any he had ever heard. He prayed in a very impressive manner, deep-toned and tremulous: he prayed to God and not to men. In his prayers he seemed deeply impressed with the idea that the glory of success of his men belonged to God, and to Him must be given the honor and glory forever. His letters show the same thought.

On an occasion he and some officers went across a corn-field belonging to a man of rather severe temper. The owner dashed out and demanded, in towering rage and abuse, what they were doing there, and their names. Jackson replied: "My name is Jackson." "What Jackson?" "General Jackson." "What—er—Stonewall Jackson?" "That is what they

call me." The man took off his hat in great veneration and said: "General, ride all over my fields, sir, do whatever you want with it, sir!"

Jackson went over about Louisa Court House, as the place is called, and the terrible strain, the effects of the exposure for the two weeks (the whole army were without tents in the hot sun and warm nights), and the fearful privation of battles, day and night, for days, told upon him, and he was sicker than at any time since he was in Mexico. He revived under the happy influences of that charming country.

CHAPTER XXX.

CEDAR MOUNTAIN BATTLE.—FIRST TIME JACKSON DREW
HIS SWORD IN BATTLE.—SECOND BATTLE MANASSAS.—
CAPTURE TWO MILES OF TRAINS LOADED WITH
SUPPLIES.—MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.—NEVER
NEGLECT THE VETERANS.—WEALTH
AND CONSERVATISM SOUTH.

About the first of August, Jackson was in the saddle again, and the first dash the boastful Pope made at Jackson's men was ignominiously repulsed. This was at Orange Court House, August 2d, and the cavalry under Colonel Wm. E. Jones, an old West Point friend of Jackson's, drove back Pope's cavalry. Jackson did not wait for the Invader to get into position, but prepared for the fight by taking advantage of the mistakes of the same. The battle of Cedar Run Mountain was a desperate one; by some called "Slaughter Mountain Battle." It is reported that Jackson sent General Early the following order which opened this battle:

"General Jackson sends his compliments and says advance on the enemy."

General Early, noted for his rough and ready manner, replied to the courier: "My compliments to General Jackson, and tell him I will do it." (Other words were sent, but do not bear repeating nor were they delivered to Jackson.)

Pope had been put in command, he must do something with the 60,000 men given him, win all the distinction he could, and be promoted, if possible. This (military pride,) by the way, is too often the cause of a very severe and unnecessary battle. The officers crave promotion, and are either incautious or are desperately anxious to receive promotion.

One of Jackson's generals, the noble Winder, fell while personally directing the fire of artillery. He was struck by a cannon-ball from the enemy.

In the afternoon the fire got so hot, and the men were being driven to such an extent that Jackson rose above the din of the furious battle, one of terrific fire of musketry and ar-

tillery, and drawing his sword—*the first time he ever drew his sword in battle*— rushed forward and shouted to his men, as in a fury: “Rally, brave men, press forward! Your general will lead you. Jackson will lead you. Follow me!” (These are his own words repeated by one of his staff.) When Jackson took this determined stand, the men were being routed by the overwhelming enemy, but they quickly rallied, and getting to position where they could stand up under the fire of the enemy, they met them with a deadly volley which was repeated until the enemy broke.

Then came the tug of war. The enemy being repulsed time and again, hurled new regiments down upon the Defenders and nearly overrode them with their cavalry, but they all recoiled at the deadly fire, of the Defenders who drove them back. Once the Invaders were broken and the rout begun, the “Rebel Yell” was raised and victory was theirs. On they chased the enemy through fields of growing corn, until a full retreat was assured.

On they rushed toward Culpepper Court House, where Pope himself was, and had there been enough daylight left, his whole army would have been routed.

Jackson gathered about him some of his staff and rode toward the rear. He tried to get somewhere to sleep in a house as he was not well and the hot August sun and fighting all day had greatly fatigued him. Seeing all the houses filled with the wounded, he would not consent to turn them out; and so, being overcome with exertion, he threw himself down on the ground, without supper, and went to sleep.

Jackson frequently had nominal headquarters in houses, but preferred to sleep outdoors and seldom would sleep in a house. He followed this course during his entire army experience.

The next day was devoted to burying the dead, and also the wounded men were provided for, receiving the personal attention, when possible, of Jackson. On the second day Pope sent a flag of truce to Jackson, for the privilege of burying his dead. General Early was put in charge of the field,

and he counted seven hundred of the enemy's dead and this number was double that of the Southern soldiers. The enemy had engaged in the battle over double the number of Jackson's men.

The Invaders detailed for this duty, burying the dead, were impressed by General Early riding around over the field alone, and remarked that their generals were ostentatious and timid. "Look at old Early," they said, "riding among his enemies of yesterday—that General without a single guard! If that was one of our generals [they called their generals "mutton-headed"], he would want a regiment at his heels to defend him from unarmed men." It is estimated the Invaders lost in killed and wounded nearly five thousand.

In front of one of the points where the Southern soldiers fought, there were so many dead that one of the Invader generals spoke of the place as a "slaughter-pen." He had been a butcher by trade, and the words were familiar to him. One point about the battle-field will be mentioned—its narrowness. Jackson always selected narrow fields to fight in. The entire length of the field where the fighting was done was less than a mile. The tactics are clear. Jackson at no battle, could hope to have as many men as the enemy, and he would not permit himself to be drawn into a vast field and whipped in detail.

Jackson pronounced this battle, Cedar Mountain, the greatest of all his work up to that time, but in his report officially he simply wrote: "August 11, 6.30 A. M. On the evening of the 9th, God blessed our arms with another victory. We have captured over four hundred prisoners, with General Price. We have collected about one thousand and five hundred small arms and ordnance stores." Banks's, Sigel's, McDowell's commands were the ones Jackson fought; *making the third time he defeated them.*

Another feature of this desperate battle is the fact that the Invaders claimed it as a victory on the pretext that Jackson retired after two days from that section. Why could they not have attacked Jackson in these two days? They had received thousands of reinforcements, and General Stuart, know-

ing this, told Jackson, who after waiting, went back to Gordonsville.

The results of the battle were that of keeping Pope from carrying out his plans—get into Gordonsville, cut the railroad and balk Jackson—which would have effected also breaking communication of Southern forces, and thus allowing him by doing so ample time for joining his forces with other Invader forces and proceeding to crush Jackson's army if possible. Again and still better, had not one of Jackson's division-commanders failed to march twenty-five miles, instead two miles, he would have been able to have struck the enemy on the 8th, instead of the 9th, as he was forced to do by the delay; and could he have struck the enemy on the 8th, he would have destroyed him as his (the enemy's) reinforcements arrived about dark, and before these reinforcements arrived Jackson would have been on McDowell at Fredericksburg and destroyed him.

Pope wired to his government at Washington, from a point far from the Cedar Mountain Battle: "I go to the front to see." Some jocular Defenders remarked, "He has not reached the front to this day." This Verrucosus of the North was overtaken by the Southern Hannibal, who never indulged in cunetator!

In such terror was Jackson and his men held by the troops of the Invading army, that it was something like a threat of punishment to taunt the men with Jackson's coming; or rather exposing them to Jackson's fiery attacks. The Scottish mothers threatened their children when unruly with Black Douglas, and so Jackson was a Black Douglas to the North. But one only in the sense of terror, for a more humane man never lived.

During these times of almost constant war, Jackson found little time in which to write his wife. On the 28th of July he wrote her, asking to be forgiven for short letters, and explaining that with his duties and the constant demand on his time from officers and others, he could get only a moment now and then. In this letter he says: "A Christian should not complain. The Apostle Paul said, 'I glory in tribulations!' What a bright example for others!"

On the death of the commander, General Winder, of his old brigade (the Stonewall Brigade), who fell at the battle of Cedar Run Mountain, he wrote a touching letter. He felt the loss of the noble man, and had for him a sincere affection. He writes: "I can scarcely think of the fall of Brigadier-General Winder without tearful eyes. Let us all unite more earnestly in imploring God's aid in fighting our battles for us. 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'" He appointed August 14th as a day to be set apart to render thanks to God for the deliverance in battle and the success of the Defenders' arms.

The movements now show that Pope, while claiming a victory, was crying for reinforcements; and the papers Stuart's men captured from him the night they surprised his camp and caused him to run and leave his coat, also his money, horses, and all the staff, proved this. Burnside was sent for, and left North Carolina, where his command was stationed. McClellan was called for, and left his place, Berkeley, below Richmond.

Around the fatal Manassas, the coils of war were again being drawn. The details of the second battle of Manassas, more sanguinary than the first, have many incidents of grave interest, but we can only mention a few of the details that are prominent, such as the brilliant raids of cavalry around the enemy the grand success of midnight marching, and the masterful stroke of dividing the Defenders' forces so as to strike the Invaders' army, which was more powerful than the joint armies of Lee and Jackson, then divided; the all-night march among the enemy everywhere about, and Jackson's rapidity of movement, as he *must* get behind Pope and on to Manassas, to capture the stores of the enemy before daylight, as the enemy would destroy or move them, when they found they were to be attacked.

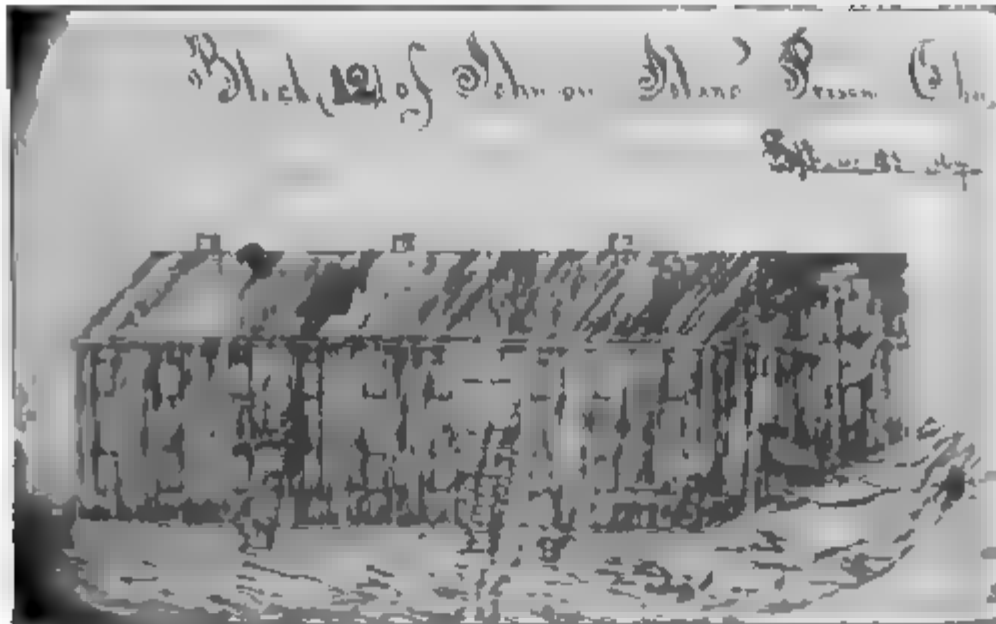
This latter was a hazardous move, and called for volunteers. General Trimble (whom we remember as the gentleman who asked Jackson questions at Harper's Ferry in the first part of the war, and learned who and what manner of man Jackson was, there and then) took command of the two regiments that



Jackson and his men wading the Potomac River at White's Ford (en route to Maryland.)
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Libby Prison, Richmond, one of the most famous military prisons in history.
Sketches of Confederate Generation

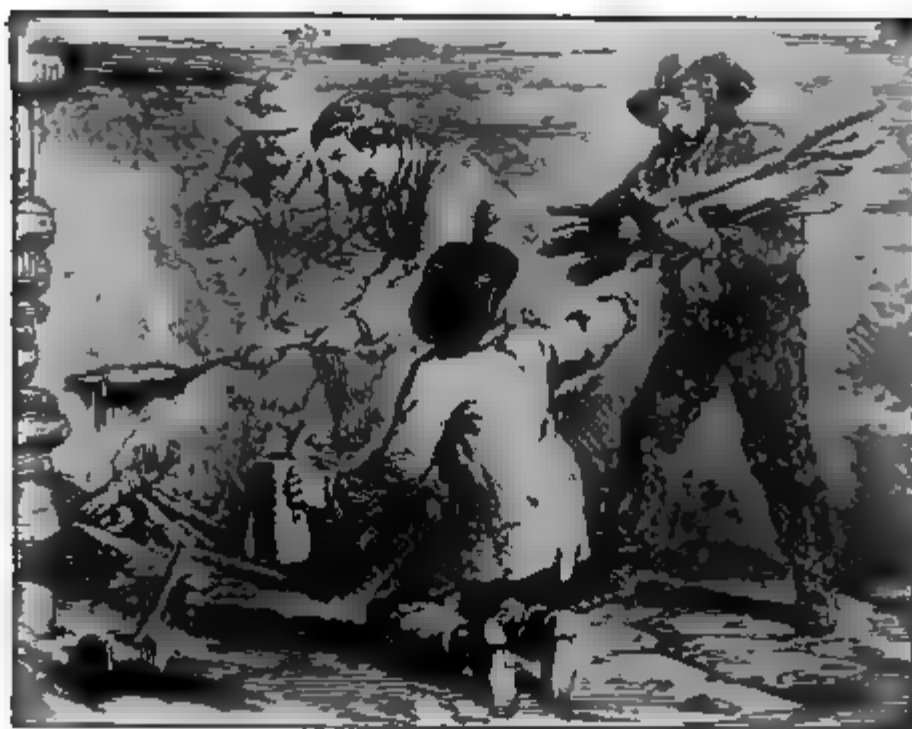


Prison-Pen

[" Who will write the ' Prison side of war life ' from '61 to '65 ? "
 Some soldier should undertake this task for sake of
 history —AUTHOR]
 Kindness of the " Confederate Veteran."



Invaders running their ammunition trains into the Chickahominy.
 Copyright by the Century Co., 1887.



**Foraging and Camp Cooking
(From Confederate Soldier in the Civil War)**



" Needn't argify—the Hog's Ourn "
Meat and Meat.

were willing to risk the perilous journey. These were the 21st North Carolina and the 21st Georgia, another brave and famous body of men. Stuart's cavalry with their commander went along. A raid was too rich a thing for the average cavalryman to resist. Several times on this fifty-six miles march of Jackson's men, on the great flank movement, there was a necessity for silence; a few days before, Jackson had to request "no cheering boys, they might hear us," and as he would pass along the line, the men would hold their hands on their mouths and smile cheers to him with their hats off. At one point they passed Jackson, and, as he stood silently watching them in the twilight, their hats lifted, he exclaimed, "Who could not conquer with such troops as these?" A brave man every one loves!

The troops with Trimble and Stuart got through all right, and such a capture! It dazzled them. The whole army (Lee's and Jackson's) had been subsisting on green apples or corn roasted or boiled and such other food as they could manage to pick up, as the march was severe and no time was lost to cook, even if they had had anything to cook.

The following will give an idea of what these brave night-marchers got for their comrades: storehouses filled with bacon, flour, beef, and nearly everything that the Southern soldiers did not have—even luxuries. *They captured two miles of cars loaded with supplies.* This was likely more than the South had in her whole territory from Texas to Virginia, and yet here this rich market and storehouse on wheels stood ready for the boastful Pope and his men. They also captured two hundred and fifty horses, three hundred prisoners and eight field-pieces. To this capture, Pope turned with great solace when, after three days fight, his army was defeated and routed at Second Manassas, and gave as his excuse that his army had been deprived of their "daily bread." Southern officers never gave such a feast to their men, or excuse to their government.

An incident occurred during one of the hampering attacks the Invaders made on Jackson, which were frequent, and done, as he detected, not for the purpose of engaging him

in regular battle, but to delay him. There was a dash made by the Invaders, which all saw was made by a blunder, and yet as this was war, and war is bloody, particularly when the attack is a surprise, the Southern soldiers fired a deadly volley into the confident cavalry.

Jackson himself went alone at the risk of his life, raised a handkerchief as a flag of truce, betokening his wish to spare them. The thanks he received for this act of humanity was a more determined attack by the enemy who were ungrateful enough to take advantage of the Southern soldiers ceasing in their fire. This made Jackson furious, and he ordered the firing to be resumed, and but few of the enemy were left to tell the story of this event.

In reading of this, the second battle of Manassas, or "Bull Run," as the battle is called by the Invaders, there is, as we have said, much of interest, but we have given so much of battle detail, it is not considered necessary to go over matters and details that, while somewhat differing, are in the aggregate very similar, as far as their bearing upon the subject of the book. Some one said to Jackson once, "All your battles and your telegrams are alike." Meaning of course, all his battles were victories.

Jackson commanded a corps made of divisions of brigades and regiments, and fought on the right at the second Manassas battle, and was joined often in closest quarters with the enemy.

We read thrilling accounts of the artillery of the Defenders, and of the carnage when the Invaders would engage Jackson's or Longstreet's men. Of the fighting at night—day battles are horrible, but night battles are more gruesome. Dr. McGuire, chief surgeon to Jackson's command, relates that when he told Jackson, "This day has been won by nothing but stark fighting," he replied, "No, it has been won by nothing but the blessing and protection of Providence."

Also we read of the advance of vast reinforcements to the Invaders, and how the flower of cavaliers, "Jeb Stuart," seeing the danger, had his men cut a lot of cedar and other small trees, and tying them to their horses, rushed along the

dusty roads to make a tremendous dust, and thereby cause the enemy to think that Jackson and Longstreet were getting reinforcements. Completely fooling the enemy by this *brush*, he caused them to flee, and thus spared many lives for both sides.

We read of the final climax when Jackson decided the hour had arrived for the grand advance with ball and bayonet, and Lee, seeing the effect of this move, ordered the right—Longstreet's corps—to follow the same plan. This, however, was not necessary, for that grand fighter, Longstreet, and his gallant men had rushed on the enemy after the fashion of their brothers and comrades. The field looked like some tornado had swept it and laid low the men in front of the yelling conquerors.

We see General S. D. Lee, of South Carolina, with his artillery sending iron through the ranks of the foe, and Shumaker and others doing likewise. The enemy broke and rushed wildly from the field in all directions.

In the deep railroad cut we see them, the Defenders, struggling under almost tropical heat of an August sun, with their antagonists and *Starke's men fighting with stones*—their ammunition having given out—they stood this test, they drove their adversaries back. We see fresh lines of blue coats rush madly upon the gray-coated lines, thin and soiled, only to be hewn down by the musketry of the reinforcements. The Invaders were fighting desperately, and success for a time seemed to be promised their arms, when the Defender's artillery opens again upon them, and finally the rout follows, and the long, wild rush of yelling victors, slaughtering the men who had invaded their country to destroy it. Pope lost about 30,000 and the Defenders about 7,000.

From the blunderings of the Invaders and the bitter correspondence between several of them long after the war, it seems that General Porter was right when he telegraphed Burnside that "no one in the army seems to know what they are doing," and "all the talk about bagging Jackson is bosh." Had the Southern men made such blunders, with the few men and fewer resources at their disposal, their victori-

ous battles could never have been fought, let alone won. Strange to relate, there will ever be confusion as to many of the battles—how they were fought and won, and various details concerning them. Books have been written, reports piled upon reports, both sides claiming this, that and the other, and all the reader can learn is the *results* of the battle in “cold facts” from official records which time will never change or writers alter.

One fact must not be lost sight of, and it is this: the delay in attacking Pope was caused by Jackson not being heeded. On August 18th Jackson wanted to move against the enemy. He knew the importance of *time* and danger of the movements of the army being told to the Invaders by the fleeing negroes and others, and he was right in his conjectures, for several negroes ran away and went to Pope and informed him of important matters connected with the Defenders’ movements.

Jackson’s reports show that he did hard fighting, that he was sent after the battle to follow up the enemy, and routed them. Pope resigned, after failing to see much of the enemy’s back, and after casting all the blame on others he went to the Northwest where his reputation was anything but savory. Jackson writes his wife on September 1st, the day after the final rout from beyond Manassas, “God, in his providence, has again placed us across the Bull Run, and I pray that He will make our arms entirely successful, and that the glory will be given to Him, and none of it to men. God blessed and preserved me through His great mercy.”

A few incidents of this second battle of Manassas, or “Bull Run,” as it is called by the Federals, are related here to illustrate the influence of Jackson over his men and the force of example. During the night of the second day’s fight, the men gathered around in groups and gave thanks for their deliverance and praised their Heavenly Father for His merciful protection. Many of these brave men the next night were beyond this vale of sorrows, their worship was held beyond the stars, and their eyes beheld this earth that night for the last time.

Many were the men who met in time of war, joined in

these prayer-meetings in their various camps and carried heavy hearts to the throne on high, as they thought of their loved ones far away and the dangers of the coming day. With hearts nearly bursting in their longings once more to see the face of a child or a wife, a mother or aged father or some dear one, they gave again to their country a most imperishable and priceless legacy, their sacred love of duty, and their devotion to the rights of their fathers—independence.

To forget these men now, in the strength of a growing family of descendants, is to deny the heritage, and turn from every privilege involved in our very blood and life and honor. *Never forget these men, or the cause for which they died.* Honor them and their cause as you honor the memory of your ancestors. Hold every act of their courage and sacrifice as a treasure to comfort you in life and transmit to others, that they in turn may tell the glorious story to their children.

Let the centuries sound their names with quickening pride and affection. Raise monuments, universities, memorials, and go on forever building to their memory that you may honor the blood that flows in your veins, coursing down to you from their life-blood, as pure, as brave and as glorious as ever pulsed in a human heart. God bless their memory!

Many men, too, clung to their dear old flag, and risked their lives long after they began to lose hope in their power to overcome the ever-increasing numbers of fresh troops that were put in the field by the Northern government with the money at its command, and all the great wealth in the North, which the South had aided in building up. The end was anticipated by the private soldier with as much fortitude of spirit and clearness of reason as by any officer. More credit is due these men for their sacrifices when it is known that they measured the situation with calm perspicuity, but would consent to no terms of peace save those of honor.

At one time at the Second Manassas, the danger about the artillery was so great that it required volunteering among men not in the artillery to get the powder from the ammunition wagons to the cannons. This was a very dangerous undertaking, for the slightest spark would have exploded the

powder, which was kept in small bags. The fire of the sharpshooters is nearly always aimed at cannoneers, and therefore this post is dangerous and adds to the hazardness of handling the ammunition and exposure in the work, all of which makes this arm of the war service heavy and taxing.

These men of Jackson's corps had marched about fifty miles in two days, under a hot August sun, and climbed steep hills. They would go anywhere "two men could get toe hold." It is said an army can travel any path two men abreast can move on, but Jackson moved through fields and side-roads to save distance and time. The thought and care for the comfort and safety of his men always filled his heart. The negroes would say, "Mars Jackson take de nigh cut ebry time." Some of these men were sons of princely planters, but they marched in the ranks with the sons of the poor and never murmured. To their eternal credit let it be said, *the Southern soldier endured hardships without a murmur*, when they felt that the hardships or "trouble" was a part of their duty, and could not be avoided by the authorities.

Marching to fight is different from marching away from a fight. As the South was on the defensive, the Defenders had a great deal of "marching to fight" on their programme. In this campaign, the railroads were in the hands of the Invaders, and the Defenders captured two trains by placing logs on the tracks. One train escaped which they attempted to capture by firing upon it.

The capture of stores in Second Manassas campaign was a blessing to the Defenders, most of whom were poorly clothed and many were ragged. The prejudices of the early days of the war against *color of clothes*, as to their utility, had disappeared. Then too, many were barefooted, while others were nearly so and Manassas' stores gave some relief, but not to all. An account has been given of Jackson's sleeping after the hard battle of the day, lying down with the men on the ground. He sat at the base of a tree, his cap drawn down over his eyes, his hands folded over his breast, sleeping like a tired child. Before daylight and before the men had a mouthful to eat, he rose and taking his position at the head of his column.

went to drive his adversary, Pope, from the position he attempted to take, after being run out of Manassas.

After many occasions being passed by, and the "golden opportunity" being lost, the time came when Jackson's long asked for, and never granted privilege to invade the enemy's country was decided upon; and he went at the task with perfect faith, although he must have felt that as so many chances had been carried by, and his words not heeded, that the present was not *his* invasion entirely.

One feature of the present move spurred Jackson, and that was the fact that Virginia would be for a time relieved from the burden of two armies upon her. He had driven every Invader from her soil, that is to say, all he was confronted with. The feat of going into the enemy's country was praised by the whole South as a retaliation for the untold and unnumbered wrongs perpetrated all over her territory by the Invaders.

Tennessee, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, the Carolinas, Alabama and Texas, had their male population thousands of miles from their homes, fighting in Virginia, the West and elsewhere, while they were subject to devastations, in one form or another.

In this move, *invasion* was not to take the form of injuring private property. Lee issued most direct and positive orders against the merest hint of pilfering or molesting the property or people in the country to be entered, that any property taken must be paid for. He also assured the people of Maryland to this effect.

Three days after Jackson had routed Pope, he was in the saddle, and his men were on their way to Maryland! All seemed to take the bright and happy face of their commander as a sign of satisfaction, and they stepped like a conquering army along the road leading to Maryland. All along the route they were cheered and fed, and the next day, the 5th of September, as they waded the Potomac River, Jackson took off his cap and waved it, while the band played "Maryland." The men took up the refrain and the song echoed through the glens on both sides of the historic stream.

Many of the men who cheered that day, as they landed on the soil of Maryland, never re-crossed the river, but are sleeping under the sod of that "divided State."

Jackson came near losing his life that day. A citizen of Maryland presented him with a handsome horse of the Dutch-Norman breed, and the animal becoming frightened, reared and falling backward, would have crushed his rider but for his skill as a horseman.

One of the first things done was destroying the canal to cut off that means of communication. The B. & O. Railroad was taken, and this done, he moved on to the town of Frederick, Maryland, and as he entered, some girls hissed; he turned to a staff officer and said, "We do not appear to have many friends here." Jackson's humor, of which he had a vein of a rare quality, was of the spontaneous and quaint type.

Jackson issued almost severe orders in regard to straggling, and in fact his police system was so complete that the presence of his army was scarcely realized by the citizens. He also included in his orders a very strict regulation in regard to the treatment of the citizens. The contrast between the Southern troops when they went beyond the Potomac was decidedly different to the conduct of the Northern troops when they came below the Potomac. The citizens of Maryland all appreciated this difference, and it is part of the history of that march into Maryland.

In spite, however, of the splendid and most civilized conduct of the Southern troops when in Maryland, this fact did not alter one whit the hatred that existed everywhere in the North against the South at that period, and had for years before, and did afterwards. This hatred seemed to be blind, stark, clear, clean and bitter hate. It was not confined to any set or class, but extended to all classes and conditions. In a sense, it has no period, as it appears to be co-equal with the period of American history since the days of the colonies even.

The commercial intercourse and a more rational view of the South's future and strength, together with that plastic medium, called money, and its dependences, is, to an extent,

allaying some of the more foolish fears and jealousies, and the time is coming when business people will leave off the sectional bickering. The immense wealth of the South, natural and applied, the fact that there is produced something like one billion and five hundred million dollars' worth of wealth in the South yearly, and that her manufacturers are competing in every market of the world, will bring sentimentalists and sensationalists to a different frame of mind, whether it changes their hearts or not. Money and self-interest will settle the outward looks and allay much of the imaginary friction. The South will soon begin to keep a majority of its money within the South, and this done, there will be a balance of power as well as a balance on the right side of ledgers in the South. With the level-seeking of trade, some kinds of patriotism and hatred gravitates amazingly well.

We do not deem any apology necessary, as before stated, for the frequent references made in these pages to the South and Southern affairs and the various political and other bearings and effects different events of the war had upon the South, or would be likely to have. Nor do we feel that we can overwrite the side of the South, as far as Jackson's part in its history is concerned.

Jackson suffered every privation, fought and died for the South, and he referred to the war as being "*the second war for our Independence.*" He was forced into a strictly sectional view of the Union, as soon as he saw the "Peace Congress" prove a fiasco. The South was to Jackson, *his country*. We hold that in a life-narrative of Jackson, such references to the South and Southern affairs are germane, and no one, reasonably, can make them incongruous, to the full treatment of the subject. All such matters, subjects and references are essentially a part of the career of Jackson, in reviewing his life career as a part of the history, and a very large part at that, of the South. Therefore, when we essay to do a little boasting on the part of the South, we somehow can not escape the delightful sensation, that we are talking about the country for which one of the greatest men in all history—and many consider him the greatest—died.

The conditions to-day that enable the people of the reunited country to meet and join in the common cause of making a greater Union were made possible by the life of Jackson and his example. He taught us to love the South, and stand by her fortunes, with our lives, if need be; and the country for which he labored, in peace and war, will honor his memory most by making a land worthy the sacrifices of so good and great a man as Jackson, and of men who fought in the same colors with him.

Lee's entering Maryland and Pennsylvania brought out the bitterness, fury, bigotry, arrogance, and hate in the entire North. Hired men, foreigners, aliens, and what-not could be hurled upon the South by brigades, and every "vestige of life there, swept as if by typhoons," and the sorrow, grief and death of the Southern brothers and sisters bear no place in the minds of these frantic fanatics; but once the Southern troops—Americans all—entered the land beyond the Potomac, war was declared, proclaimed and denounced as brutal. War suddenly became heinously outrageous, and Southerners, more than ever, savage and barbarous cutthroats; and Lee and his men were classed as a mob eager for rapine and murder, arson and pillage. (Not a man in his entire army was guilty of either charge.)

The women raged, ranted, and furiously hurried their men, in holy horror, into the ranks of the loyal followers, literally pushing them into the army, and as fast as they could be found and equipped they were scurried to the ranks. Intensely is the old saw about the ox illustrated in this rapid revolt as soon as they got a taste of a mild raid on their own "geog-raphy."

As a military measure the trip of Lee's army into Maryland and Pennsylvania was a dismal and burdensome failure. The step was ill-timed, and only served to weld the people together, who were wavering in their sentiments on the subject of aiding the South. The time to have made this move was long before it was made. The first battle of Manassas was a victory for the South, the second was also, but then time and delay—worse than Napoleon's delay at Hougoumont—had made the

North vastly stronger and more bitter. The move was a politico-military dream.

The foes of Jackson came on, but Lincoln began to fear for the safety of the "capital," and stopped McClellan in his march. General McClellan was a man of fine ability and a gentlemen of excellent parts, as were many of the officers and men in the army of the Invaders. We have not heard complaints of the personal conduct of these men, especially General McClellan. He was treated by his government, it appears, more as a body-guard for the "capital," than as a general commander of a great army should have been treated. His memory will never be scorned in the South.


After the Southern army reached Maryland, and a council of war was held, Jackson was selected to take the lead and go by Harper's Ferry; and others were ordered to take various routes and go into Maryland. As he neared Harper's Ferry he found it heavily garrisoned, and at once prepared to take it by force.

He had with him Pender, A. P. Hill, Walker, McLaws, Lawton, and the artillery of Paogue, Carpenter, and Crutchfield. The final arrangements having been made, which show much ability, a vigorous attack was made on the enemy, and on the 15th of September, the Defenders took a portion of the Invaders prisoners. This capture consisted of something *over eleven thousand men*—they also took seventy-three pieces of artillery, a number of stands of arms, a large number of horses, wagons and other stores and supplies, also ammunition, etc.

Immediately, without receiving the surrender in detail, they started back for the main work in hand; and that was, the approaching shock of arms, as the enemy was advancing—leaving A. P. Hill to accept the surrender, in form and detail. (These prisoners were paroled.)

The army marched all day and night, and by next day, Tuesday, September 16th, about noon, was with Lee at Sharpsburg, Maryland. Was not Jackson the great man of the war?

On the night of the 12th, McClellan came into Frederick, Maryland, having found that Lee's army was gone. Here happened that which caused the loss of many a human life.



and defeated all the hopes of Jackson and the deep-seated plans of strategy of the ever-great Lee and his generals.

By a mishap that has never been explained, a copy of Lee's orders and plans were lost, and fell into McClellan's hands.

Plans of campaigns are worked out by maps, personal observation of the country, a complete list of every path even, each stream and every detail of the entire country for miles. Then the forces of both armies in detail are considered in every phase. Arrangements have to be made for escape, in case of being overwhelmed; also plans to keep in close communication with all departments—the medical, commissary and ordnance.

The plans of the enemy have to be weighed. Here is the rub. No one knows what the enemy is going to do, unless a prisoner be captured or a picket, a spy or some one from the enemy's camp; and they often know nothing or, worse, will lie. When McClellan found these papers, he was completely in the dark as to the plans of his old friend, General Lee, but who was now his adversary.

At once, after finding this most valuable document—more valuable likely than any paper lost during the entire war—he knew Lee's plans in full. No time was lost in having Washington and Lincoln informed not to fear any immediate attack.

This brought all the Northern troops from around Washington "that could be spared," and gave the enemy a tremendous advantage. Lee knew nothing of the loss of the orders and plans, and consequently this threw his operations into confusion in some respects, as he was surprised more or less at the sudden sagacity and confidence of the enemy, who had shown everything but either of these in the past.

But, as stated, no time was lost to call all the Northern troops to the place selected by Lee as *his rendezvous*. They did not have all the matters their way, for McLaws held the mountain pass at Crampton's gap, and though the advancing enemy stormed this hold and passed, they were met in the valley and their course turned, causing them to lose a day in reaching McClellan.

Next came D. H. Hill's gap, the Boonsborough gap. He

held the enemy back until the Southern troops could concentrate at the point selected by General Longstreet, then came to Hill's rescue and held the onset till after night; then at night he moved to Sharpsburg, followed at a "respectful distance" by the enemy, which Fitzhugh Lee made to "grope very cautiously."

That a man of McClellan's purity of character should give such big figures when guessing at the enemy's forces, impresses upon us again that excitement and exaggeration are inseparable and in war matters are numerical fertilizers. He usually put them at from three to six times, and even higher than their *real* numbers, or size, as he did when reporting the Southern forces at Sharpsburg.

Sharpsburg is a burg merely in name, and was then a cluster of farmers' houses. Battles, like babies, are often named by accident. It must be a noun. If a battle is fought near a church it is called by the name the church bears; if near a mill, tavern, creek, river, or hamlet, it takes the name of the same, though usually it bears the name of the nearest town. A considerable amount of confusion is caused by the Northern generals having named the battle after one place, thing, or object, and the Southerners giving the same battle an entirely different name.

The battle of Sharpsburg was fought on the 16th and 17th of September, 1862. It is generally believed that between twenty and thirty thousand men on both sides combined were either killed, wounded, or missing. Conflicting accounts of the battle are given, but the generally accepted one is that the two days were divided between Lee and McClellan; each winning a day. The reports sent to Washington are not true in many respects. For instance, they refer to their skirmish battles as *reconnaissances*—these are not made with seventy pieces of cannon, as one report has it.

This word was used to try and cover up a complete failure of a plan. Another plan of reporting was to hide blunders; hence when Jackson was selected by Lee to save the army from being crushed by its tremendous adversary, and this adversary undertook to overstep prudence, Jackson filled the Potomac River with their bodies, estimated at three thousand.

After crossing the river—which was done under fire, and while in camp four miles on the road to Martinsburg—it was reported by Colonel Pendleton to him that the enemy after night, had surprised his (Pendleton's) battery and taken all his artillery.

At no time during the war did Jackson display more anxiety than now. He at once had Hill (A. P.) to go and recapture the guns, also going in person to join this night battle. Across the river, just opposite the Pendleton guns were seventy pieces of the enemy's artillery pounding away at Hill's men, and those who had come across the river fought to keep the guns they had taken. But Jackson's men were not of the material that artillery could balk, and they charged and captured their cannons from their antagonists. These cannons cost the Northern army a big loss—three thousand men.

On his way to Maryland, Jackson passed through Leesburg, Virginia, where a lady came into the street and threw a handsome scarf down before his horse. Jackson was confused and stopped, but when an officer told him that the lady wanted him to ride over it, he smiled and rode on, lifting his cap in acknowledgment of the honor. Jackson's fame in the Valley was such that when he reached Martinsburg, on his route to Maryland, the ladies and the whole town extended him a most cordial and distinguished fete of welcome and greetings.

A large number of ladies got around him, some pleading for a lock of his hair, others for a strand of "Little Sorrel's" mane or tail (many clipped both). Enthusiastic young ladies simply *unbuttoned* his coat by stripping the garment of every button. He took the demonstration good naturedly, and laughingly said: "Really, ladies, this is the first time I was ever surrounded by the enemy." He finally contrived to escape afterwards, and a lady compassionately sent him a card of new buttons for his coat.

As the troops crossed the river, Jackson sat on his horse for hours in the stream. All the wounded were being moved, and

not a man was left who could stand the fatigue of being moved. He would not leave the stream until the last man had crossed, and all the army belongings were on the Virginia shore. So fatigued was Jackson that he slept while he rode, and two of his staff held him on his horse, riding beside him while he slept.

An incident of the kindness of Jackson is related at the closing of this brief and brilliant but resultless campaign. An old woman came into the camp inquiring for "John;" she said he was in "Jackson's company." The young officers were making sport of the old creature, when Jackson rebuked them and made them find "John," who was restored to the loving arms of his simple-hearted old mother.

The incidents and anecdotes of this Maryland campaign are briefly touched upon in order that the part Jackson took in the Meteoric *Invasion* into Maryland may be noted. From Lee's order it will be seen that Jackson's plan was not followed. Jackson's plan of invading the enemy's country was to go into the country of the real enemy and strike their cities, and thus lay tribute of surrender instant; but not attempt to shift battle-fields from Virginia to some point across the Potomac River.

Jackson could not have felt much hope of recruiting in Maryland. That State had sent excellent material to the Southern armies, but in the two years of open opportunity to contribute as a general sympathizer with the South no desire had been shown in this direction on her part. There had been talk of co-operating, which Lee's order plainly shows was his impression and understanding. Some said his order was a ruse. Scorn upon such a suggestion! He was as incapable of an act of that nature as an infant. No fault can attach to Lee or Jackson as far as results are concerned. At most it was an incursion predicated upon a sentiment born of misdirected hope and incorrect information.

The loss of Lee's orders exposed his plans as far as fighting was concerned, and after he saw the situation in Maryland, in

the matter of sentiment, he soon realized that thanks were not numerous, except in individual cases, and that the people as a mass did not welcome him.

Jackson had captured eleven thousand men at Harper's Ferry, and paroled them, and also captured great army stores, but outside of this nothing seems to have been gained.

The destruction by fire of the medical and surgical records of the Confederate States, deposited in the Surgeon-General's office in Richmond, Virginia, in April, 1865, renders the roster of the medical corps somewhat imperfect, hence the need of concerted action on the part of the survivors to bridge this hiatus. The official list of the paroled officers and men of the Army of Northern Virginia surrendered by General R. E. Lee April 9, 1865, furnished 310 surgeons and assistant surgeons.

In my first report, presented at the Richmond reunion, I showed that the medical roster for the Army of Tennessee had been preserved in duplicate. I shall offer in a more detailed report data to prove more indisputably important facts relating to the prisoners of war upon both sides with the purpose of establishing the death rate responsibility in the premises. It will suffice to mention here that the report of Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, on the 19th of July, 1866, exhibits the fact that of the Federal prisoners in Confederate hands during the war only 2,570 died, while of the Confederate prisoners in Federal hands 26,436 died. This report does not set forth the exact number of prisoners held by each side respectively.

These facts were given more in detail by a subsequent report by Surgeon-General Barnes, of the United States army.

The whole number of Federal prisoners captured by the Confederates and held in Southern prisons from first to last during the war was, in round numbers, 270,000, while the whole number of Confederates captured and held in prisons by the Federals was in like round numbers only 220,000.

From these two reports it appears that, with 50,000 more prisoners in the Southern stockades, or other modes of confinement, the deaths were nearly 4,000 less! According to these figures, the percentum of Federal deaths in Southern prisons was under 9, while the percentum of Confederate deaths in Northern prisons was over 12.

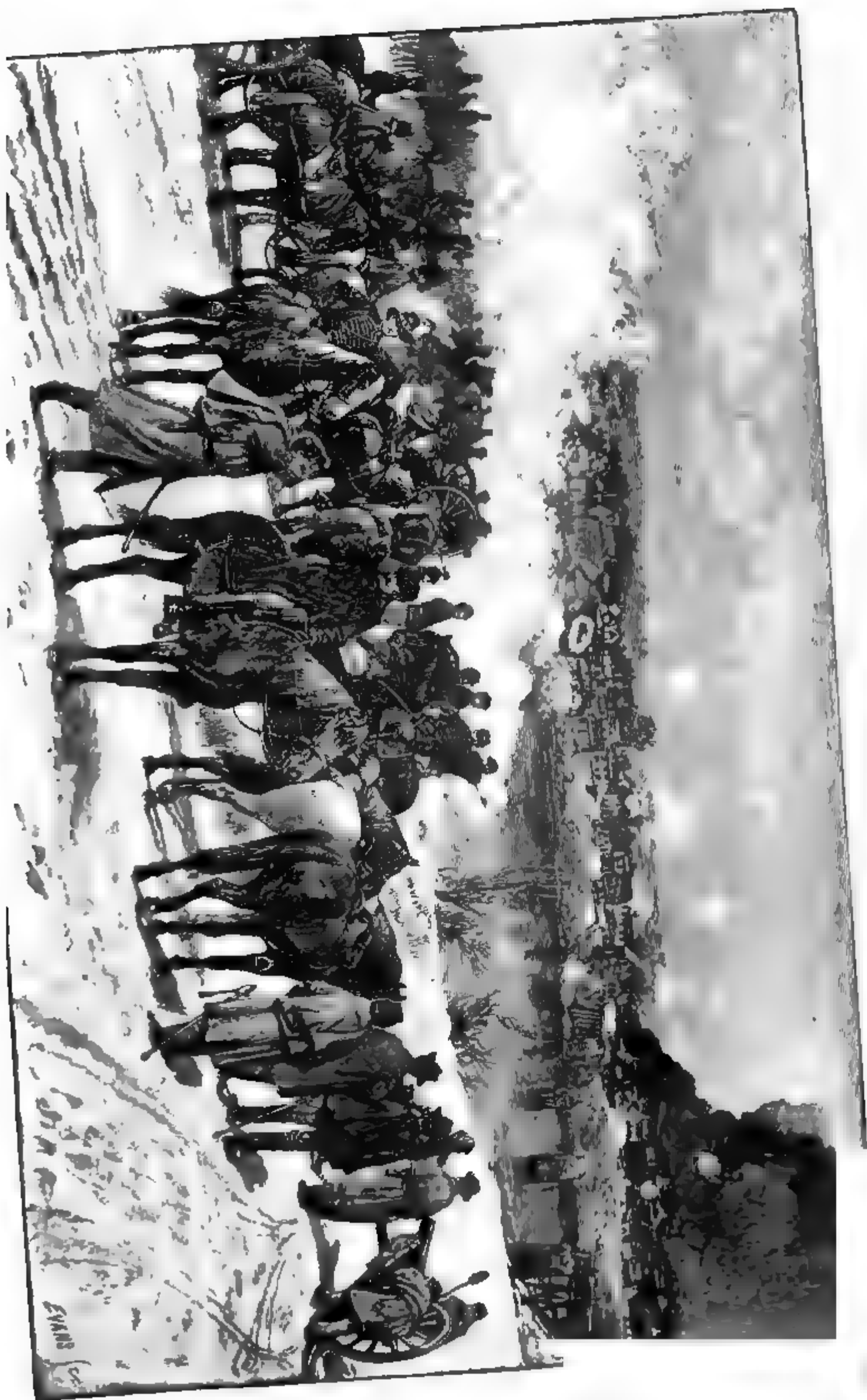
These mortuary statistics are of no small weight in determining on which side there was the most neglect, cruelty and inhumanity, proclaiming, as they do, a loss of more than 3 per cent. of Confederates over Federals in prisons, while the Federals had an unstinted command of everything.

There is in my keeping unchallenged evidence to demonstrate that the refusal to exchange prisoners was not due to the Confederate government.





JACKSON AND DR. McGUIRE
On Night of Battle of Fredericksburg Why! "Shoot them!"



EVANS



Lieutenant-General J. E. B. Stuart, the "Calvalry Arm" of Jackson; and who succeeded him at Chancellorsville when wounded



Major Pelham—the "Boy Artillerist" with Jackson at Fredericksburg.

The loss had been heavy from the first, and officers and men went down not by hundreds, but thousands. They had fought with matchless courage; and this they had done in Virginia time and again. Any attempt to play the game of war as a game of "swap checkers," was a loss in the start to the Southern side; for the North could put ten men in the field for every one the South killed.

There was but one possible blunder in the campaign, and that was not taking immediate advantage of the capture and parole of the army at Harper's Ferry. Jackson always wanted a war of aggression, sharp, swift and decisive. A slow war must essentially exhaust a weak power against a strong one. This capture at the Ferry won for Jackson even greater fame than he hitherto possessed at the North, and his advance immediately would have paralyzed the North.

Lee had a combined force of 33,000 or less, to fight 87,164 (likely, in fact, over 100,000). Lee was poorly equipped, his adversary thoroughly equipped in every essential of warfare. Lee was short of ammunition and provisions; McClellan was burdened with it. Lee's men were half starved, went into the battle on empty stomachs, many eating half-ripe apples while fighting. (Apples in that section are of the variety principally known as winter apples and do not ripen till late in the fall.) In addition to all of these difficulties, his plan and papers upon the battle and campaign had been exposed to his enemy's sight by being lost from the custody of the Confederate generals.

General McLaws, of Georgia, relates that he and Jackson were talking on the Sharpsburg battle-field, when a shell struck a courier standing near, and broke his leg, it then fell between him and Jackson, and they looked at it, but it did not explode. Jackson remarked, "They seem to be getting our range," and then he rode away, much to the relief of all. He came again and said: "God has been kind to us to-day; press the enemy on the left!"

WHITTIER'S "BARBARA FRIETCHIE."

"On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,

Over the mountains winding down,
 Horse and foot into Frederick town,
 Forty flags with their silver stars,
 Forty flags with their crimson bars,
 Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
 Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
 Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
 Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
 Bravest of all in Frederick town,
 She took up the flag the men hauled down.
 In her attic window the staff she set,
 To show one heart was loyal yet.
 Up the street came the rebel tread,
 Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
 Under his slouched hat, left and right
 He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
 'Halt!' The dust-brown ranks stood fast.
 'Fire!' Out blazed the rifle blast;
 It shivered the window, pane and sash;
 It rent the banner with seam and gash.
 Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
 Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
 She leaned far out on window sill,
 And shook it forth with a royal will.
 'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head
 But spare your country's flag,' she said.
 A shade of sadness, a blush of shame
 Over the face of the leader came:
 The nobler nature within him stirred
 To life at that woman's deed and word.
 'Who touches a hair of yon gray head,
 Dies like a dog! March on,' he said.

* * * * *

Honor to her! And let a tear
 Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier."

Alas, for the poet! That rude hands should have to sweep away this dramatic fabrication, which his many admirers have so long regarded as drawn from life. But we have been told by members of General Jackson's staff that this pretty story was a fabrication. This is confirmed by Dame Barbara's own nephew, Valerius Ebert, of Frederick City, Maryland, who writes as follows to a Northern paper:

"As to the waving of the Federal flag in the face of the

rebels by Dame Barbara on the occasion of Stonewall Jackson's march through Frederick, truth requires me to say that Stonewall Jackson with his troops did not pass Barbara Frietchie's residence at all, but passed through what in this city is called "The Mill Alley," about three hundred yards from her residence, then passed due west towards Antietam, and thus out of the city. But another and still stronger fact with regard to this matter may be here presented, namely, the poem by Whittier represents our venerable relative (then ninety-six years of age) as nimbly ascending to her attic window and waving her small Federal flag defiantly in the face of Stonewall Jackson's troops. Now, Dame Barbara was at the moment bed-ridden and helpless and had lost the power of locomotion. She could at that period only move, as she was moved, by the help of her attendants. These are the facts, proving that Whittier's poem upon this subject is pure fiction."

Another convincing suggestion that may be hazarded as a bare quietus upon this romantic poem is the fact of a bed-ridden old lady having in her invalid apartments a flag ready to flaunt at a foe whose coming was as unthought of as the advent of Lee's army was a surprise to the town of Frederick.

And again, apart from the most unnatural act on the part of a man of Jackson's military dignity and gentlemanly independence, which makes his shooting at some sentimental exhibition in shape of a flag hanging from a private residence absurdly unreal, and apart from the additional truth that Southern men are not given to trifling and making vain attempts to trample upon feeble things, the denial of the whole mythical incident is scarcely necessary.

For several weeks the army had rested from its arduous and depressing experiences, since leaving Port Republic; and Jackson wrote several letters all showing his gratitude and humble praise to his God for preserving him in all the battles through which he had passed and for the victories his men had won. He refers to the Bible class and Thanksgiving Day, which he could not enjoy as he was in battle. He was a life member of the Bible Society of the Confederacy.

He also refers to several presents that had been made him, among them, some socks Miss Osburn, of Jefferson, had sent him; some cakes Mrs. Graham, of Winchester, had sent; a chair Mr. Vilwig, of the same place, had sent him, and which he says he wished he could keep until the close of the war and take it home with him. The season was one of much beauty and delight, being autumn; the command was near Winchester.

On the 11th of October he received his commission as Lieutenant-General, Longstreet being placed in charge of one corps as Lieutenant-General and he in charge of the other corps. A corps has four divisions of several brigades. His corps consisted of men from all parts of the South, as his command was made up at Cedar Mountain, Antietam or Sharpsburg. The divisions were commanded by Early, Taliaferro, and the two Hills, A. P. and D. H.

Although this was a season of rest, he did not rest, as he busied himself in getting clothing, hats, and shoes for his men. They had no blankets, or very few.

By diligence and perseverance many of the needed articles were obtained for the soldiers, but the quality was not equal to the regular army standard by any manner. His main concern was for the spiritual welfare of the men. In all the busy days of marching and in the long, trying marches he never permitted religious exercises to be omitted if circumstances would in any possible way permit. He would talk with many of his men personally upon their spiritual well-being, when they would come to him, and the prayer-meetings and evening talks in which he would sometimes join were features of the camp-life much enjoyed by most of the men.

One night an officer called, and when he was about to leave Jackson asked him to sit longer; then came up a conversation based on a sermon they both had heard recently and which had impressed Jackson. He had written his wife upon the subject, fully. During this conversation with the officer he said: "Nothing earthly can mar my happiness. I know that heaven is in store for me, and I should rejoice in the prospect of going there to-morrow. Understand me: I am

not sick, I am not sad ; God has greatly blessed me, and I have as much to love here as any one, and life is very bright to me. But still I am ready to leave it any day without trepidation or regret for that Heaven which I know awaits me through the mercy of my Heavenly Father.

“I would not agree to the slightest diminution of one shade of my glory there” (here he paused as if to consider what terrestrial measure he might best select to express the largeness of his joys),—“no, not for all the fame which I have acquired, or shall ever win in this world.”

Glorious tranquility. This speech, in its sublimity of submission and faith, deserves a place in the books of record that testify to Christianity and the loyalty of those whose mighty hearts are worth while considering, as representing, in their expression, godliness.

During this encampment a man stole some rails and was brought up before Jackson. He confessed, saying, “Well, General, I had seen Hill and I’d never seen you, so I stole the rails to get to see you.” Jackson said to an orderly, “Take that man and buck him, and set him on top of a barrel in front of my tent, and he can see me as much as he likes.” Many jokes are told of the men in that camp.

Once an officer who had his mustache fixed in French twist style, waxed at the ends and curled to fine points, was surprised to hear the men hollow at him, “Take them mice out your mouth. No use sayin’ you ’aint got ’em in thar, for we see their tails stickin’ out.”

When a cavalryman who had just spent a whole month’s pay on a pair of high-top boots, or had taken them from “some Yankee,” came down the camp, all would yell out, “Come outen them boots. I know you are thar, fur I see your arms ’er stickin’ out.” Or if an infantryman came in with an unusual hat, he was certain to catch the yell to “come out that hat. You are in thar, we see your laigs movin’.”

When a yell was heard and no battle was in progress, new soldiers would ask the cause of the yelling, and old soldiers or veterans would tell them, “Oh, it’s old Jack going along the

road." Jackson never came in sight but the yell was sent up in honor of his presence.

Upon one occasion when Generals Lee, Jackson, Stuart and Longstreet were invited to dine at a home on the Opequon (the historic creek near the camp), the lady of the mansion declared that it was like the famous breakfast at the castle of Tillietudlem, and that General Lee's chair should be marked and remembered; but it was said that Jackson had been regaled with the choicest portions of the banquet, and that for him, she arrayed herself in her best silk and assumed her most winning smiles.

Jackson was presented with a handsome coat, upon which had been placed the regulation stars of a Lieutenant-General. This was a gift from that noble and ever chivalrous Stuart, who succeeded in command of his, Jackson's, corps at Chancellorsville. There was much speculation as to whether Jackson would wear the coat—the men were inclined to the opinion that he would be tardy in making his appearance in anything but his old dingy and literally weather-beaten coat, so familiar to his men. His old coat had been debuttomed by the patriotic girls of Martinsburg, and this added difficulties to the effort to stay with the faithful mascotted garment. Jackson took the coat, and at Fredericksburg, for the first time in his entire career in the army, appeared in full uniform, his new coat buttoned to the throat—and men claim that they had never known of their General's splendid military stature, soldierly figure and commanding carriage until they saw him that day; coated, hatted, booted and, in all, a grand figure of a Mighty Leader and Soldier.

One would suppose that being so near his old friends at Winchester, he would visit them, but he writes that he had not the pleasure of seeing them since May. In October he writes Mrs. Jackson: "Last night was very cold, but my friend, Dr. Hunter McGuire secured a camp stove for me and I am comparatively comfortable. Don't send me any more socks, as the kind ladies have sent me more than I could possibly wear out in two years. *Let the soldiers have all your blankets.*" (Mrs. Jackson says this order was fulfilled, and finally *all the Gen-*

eral's carpets went to the army to be used as blankets for the men).

In a letter to his wife he says: "Don't trouble yourself about representations that are made of your husband. It is best for us to keep our eyes fixed upon the throne of God. It is gratifying to be beloved, and to have our conduct approved. It appears to me that it would be better for you not to have anything written about me. Let us follow the teaching of inspiration, 'Let another man praise thee.' I appreciate the loving interest that prompted such a desire in my precious darling." In the same letter he spoke discouragingly of meeting his wife, as he saw another battle ahead, but he left all in the hands of the Most High, and prayed that He would direct all for His own glory. He tells her he has all the gloves and handkerchiefs he hopes he will need until peace, and added, "You think you can remember all the names of the ladies who send me presents, but you have not heard near all of them. An old lady in Tennessee of about eighty years sent me a pair of socks."

He was presented with a fine pair of officer's martingales and bridle; another gentleman gave him a fine pair of field-glasses; another, a roll of cloth to make him a suit of clothes. He spoke of his longing to have his wife with him, and his gratitude for all the kindness of those who honored him with presents.

He seemed deeply concerned about the army suffering for want of clothes, and praises Colonel Boteler, of Richmond, for his labors to clothe the men. On the 20th of November he is at Winchester, and writes of his pleasure at meeting his old friends; then he tells how he misses his wife and is in hope of having her, when all at once he is ordered to the front. This order cost the Confederacy the loss of the Shenandoah Valley, "the storehouse of the armies."

CHAPTER XXXI.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, IN WHICH IS DEFEATED THE
GREATEST ARMY EVER ASSEMBLED ON THE AMERI-
CAN CONTINENT UP TO THAT TIME.—BURNSIDE DE-
FEATED, MAKING EIGHT GENERALS DEFEATED
BY JACKSON.—WINTER CAMPAIGN AT MOSS
NECK.—NORTHERN PRESS COMMENTS
AND FOREIGN PRESS COMMENTS.

Fredericksburg battle opened December 13, 1862. Burnside had been put in command to succeed McClellan, a mistake that brought confusion most confounded to the affairs over and north of the Potomac. Burnside was, like the celebrated ruralist and Kansas politician, famed for whiskers, which he wore very luxuriantly on his spacious expanse of cheek—having the chin shaved—but it is generally conceded that he cultivated facial hirsute to the somewhat neglect of tactical perfection. Pope had been “quietly removed,” and also the splendid McClellan, and a new man was selected to be sacrificed upon the altar of Jackson. This, including Burnside, made nearly a dozen generals sent to “crush Jackson,” “take Richmond,” “clear up Lee,” and end “the ephemeral difficulties.”

Jackson, as stated, had risen to the command of a corps, being a lieutenant-general, commanding four divisions. This placed him next in rank with the commander-in-chief of the armies—Longstreet having the same rank. Lee was commander-in-chief, Johnston having been wounded about four months before too severely to retain command.

Tremendous preparations had been made in the North to man, arm and equip another of the “finest armies on the planet,” and for this campaign about to open. The new general was to take charge of these fresh troops, and his legions were numbered by the tens of thousands. These men were procured by the process of impress and volunteering, the Emancipation proclamation of Lincoln (obliging the Southern people with a gift of their own slaves) had popularized

him and the administration throughout the North, East and West.

Money rolled in by the millions to crush out the "traitors," "ragmuffins," "lousy, nasty wretches," as the press of the North called the Southern troops. Lee met with his generals and the plans of battle were formed. This was to be indeed a battle royal. The preparations in the North were rushed with terrific energy and volume, and when the machinery of this blow was set in motion, the very heavens nearly echoed with the vengeful reverberations of their mighty engines.

Cannon rumbled over the roads like toys in a child's field of fancy; cavalry gathered until the roads would scarcely hold them, and the infantry gave the whole surrounding country a hue of blue to mingle with the chill December haze and fogs. It seemed that the world was crowded with the gathering hosts, and war was drunk on its array of magnificent pomp.

The day comes, and the early morning tells in its echoes that the hour had arrived when one foe or the other must give way. The Southern army, in its threadbare garb, its nominal commissary and ordnance depletion, stood, a frail invalid awaiting the ponderous stroke. General Longstreet on the left, and Jackson on the right, commanded the corps. General Lee took his position on a hill, where he could overlook the operations.

On a hill, Marye Heights, stood artillery, and near by the command of Cobb of Georgia, while placed at different other points were McLaws, Ransom, Pickett, Hood, the Hills, Archer, Lane, Early, Taliaferro, Thomas, Gregg, Stuart and other intrepid Defenders and the men of their unconquerable arms, with Pelham, Walton, Walker and the brave Hardaway (a captain, who went with one Whitworth cannon to fire on the enemy at long range as they passed along the river).

Jackson enters the field with a brilliant staff. Why, no one knows, but "to-day Jackson was another man." He wore his new coat, a gift from General "Jeb" Stuart, a new pair of officer's boots, new trousers, and that mark about which rallied his men in many a battle, the cap, was replaced by the

regulation hat of a Lieutenant-General with a plume that Henry of Navarre might have envied. It had the full requirements of gold braid and tassel.

He rode, the perfect type of a cavalier, erect and soldierly. He went over the field, and after marking the spot where the enemy would attack—which prediction was verified within a short time—he went again to see General Lee who stood near by on a small hill. The mists and the fog of the chill winter morning were rolled away, and upon the plain was exposed one of the grandest military arrays the world had ever or doubtless will ever witness. *There stood 125,000 men armed and equipped for battle.*

Thus unmasked before the Defenders, under the broad light of day, the nerves of men tingled at the dreadful panorama. Not a heart quivered except when the blood mounted to revenge this insult, not a nerve moved unless to take a tighter clasp upon the sword or rifle.

An officer, who seemed actually delighted at a chance to wrestle with this magnificent host of Invaders, walked up to Jackson and said: "General, do not all these multitudes of Federals frighten you?" "We shall very soon see, sir, whether I shall not frighten them," replied Jackson.

The cannons spoke to the echoes in angry tones; rifles rattled like a mine of wildest explosives in flame. *Three hundred cannons* told that the South and North were in deadly strife once more; the smoke, the noise, the yells, the groans, the very artillery of heaven seemed to join in the echoes, so vast were the cannon discharges.

Young Pelham of Alabama, actually engaged the whole right wing of Burnside's army with two cannons and held it, until forced by superior officers to desist. We next see Jackson with young Smith (now a Presbyterian minister in Richmond, Virginia, Rev. Dr. J. P. Smith) going away round to the right. This was desperately dangerous, and Jackson remarked to Lieutenant Smith, an aide-de-camp, "Watch out, you will get hit." He seemed amused at the bad marksmanship of the sharpshooter, who was evidently shooting at Jackson, marking him as a general officer.

During the afternoon the battle waged as if for the final stakes. *It was the army duel of the war.* General Gregg of South Carolina, was mortally wounded in making a charge to check the enemy. The artillery was stopped as the battle had gotten in the range of rifle, and in the struggle, General Hill's command was being bent by the fearful momentum of numbers when Jackson called up his reserves who had seen their comrades' position, and were rallying to the rescue. Early came on, and Georgians rushed to their aid under Atkinson; Lawton, the old Commander, having been wounded at Sharpsburg, was absent.

General Walker came in on the left running his men. They dashed at the enemy with a yell, and the enthusiasm of the Georgians being too great, while forcing the enemy in full retreat, they got too far, and their Colonel was captured together with other gallant soldiers. Then came in Hoke of North Carolina, Hays of Louisiana, and the Stonewall Brigade.

General Hood of Texas rendered aid to his neighbors. Some of the Invaders were hidden in a deep cut and came in a mad rush at the Defenders, when they were met by North Carolinians, who, though never before in battle, fought like veterans and ran the enemy; it was difficult to stop them when they once got sight of the enemy's blood. Some of them came back freely weeping from anger, because Hood ordered them to come back, and stop racing the foe. They said "It's because he has no confidence in North Carolinians; if we had been some of his Texans he would have let us get 'em."

Pender's men were exposed as defending artillery, and never deserted their posts. D. H. Hill came on the field, and as a new front was forming, the enemy quit that part of the field. Burnside, for some insane reason, tried to take Marye's heights and drove column after column onto the Defenders there. The dead we have been told were so thick in front of the stone wall that the ground could not be seen.

There is but one possible reason for this ruthless loss of men, that is the attempt at exhaustion of the ammunition of the Southern troops; for as long as they could shoot no power could take their position—particularly with a battery of ar-

tillery above them on the hill. Besides, behind the first line, there were even stronger positions. All the time the artillery of the enemy played on the Southerners' artillery on top of Marye's hill, but they paid little attention to this as the Southerners fired at their infantry when they were hurled against the stone fence at the bottom of the hill.

The Southern soldiers were mowing down the Invaders, and shattering their lines at every point, driving them from the roads, and throwing their bridges into the water; and yet the sun was going down and Jackson sat with his watch in his hand, losing no part of the battle in his calculations; but his men were not turning the tide, and night was coming. He prepared to mass his entire command and at night make one grand assault, and disregard the enemy's fire. He calculated that he would rout the Invaders at night, as then their artillery could not fire on his men, without endangering their own men and he would therefore drive them into the river.

He had made his plans, had General Early prepare to make the charge, and had asked his chief surgeon, Dr. McGuire, how many bandages he had, and told him he wanted the white cloth to tie on the arms of his men so they could be distinguished at night from the Invaders; that he wanted to fight at night and drive the enemy into the swollen river.

The hour was coming for the horrors of a night battle. There were signs about that showed that Jackson did not wish to risk delay in having orders properly executed about his artillery, and the soulful thought that patriot blood might be spilled in an experiment of gigantic proportions. His night battle at Boteler's Ford on the 19th of September, on the Potomac River, was successful in all respects, but that was a small affair compared to the vastness of this conception and the numbers involved.

He felt his men were eager and able to carry out the plan, but just as the charge was about to spring, he countermanded the order and had his men rest. All slept on the field, and were relieved in detachments—one going for food and ammunition, while the others stood to the guns. The attack would have made another Austerlitz or Waterloo.

It has been asserted by those who do not know, never having taken the time to inform themselves, or are blinded by other causes, that Jackson was a desperate and inconsiderate fighter—worse, was reckless, and did not count the cost.

Here is shown that when a time came where he could have illustrated the traits his enemies or doubtful friends attributed to him, even if we are to admit the plan had aught of recklessness in it, *the best authorities and subsequent events show that it had not, and these authorities are considered the leading ones*, Jackson sent word to his officers to abandon the attack. He used his own mind to form the brilliant attack and his own mind to abandon it.

That his plan would have crushed Burnside's whole army and drown most of them can not be denied; but this was not entirely Jackson's campaign or battle. Lee was chief-general and this may have caused him to hesitate in connection with other influences no one will ever know, as he never discussed military matters with any one.

On that night Lee held a council of war. Jackson was present, and while sitting in the tent, and during the great moment when battles and plans were being discussed, *Jackson went sound asleep*. He was aroused and asked for his advice; without lifting his head scarcely, he said; "*Drive them into the river.*" Is this not war? War means death to the enemy! Jackson had made up his mind before he went to sleep, that the plan to drown the enemy was the only one worth considering.

In Doctor McGuire's excellent lecture on Stonewall Jackson, we find these words, "His views of war and its necessities were of the sternest." "War means fighting; to fight is the duty of a soldier; march swiftly, strike the foe with all your strength and take away from him everything you can. Injure him in every possible way, and do it quickly." He talked to me several times about the "black flag!" and wondered if in the end, it would not result in less suffering and loss of life; *but he never advocated it*.

"A sad incident of the battle of Fredericksburg stirred him very deeply. As we stood that night at our camp, waiting

for some one to take our horses, he looked up at the sky for a moment, and said. 'How horrible is war.' I replied 'horrible, but what can we do? These people at the North without any warrant of law, have invaded our country, stolen our property, insulted our defenseless women, hung and imprisoned our helpless old men, behaved in many cases like an organized band of cut-throats and robbers. What can we do?' "*Do!*" he answered, and his voice was ringing in its tone, "*No, why shoot them!*"*

"At Port Republic battle, an officer commanding a regiment of Federal soldiers, and riding a snow-white horse, was very conspicuous for his gallantry. He frequently exposed himself to the fire of our men in the most reckless way. So splendid was this man's courage, that General Ewell, one of the most chivalrous gentlemen I ever knew, at some risk to his

*The insults of some of the Invaders to the mothers, wives, sisters, daughters and female members of homes of Southern soldiers, while these Defenders were at the front, in the defence of their country, can not be forgotten or forgiven.

War is wretched enough when men must meet and shoot each other. Wretched enough when sickness, death, starvation, famishing and other deadly horrors are inflicted upon the victim.

There is no excuse, however, for men who lay aside the instincts of manhood, and heap insults, cruelty, shame, sorrow and suffering upon women and children. No war, in civilized times, has as black a record, as rests upon many commands of the Invader army in the war made upon the South, 1861-1865.

A savage conduct marks the course of some of the Invaders. Many of their crimes are too diabolical to be printed; their comrades should have punished these men who had disgraced American soldiery. Infants have had their brains knocked out in the presence of their mothers because the mother could not tell things they knew nothing of. These fiendish acts were committed to try and secure secret information about that which, as said, the poor distracted mothers knew nothing.

Negroes, in the uniform of the Invader's army, offered all manner of insolence, abuse, and insult to ladies—we know of instances where ladies have been cursed by them and slapped in the face. We have been told of an instance occurring in Virginia, which for hideous degradation, has no example in history for barbarity. Some timbers had been cut in a bridge near the victim's house; she knew nothing of the affair, but the Invaders, nevertheless, went to her house, took and stripped her and passed the command before her.

own life, rode down our lines, and called to his men, not to shoot the man on the white horse.

After a little while, however, the officer and his white horse went down. A day or so after, when Jackson learned of the incident, he sent for General Ewell, and told him not to do such a thing again; that this was *no ordinary war*, and the brave and gallant Federal officers were the very kind that must be killed."

General Grant had the same views of war. In his inimitable style, Grant once said, "You can't have war without somebody getting hurt, and the more you hurt, the sooner the war ends."

Another incident occurred after the council of war was over. Jackson had returned to his tent and found Colonel Boteler there. He offered to share his pallet with him, and Colonel Boteler lay down, but Jackson sat by his camp table and wrote dispatches and letters till midnight, and then lay down for a short nap. About four o'clock he resumed his writing, and seeing the light from his candle shining in his friend's face, he stopped to arrange some plan to shield him from the glare, that he, at least, might sleep.

Jackson had not taken off his clothes, but slept and worked with them on until nearly daylight when, being told by Dr. McGuire that General Gregg was nearing the end, having been mortally wounded the day before, he requested the Doctor to return to the General at once. The Doctor told him he had just seen General Gregg and could do nothing for him, when Jackson replied, "I wish you would go to him again and tell him I sent you."

Jackson some time before had some misunderstanding with General Gregg, and he could not bear the thought of the man, whom he admired for his gentlemanly and brave deportment, passing away without knowing that he, Jackson, bore no malice. Scarcely had the surgeon reached the dying General's side when Jackson came.

He was left alone with this brave officer and what passed between them no one will ever know; but Jackson's face wore that same exalted and sad look, noticed by all as he left the

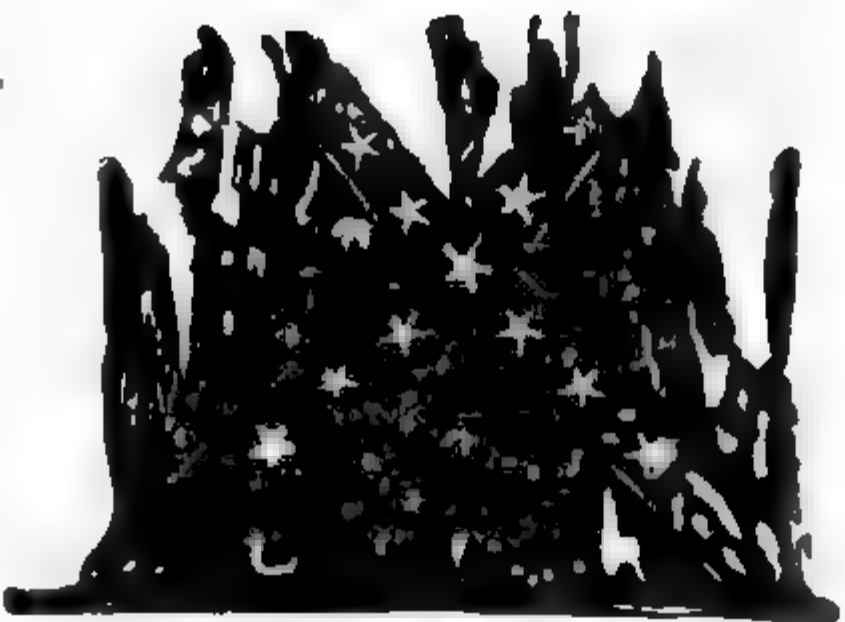
side of his dead Ashby on that summer's morning in the valley. The surgeon so intimate with Jackson writes, "That Jackson did not speak a word as they returned together in the winter night, back to his camp."

On the next morning, Jackson was ready for battle again, but as Burnside's officers openly refused to obey their commander, there was nothing to do but to prepare for defense, and this he did by digging ditches and making other preparations of like character.

He was in possession of the town of Fredericksburg, and this afforded protection to him. He did not dare to tarry and move his troops across the bridge. This was December 14th; on the next day, Monday, December 15th, a Northern general asked for flag of truce of the right wing (which was Jackson's,) so that they might come and bury their dead, and treat their sick and wounded who had lain there since the Saturday before on the frozen ground.

Jackson remembered how the Southerners had been treated at Sharpsburg when Northern officers asked for a flag of truce, which was promptly granted by Southern generals. McClellan, it is alleged, disclaimed their doing so, as he did not want even the impression to be made and recorded in history that a flag of truce was asked of the Southern army. In other words, he would rather let the sick and wounded die, and the dead go unburied than do a humane act to his own soldiers. There is not a doubt about the truce being granted, and all McClellan could make out of it was, that as the request had not been signed by himself as commander, it was not official, and he denied not only the truce, but would by this cast a blot on the Defenders as inhuman and brutal; but in this he failed. (We are disposed to doubt this bit of war "history.")

When the request at Fredericksburg came back *signed by Burnside*, the commander, as Jackson demanded it should be, the Northern troops were allowed to come on the battlefield and care for their unfortunate comrades. Here again was enacted the scene familiar to the reader; men of the same common country who had only a short time before been in the



More Precious than the Wealth of Empires.



Blessings and Prayers.



Jackson kneeling in prayer at cradle of his infant, Julia.



**Jackson Telling General Lee of his Plan to Flank Hooker—Night
Before Chancellorsville Battle.**



Entering tent to pray—morning of battle Chancellorsville.

death-throes of violent battle mingling like brothers among their dead comrades, as if there had never been war among them.

All these scenes, these moments of humanity when passions are silenced and hate is away, when God talks to the heart and poor weak human nature is itself, and its frailties are made bare, prove the errors of war, and that peace belongs to God, and war to man.

On the night of this day, being the second since the battle, a written communication came from D. H. Hill's men to Jackson, asking that they be not moved from their position as they wanted the honor of meeting the enemy's first attack. This was granted, but the next morning found the fields free of Invaders, for though A. P. Hill's command had been fearfully cut up, it still craved the post of honor, and longed for new laurels. Many times they had in battles borne severest brunts, but never lost one whit of heroic ambition and zeal.

The retreat of the enemy was aided by a severe storm that came up in the night which blew from the Southern side toward the Northern, and this, with the darkness of a December night prevented any sound or sign of the retreat being detected by the Southerners.

The enemy's pickets were withdrawn in whispers. As the retreating hosts passed through the town of Fredericksburg, and the citizens aroused by the sounds came to their doors, often with a light in their hands, they were met with a bayonet which was thrust into their faces, and they were ordered to "put out that light." Officers were so eager that their bravery should not be mistaken even on a gallant retreat, that they sprang from the marching horses, snatched the lights, blowing them out, and thrust the helpless women back into their doors. Gallantry is never out of place, even on a rainy winter night, when a serious thing like a retreat is on hand, and the enemy asleep. It is always the duty of a gentleman to protect a lady from exposure to the night air! But no thoughts and sentiments of this nature actuated these officers.

The tragedy of that night was ghastly in many ways, but the deception of the departing hosts was climaxed by the

following specimen: when the Southern pickets could see what was in front of them as the day dawned, their astonishment was great. They could not see any moving sentries on the picket-line of the foe, they could hear nothing, so they went to examine the strange condition of affairs. As they approached there stood as they thought, the pickets of the foe, frozen stiff and standing up. They were mere "dummies" in the shape of real men, who had been slain in the battle, frozen, and placed there propped up against supports, to deceive the pickets, and to prevent premature investigation: for they knew as quick as day came and Southern pickets heard no sound, they would investigate, and would not stop, or fail to give the alarm, unless they saw men on the picket line of the Invaders. Civilization was not a part of the equipment of the "finest army on the planet;" and this harrowing savagery lingers through the decades.

The accounts of the vandalism of the Invaders in Fredericksburg is merely a repetition of accounts given in previous chapters. Women, children and old men were nearly starved by the seige—the weather was bitter cold, non-combatants roamed the frozen streets and country roads, homeless and shelterless, while the men of their country stood powerless to aid for fear of killing them and destroying the town, if they opened fire on the Invaders with cannon.

The town was treated with less consideration than Moscow, and was shelled by the enemy although the Southern troops were in view on the field, waiting and ready to fight and give battle like men.

The Mississippians got into the town, and swept the Invaders as they tried to pass a pontoon bridge which they were trying to swing across the river. They cut down the enemy's entire forces nine times as they approached. The Invaders began with one hundred and eighty cannons to furiously bombard the little town; the home place of Washington, where he was born and reared, and where his mother is buried.

Pandemonium was before the people, but the brave Mississippians stood their own until by force of the unprecedented cannonading, the Invaders at last landed their bridge and be-

gan to rush across the river. Lee then withdrew Barksdale and his men (Mississippians) from the town.

Some have wondered at Lee allowing Burnside to retreat. It is easy to imagine all sorts of things in the way of *why*. Lee was Commander-in-Chief, and a braver, truer man never lived, and he must have had good reasons or the aggressive would have been taken. Whether he was right many doubt, but that Burnside escaped, all know.

The river was controlled by the Invaders, they had nearly two hundred cannons protecting their infantry and other troops; and they had Stafford's heights for their artillery. They had overwhelming numbers and munitions of war by the most lavish supplying. They had advantage of position, and in addition, kept close to the town, and this kept back the fire of the Southerners, who did not want to injure their own town.

Burnside was not backed by his three generals, and this would indicate they were afraid some attack like one Jackson was about to make would be made, and also that any position was not safe when Jackson was near. At any rate, the enemy left the field to the Southerners, and their march was not toward Richmond.

From the numerous articles in nearly all the Northern newspapers and other sources at the time, it is very plain that Burnside's attack on the Southern army was a source of great mortification to that section of country, then at war with the South. He was ridiculed, taunted and abused.* This should not have been done, for he was not responsible for that which always tells in war; told in the war with Spain; that is, that men who fight for their country fight desperately and are thrice brave. Invaders are not held to their best sentiments and courage. Then too, the Southern man is a born fighter.

It will be observed also, that the abuse heaped on Burnside, and his being relieved from command and Hooker put in his place, only kept up the current of changes of commanders all during Jackson's career in the war. The South had only two Commanders-in-Chief, Johnston who was wounded,

and Lee who took his place and kept it to the close of the war. The men were a part of their Commander and their cause.

*After the defeat at Fredericksburg the *New York Times* contained the following: "Sad, sad, it is to look at the superb army of the Potomac, the match of which no conqueror ever led—this incomparable army fit to perform the mission imposed upon it—paralyzed, petrified, put under a blight and spell; and on the other hand, the noble nation bleeding to death and pouring out the rich wine of its life in vain.

"But the root of the matter is a distrust of the general conduct and ordering of things. They feel that things are at loose ends—fact is they know it—for our army is one that reads and thinks. This spirit of discontent is augmented by many causes of a special nature. For example:

"1. They have not for months been paid. Shameful and inexcusable. 2. The stagnation, ennui, disgust, suffering, sickness and discontent of camp life in winter (without winter quarters) amid Virginia mud, cold and rain. No small hardships, I can assure, and it is doubtful if any European army had to submit to equally as great ones. (The Southern army suffered all this, and additional hardships of worn clothes and scant commissary department, but they did not once complain.—Author). 3. General feeling of despondency resulting from mismanagement and our want of military success. Soldiers are severe critics, and are not to be bamboozled.

"You may marshal your array of victories in glittering editorials—they smile sarcastically at them. You see men who tell you that they have been in a dozen battles and were licked and chased every time—they would like to chase once, to 'see how it feels.' This begins to tell painfully on them. Their splendid qualities, their patience, faith, hope and courage are gradually oozing out. Certainly never were braver, gloomier, more sober, sombre, serious and unmusical body of men than the army of the Potomac at the present time. It is a saddening contrast with a year ago." The Northern papers also spoke of the "Bell being broken" as to the esprit of the army.

The *Washington Republican*—a bitter Northern paper, after speaking of the unprecedented valor, and in the highest compliments to the military talent and courage of the Southern leaders, continuing, says of the Southern army: "They are presenting to their enemies a trained and untrepid front as of men born and bred to war."

The *London Times* says: "There is only one attitude in which I never should be ashamed of your seeing my men, and that is when they are fighting." (So said General Lee to the *Times's* correspondent in 1862). "It is a strange thing to look on these men, so ragged, slovenly and sleeveless, without a superfluous ounce of flesh upon their bones. with wild matted hair, in mendicant's rags, and to think, when

the battle flag goes to the front how they can and do fight." The correspondent saw them in the winter of 1862, and speaks of the "wonderful spirits of the tatterdemalion regiments of the South.

But all this "howling in the North" showed that the winter campaign was over and that their army was beaten. They had lost over twelve thousand men and gained nothing. They had fought with a force of from five to one, and three to one, and been compelled to give up their march "on to Richmond." The Southern Army had lost about four thousand, two thirds of them being from Jackson's corps—they never had over 25,000 in the battle, and their adversaries were at one time of the battle estimated at 100,000.

* * * * *

Since Jackson was last in battle, between the battles of Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg, a daughter was born to him: and his first intimation came through his sister-in-law, Mrs. Irwin of North Carolina, who wrote a letter to him and signed it "Your dear little wee daughter." The letter is addressed to "My own dear PaPa," and tells her illustrious father, that she looks like him, "blue eyes and a straight nose like my papa. My mother is anxious to have my name decided upon, hopes you will write and give me a name, with your blessing."

He wrote his wife Dec. 4th: "I wish I could be with you and see my two darlings. * * Don't you regard it as the most precious little creature in the world? Do not spoil it and do not let any one tease it. Don't permit it to have a bad temper. How I wish I could see the darling little thing! Give her many kisses from her father." We note the reference of Jackson to his child as, "it."

A coincidence of this letter, is, that it was written within one mile of Guiney's Station, between Richmond and Fredericksburg; and in the letter he tells his wife she can come to see him in the spring, as he cannot leave the army. She came in the early spring, and within a mile of Guiney's Station he died in the following spring, and here his infant daughter saw him for the last time.

He speaks as an humble Christian, of the great gifts of his

Heavenly Father, and the kindness of his many friends; but the joy over the birth of his daughter seemed to fill his mind and heart. He answered the little letter from his baby, and said, "Tell her I love her better than all the baby boys in the world and more than all other babies in the world." In a letter to this sister-in-law he writes, Dec. 3rd, that he looks to North Carolina with interest, as there, is his wife from whom he had been separated since the spring, and his daughter whom he had never seen.

On the 16th of December, he writes her: "I regret to say I did not send you a letter yesterday. *I was on the front from dawn until sunset.* The enemy, through God's blessing was repulsed at all points on Saturday, and I trust that our Heavenly Father will continue to bless us. We have renewed reason for gratitude to Him for my preservation during the last engagement." He also refers feelingly to the death and severe loss of Generals Cobb and Gregg; to the enemy's retreat, speaking of it thus, "the enemy has re-crossed to the north side of the Rappahannock River." He also speaks frequently of his baby Julia, and in the most affectionate terms.

The winter is well advanced and there will be no more fighting, as the repulse of Burnside put a stop to further effort for the season. Jackson had his army about him and he took up his headquarters about the middle of the camp. December 18th, he writes Mrs. Jackson, "Our headquarters are about twelve miles below Fredericksburg, near the house of Mr. Richard Corbin, which is one of the most beautiful buildings I have seen in this country.

"It is said to have cost \$60,000. Night before last I was about to spend the night in the woods, but sent to ask if we could procure our supper at the house. Mr. Corbin was absent, serving as a private in the Virginia cavalry, but Mrs. Corbin bountifully supplied us, and requested me to spend the night at her house, which invitation was thankfully accepted, and I had a delightful night's rest."

He also refers to the offer made him, of a house in the yard for his office and headquarters, but he declined, and went to camp in the woods (Later Jackson took the house in the

yard. It had been used as a kind of a lodge, and all sorts of sporting pictures were on the walls of race horses, etc. He slept up stairs, and his office was down on the first floor. He refers to his beginning his reports of the battles of McDowell, Winchester, Port Republic, Richmond, Manassas, Maryland, Campaign, Harper's Ferry and Fredericksburg, upon which he had not had time before to do much work.

Christmas Day he wrote Mrs. Jackson, in which letter he speaks of receiving a lock of his baby's hair, and of his longing to see her, his desire for peace, and to see the whole country made up of God-fearing, Christian people. He speaks of an invitation from Dr. and Mrs. Dabney to have his wife visit them with him, but added *that he felt he should remain with his men till the war closed.*

Jackson refers to the absentees from the army, and advances the opinion that if this were not the case, so many absent, that peace might be brought about sooner, and says, he must set the example by remaining at his post of duty. *He projected a plan to avoid the abuse of furlough privilege, but no action was taken at Richmond.* The plan would have prevented the excessive absences of men.

As an illustration that Jackson was opposed ^{to} nepotism—did not approve of family favorites—when a young kinsman from western Virginia wrote, he advised him to join General Echol's command which was operating in that section. He also tells him that by application and doing his duty he would be rewarded.

The new year found him in his winter-quarters. The men had built huts and otherwise prepared for the winter. Jackson prepared for the spiritual welfare of the army by having chaplains appointed and religious meetings arranged for. Some of these meetings were attended by two or three thousand men, and many united themselves to the church through these services.

Men who could not waver in the dangers of battle would tremble when their spiritual condition was shown them by the faithful chaplains, and the influences of that winter in the camp of a godly man will never perish; and many of those

who survived Jackson and the war lived a life of devotion to the cause of Christ, and those yet among the men of this earth remember Jackson's prayer-meetings and the *churches* under the winter skies in Caroline County, Virginia.

News came to him of the Invaders again getting into Winchester, he immediately wrote to parties in Richmond to urge his plans of keeping an army in the Valley to protect that rich country from destruction of the enemy, and to keep out the enemy from northern Virginia, but his plans were not heeded, as usual, and as usual also, catastrophe ensued.

Later General Longstreet was sent to the southwestern part of Virginia, and was there when the battle of Chancellorsville was fought, but this move did not accomplish what Jackson showed plainly could have been accomplished by having an army in the Valley of Virginia; he took no interest in the southwest Virginia plan. He did not ask that he be placed in the Valley, but suggested General Early as the man, and by his having twenty thousand troops there, they could be well cared for, besides keeping out invasion; while down in the region about Richmond, the efforts to sustain and support the army were at times desperate. As a *rejoinder*, or answer, to Jackson's plans or suggestions, the Valley was filled with Invaders, which would not have been possible had he been heeded.

In the first two years of Jackson's service, the responsibilities and cares began to show upon his health, but when he was relieved of these responsibilities, many remarked the improvement, both in his health and outward manner. At this present time Jackson was directly under the Commander-in-Chief, and his cares were so few, comparatively, he obtained relaxation from previous stress. His men scarcely knew him in his new style of dress and uniform, and while he would not discard all his old familiar marks, he was "more on the order of a general officer," but withal, the same simple manner of living clung by him. He and General Stuart became more than ever, attached to each other; and he enjoyed the hearty, free and easy manner of the Knight of Cavalrymen. No one

could talk to Jackson as Stuart; the dignified Jackson would sometimes be completely non-plussed by some of Stuart's jokes, but took them all good naturedly and laughed heartily.

On one occasion a party of officers were dining with him—among them Stuart. On the walls of the room were pictures of race horses and other sporting scenes which have been referred to which, when Stuart noticed, began to comment on the tastes of the pious host. He pointed to the pictures, and in mock surprise announced that, "He never thought General Jackson was that sort of a man." Jackson laughingly told them, appreciating the joke, that he was more familiar with race horses than some might suppose.

In his boyhood, it will be remembered, his uncle owned several, and Jackson rode them. As the generals sat down to dinner there was a plate of fine butter which Jim, the cook, had placed in the center of the table. Stuart looked at it carefully and remarked in his inimicable humor, "Why, gentlemen, Jackson even carries his sporting inclinations into his articles of foods; look at that game cock on his butter." The lady who sent the butter, had molded a rooster on it.

During a severe snow storm, that left on the ground additional discomfort to outdoor winter army life, the men, who had been practically idle, took advantage of the occasion to have exercise, and they had, among themselves regular pitched battles of snow-balling. One day Jackson, who had been riding for some business connected with the army, came along. The soldiers saw him and at once prepared to give him a good snow-balling. They waited until he was in good range, and began to hurl the snowballs at "Old Jack" as they called him. He saw he was caught, and tucking his head down, put spurs to his horse and dashed along through the snowballs. He enjoyed anything like spirit and dash, and this pleasantry was a surprise, and one enjoyed by him.

An officer in the English army who visited Jackson about this time writes: "I brought from Nassau a box of goods for General Stonewall Jackson, and he asked me when I was in Richmond to come to his camp and see him. I left the city one morning about seven o'clock, and about ten o'clock landed

at a station some eight or nine miles from Jackson's, or as his men call it, "Old Jack's camp."

"A heavy fall of snow had covered the country for some time before to the depth of a foot, and formed a crust over the Virginia mud, which is as villainous as that of Balaklava. The day before had been mild and wet, and my journey was made in a drenching shower, which soon cleared away the white mantle of snow. You cannot imagine the slough of despond I had to pass through. Wet to the skin I stumbled through the mud, I waded the creeks, passed through pine woods, and at last got into camp about two o'clock.

"I then made my way to a small house occupied by the General as his headquarters. I wrote down my name and gave it to an orderly, and I was immediately told to walk in. The General rose and greeted me warmly. I expected to see an old, untidy man, and was most agreeably surprised and pleased with his appearance. He is tall, handsome and powerfully built, but thin. He had brown hair and beard. His mouth expresses great determination, the lips are thin and compressed firmly together; his eyes are blue and dark, with keen and searching expression.

"I was told that his age was thirty-eight and he looks about forty. The General, who is indescribably simple and unaffected in all his ways, took off my wet overcoat with his own hands, made up the fire, brought wood for me to put my feet on to keep them warm while my boots were drying, and then began to ask me questions on various subjects. At the dinner-hour he went out and joined the members of his staff. At this meal the General said grace in a fervent, quiet manner which struck me much.

"After dinner I returned to his room and he again talked for a long time. The servant came in and took his mattress out of a cupboard and laid it on the floor. As I rose to retire the General said, 'Captain, there is plenty of room on my bed; I hope you will share it with me.' I thanked him very much for his courtesy, but said good-night and slept in a tent, sharing the blankets of one of his aides-de-camp.

"In the morning, at breakfast-time, I noticed that the Gen-

eral said grace before the meal with the same fervor I had remarked before. An hour or two afterwards, it was time for me to return to the station; on this occasion, however, I had a horse, and I returned up to the General's headquarters to bid him adieu. His little room was vacant, so I stepped in and stood before the fire. I then noticed my great-coat stretched before it on a chair. Shortly afterwards, the General entered the room. He said, 'Captain, I have been trying to dry your great-coat, but I am afraid I have not succeeded very well.'

"That little act illustrates the man's character. With the care and responsibilities of a vast army on his shoulders, he finds time to do little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness, which make him the darling of his men, who never seemed to tire talking of him. General Jackson is a man of great endurance; he drinks nothing stronger than water, and never uses tobacco or any stimulant. He has been known to ride for three days and nights at a time; and if there is any labor to be undergone, he never fails to take his share of it."

Jackson's domestic tastes soon asserted themselves, and he found a dear little friend in Mrs. Corbin's child Jane. Whenever he went to the house or she came to his headquarters he would have some little present for her, and she would sit on his knee and talk, in her childish prattle, of the jumbling subjects a child can bring up. Once he had nothing for his little friend, and he took his penknife and clipped the gold lace from his cap and placing it over her brow, said, "This shall be a coronet for you."

The day he left his winter-quarters, Moss Neck, Mr. Corbin's plantation, to go into the spring campaign, this little friend died. Her mother cherished the gold lace as a memorial of this child and her illustrious friend. In less than two months Jackson joined his innocent child-friend; and they wear a coronet in that place where there are no wars; where peace, far sweeter than the peace he craved on earth, is ever present—a "peace that passeth all understanding."

Let us here make a few selections from some of the letters written at this time by him. It seemed as he approached death, although we have no account of his anticipating death

especially, his fervor upon all spiritual affairs became very absorbing, and he spent a great deal of his time upon the various matters connected with religion. "If I know my unworthy self, my desire is to live entirely and unreservedly to God's glory. Pray that I may so live."

"I derived additional pleasure in reading a letter, resulting from a conviction that it had not been traveling on the Sabbath. How delightful will be our heavenly home, where everything is sanctified." "Our Heavenly Father is continually blessing me with presents. He withholds no good thing from me." "I trust that in answer to prayers of *God's people*, *He will soon give us peace*. I have not seen my wife for nearly a year, and my home for nearly two years, and I have never seen my sweet little daughter."

Jackson wrote his old pastor at Lexington his views in regard to the matter of selection and appointment of chaplains for the army and views concerning the relation of the people to the spiritual part of the army as well as the material part. He was very reluctant to write anything, but being urged he consented. Jackson had an innate modesty that his most careful student marks as one of his grandest attributes. He was absolutely without pride of the self-advancement quality.

He was grateful in the extreme; and had he been properly treated by the government and his worth confessed in its acts during his life, instead of high-sounding words after he was called to that reward higher than all governments could bestow, his gratitude would have been measured only by his services—and brilliant services—to that cause he held dearer than life—his country's independence!

* * * * *

If the plans Jackson suggested in 1863, on March 10th, in the letter referred to, could be followed by all nations, there would be no more wars. An account is given of one of the numerous meetings held in that army. The church was the property of the Episcopalians, a Baptist opened the service with prayer, a Methodist conducted it, and a Presbyterian preached the sermon.

There were weekly meetings of chaplains. He would meet

and talk with them and urge that they bear the hardships and dangers with the soldiers. Jackson advocated Congress enacting laws requiring that chaplains have tents and equipments, horses, etc., and that they be indeed a part, and an important part, of the army.

Frequently Jackson spoke with wonderful power upon subjects that went far into the relationship of state and church, taking the ground that the state should protect the church, that in turn the church could support the state; that the laws should be manifested and founded upon the finest and absorbing sense of the rights of the Almighty, and His laws should be the basis of all law.

He had a plan that would have resulted, had he lived, in publishing a religious daily paper. In the year 1900, Rev. Charles Sheldon, Kansas City, Mo., established a daily religious newspaper and the experiment, from all accounts, is succeeding; thirty-eight years before Jackson planned to bring about such a result. He had studied the subject and his ideas upon the matter, as upon all others, were sound; supported by a man of his unswerving determination, the plan would have succeeded. The whole religious world would have rallied to the support of any publication having the personal care and supervision of this devout man. Some of the daily papers of the present day are not careful in the selection of their news and contents, and many men do not permit them to enter their homes. We do not mean that the press is corrupt, far from any suggestion is our conviction, but there are some papers that the press condemns and such papers will eventually be barred.

During this camping the soldiers built log churches—the Stonewall brigade built the first one; logs were also used as seats—there were no “pews.” It was a common sight to have Lee, Jackson, and many other generals in attendance upon service or meetings in church or out of doors, mingling with the private soldiers, as a body of seekers after righteousness. A favorite maxim of Jackson’s was, “*Duty is ours; consequences are God’s.*”

Jackson had now 33,000 troops and the men had recruited

the ranks during their trips home. The fame of Jackson had induced many men, who had, in time past, hesitated, to join the army and fight under him. "The splendid *morale* of this army did not need improvement;" and the army was enabled to bear without injury the privations and hardships of the winter.

Insufficient clothing and scanty rations for the Defenders produced no other effect upon the men than the development of their regal devotion to their cause and country, and they bore the hardships of their camp-life as heroes alone can suffer and survive. Many of these men could have taught Tapley the way to jollity.

Very few, in this day and time, when billions of dollars are at the beck and word of the United States, know what the struggle is to supply an army from a country having little or no money and very few of the articles needed within its midst. The department of Commissary and Quartermaster of the Confederate States stood to the government of the South, as the engineer of a great structure to the part visible; few know anything connected with the details. The public see the structure and know that great sums of money were involved, but beyond this, but few concern themselves, even in curiosity.

There is not the slightest perplexity to the plan of supplying an army and navy if there is the necessary cash or credit present. But consider the task without either, and consider the weight, responsibility and anxiety upon the men in charge, of feeding and clothing the Southern troops. Statesmen were as numerous as morning-glories in a cottage garden, but men who are required to perform military miracles and supply food and raiment for tens of thousands of men belong to a different element in nature to the average "statesman."

The keen humor of Micawber and Sellers are very charming to read and laugh over, but the appetite of soldiers goes on forever, and their rags get thinner as the days recur. Statesmen may wave their thin, white hands in direction of all kinds of wealth and fields of succor for an army and navy, but men who are hungry do not fill up on this kind of com-

missary material. When we see a barrel of flour selling for as much money in dollar bills as it will take piled up over it to hide it from view; a dinner costing a thousand dollars or so, bacon at hundreds of dollars for "a smell"; coffee so dear that *nine grains was a week's rations* to a man; and tea not even scented in the air; sugar reduced to a mere name and represented by "sweet'nin long drawed out;" molasses, every commodity, article of food, and the plainest demands of the appetite out of reach literally; there is a time when men should stop talking, and cease the false play and go nearly mad because of the strain upon their veracity—we refer to men who made the great bluffs, not the real patriots.

The commissaries and quartermasters of the Confederacy deserve an imperishable monument and to be remembered in gratitude. How they performed their duties and kept the armies of the Confederacy from actual starvation is to this good day one of the marvels and master-strokes of that gigantic struggle!

Of course the people gave up all they had beyond a bare living supply, and sometimes even that, and sent their wagons loaded with supplies, when they had any, and gave up everything they could procure from their cribs, smokehouses, fields and dairies, their stock, poultry and all articles they could get together were at the service of those armies suffering and dying for their homes.

Beds were taken apart and tickings made into shirts; sheets were made into underwear; shoes were made from such leather as could be obtained; leather saddle-skirts were used for soles—soleless soldiers could not hope. Principally, shoe-supply was captured from our friends—the enemy; hats were made of cloth, quilted and stitched, others were taken from the enemy's stores; socks were knit by the women, many of whom were over seventy years of age. Even little girls would remain up until late at night, helping with the work of the women, in the struggle to keep the men at the front supplied with such clothing and articles of wear as could be produced. There were no knitting-mills in the South at that time, and few cot-

ton or woolen mills at which thread or cloth could be made. These could not meet the demand for cloth or thread.

Gloves were knit by hand. Carpets were taken from the floors and made into blankets and coverings for the men. Linens were sent for the wounded. Everywhere sacrifices were made, and without a murmur, by the women. Ladies, at one time in their lives accustomed to every wish of theirs being supplied as far as wardrobes were concerned, gave up their clothing to such an extent that they could only make the *pretense of new dresses*, by turning their old ones several times.

A monument is being erected to the women of the Confederacy; God grant that its shaft may reflect eternal sunshine, and that all generations may reverence this silent token of a chivalrous century to the highest type of womanhood—our Confederate women!

Needles could not be had except at rare chances, and scissors were scarcer than sewing-machines are to-day. Sewing-machines at that time were owned by a few, and were so worn and out of repair that they were practically useless. Most of the thread used was made at home—home-made: knitting-needles were made by blacksmiths, and these smiths were principally negroes. All kinds of devices were employed to prepare means for supplying the brave men at the front with necessary articles. We have not heard nor has any mention been made of collars, cravats, handkerchiefs and toilet articles.

There were no men out of the army who had as much pride or courage as a man should have, unless he was engaged in working for the cause through some other capacity. The few men who remained out of the army and did not labor for the cause of their country in some way usually speculated upon its misfortunes, and when the war ended were the Shylocks and financial cut-throats of the land. Some of them even gloated over the downfall of the very government they had grown rich by plundering; some cursed their lives by ridiculing participants in the struggle; some were mean enough to depress these brave but overwhelmed men, and went through

Near 3 P.M.
May 7, 1863

General,

The enemy has
made a stand at Chancellor's
which is about 2 miles from
Chancellorsville. I hope as
soon as practicable to
attack.

I trust that an ever kind
Providence will bless us
with great success.

Respectfully,
Genl R.E. Lee
T. J. Jackson
H. G. Jenkins

The foggy decision is up
in the night two appear to
be well along.

T. J.

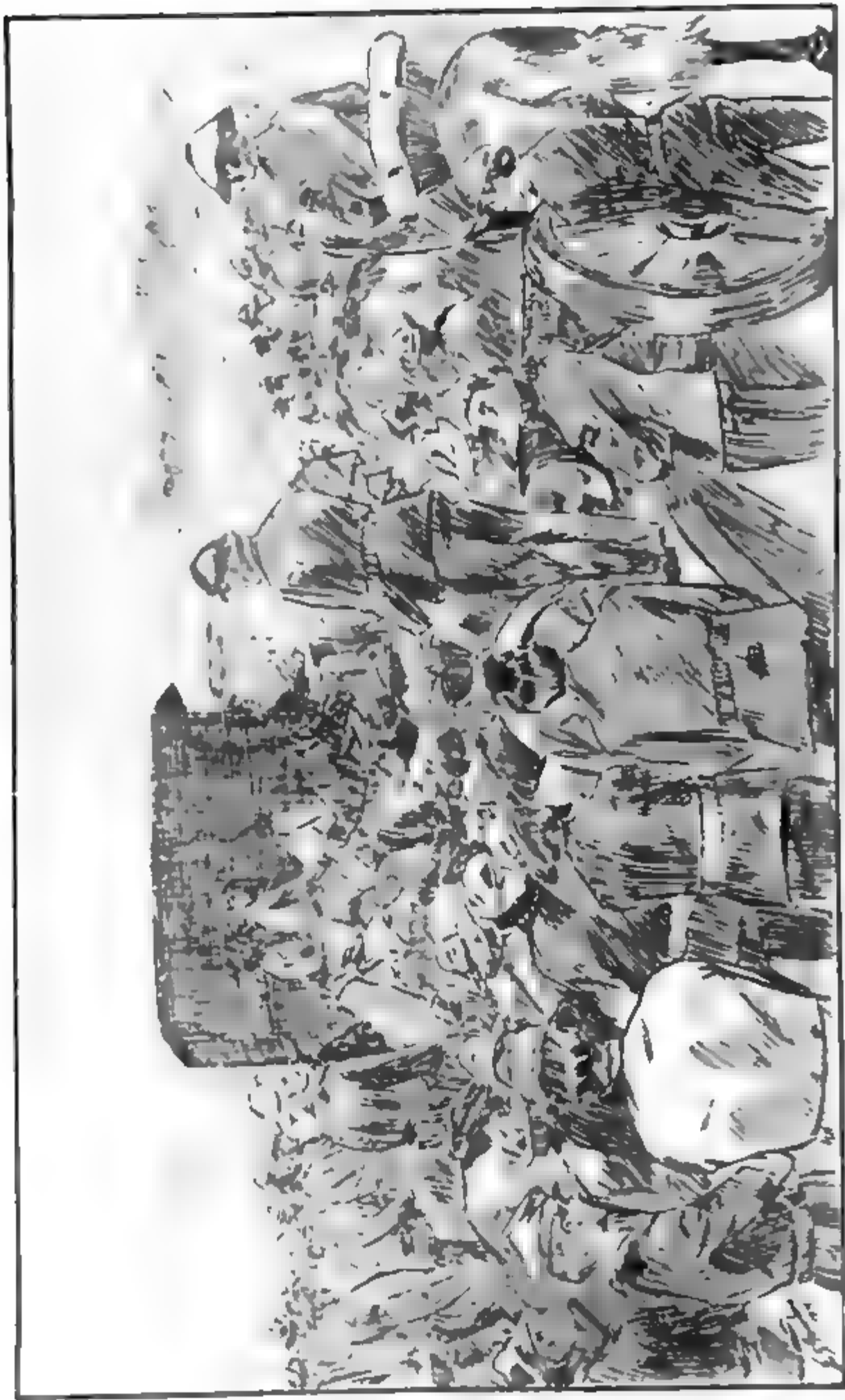
GENERAL JACKSON'S LAST WAR DISPATCH.



A Charge and Capture of Federal Breastworks at Chancellorsville (From "Confederate Soldiers in the Civil War.")



Wounded Horse runs away Chancellorsville.



Moving Jackson from Chancellorsville Battlefield Hospital to Guiney's Station.

the pretense of *buying* their lands, and in many cases to humiliate them—we say pretense because we know of instances where patriots lost their property through treachery of these wretched poltroons, and worse—some of these men did not hesitate to refer derisively to the Confederacy, and long after the war gloated over the misfortunes of a class of patriots they despitefully and sneeringly referred to as “them broken-down aristocrats.”

Jackson manifested, as before related, less reserve than formerly, and would express his opinion of the general principles that should govern the Confederate side in the continuance of the war. With much emphasis he remarked to an officer: “We must make this campaign an extremely active one. Only thus can a weaker country cope with a stronger; it must make up in activity what it lacks in strength. A defensive campaign can only be made successful by taking the aggressive at the proper time. Napoleon never waited for his adversary to become fully prepared, but struck him the first blow.”

Napoleon’s plan of fighting was un-French, the French usually prided themselves upon fighting on the defensive. Jackson’s fighting was peculiarly Jacksonian. Orlando’s fabulous contests and conquests are not more thrilling than Jackson’s overthrowing these armed giants who came against his forces, towering in their stupendous largeness.

The magnificence of equipment and the circumstances of war, the miles of trains, railroad and wagon, filled with every store an army can feast upon or pettishly demand, the pomp and glitter of army life, never marked Jackson’s campaigns or camp life. Like Marion and his men, Jackson and his men fought on “rations and raiment” as near nature as men can live. The scenes of the sixteenth century and the centuries up to and before the birth of Christ, in war’s dazzling parade, Jackson’s men knew nothing of in their hard-down, practical war work. They would have made a sorry spectacle in that famous interview between Henry the Seventh and Francis the First. Solomon in all his glory could not come up to the lily,

and upon the same analogy, he could not compare his array with the Confederate soldier.

The time draws near for the opening of the spring campaign, and he moves his quarters to Hamilton crossing, on the railroad about five miles from Fredericksburg. He writes that he is in a tent and this prevents being so often interrupted in his work. We regret that we can not give more of the letters of Jackson.

He wrote many letters during this winter, a majority being addressed to his wife; some of his correspondence relates to church and state, and they are open windows to the soul of the hero. He received many very elegant presents, among them, a complete and handsome cavalryman's outfit, even to weapons, oil-cloth clothing, blankets etc., also a fine horse.

During this camp life in the winter of 1862-1863, Jackson was visited by many distinguished men from all parts of the South and Europe, and a book could be filled with their accounts of the hero and the talks they had with him. It is to be noted however, that although he was near Richmond—only a very short ride—and the country was at no great danger, there being no campaigns in progress during the entire time, not one of the government officials came to the camp of this patriot, or have we any account of their having any knowledge of his existence. Such is glory.

The reports of Jackson were written and are noted for their perspicuity, their freedom from all adjectives and all ostentatiousness. He declined any other method (and his officer-friends suggested to him other) than a bare relation of the official facts.

He has been quoted as saying that he took no concern as to what historians might have to say about his record; they could please themselves about that, but as far as he was concerned, he would report the facts about the movements of his command. Little did he know that men would come from foreign lands to study this marvelous soldier and learn about him. Jackson was a man above this century of great men!

Brighter days were ahead for Jackson. Mrs. Longstreet, Mrs. A. P. Hill and Mrs. Rodes, wives of generals, had vis-

ited their husbands. Jackson was soon to look for the first time upon his infant nearly five months old and meet his wife whom he had not seen for over a year. On April 18th, he wrote: "I am beginning to look for my darling and my baby. I shouldn't be surprised to hear at any time that they were coming, and I tell you there will be one delighted man.

"Last night I dreamed that my little wife and I were on opposite sides of a room, in the center of which was a table, and the little baby started from her mother, making her way along under the table, and finally reached her father. And what do you think she did when she arrived at her destination? She just climbed up on her father and kissed him! And don't you think he was a happy man? But when he awoke he found it all a delusion. I am glad to hear that she enjoys outdoors, and coos and laughs. How I would love to see her sweet ways. That her little chubby hands have lost their resemblance to mine is not regretted by me.

"Should I write you to have any more pantaloons made for me, please do not have much gold braid about them. I became so ashamed of the broad gilt band that was on the cap you sent, as to induce me to take it off. I like simplicity."

On the 20th of April, Jackson was again with his loved ones, and we will give in Mrs. Jackson's words this meeting and visit; she writes: "Little Julia (the name of the baby, which name was given her in memory and love of Jackson for his mother, whose name was Julia), was nearly five months old, being plump, rosy and good, and with her nurse, Hetty, we set out upon this visit, so full of interest and anticipated joys. We made the journey safely, stopping in Richmond to spend Sunday, and arrived at Guiney's Station at noon on Monday, the 20th of April, 1863.

"Hetty and I were all anxiety to have our baby present her best appearance for her father's first sight of her, and she could not have better realized our wishes. She awoke from a long, refreshing sleep just before the train stopped, and never looked more bright and charming. When he entered the coach to receive us, his rubber overcoat was dripping from the rain which was falling, but his face was all sunshine and

gladness, and, after greeting his wife, it was a picture, indeed, to see his look of perfect delight and admiration as his eyes fell upon that baby.

“She was at the lovely, smiling age; and catching his eager look of supreme interest in her, she beamed her brightest and sweetest smiles upon him in return, so it seemed to be a mutual fascination. He was afraid to take her in his arms with his wet overcoat; but as we drove in the carriage to Mr. Yerby’s his face reflected all the happiness and delight that were in his heart, and he expressed much surprise and gratification at her size and beauty.

“Upon our arrival at the house he speedily divested himself of his overcoat, and taking his baby in his arms, he caressed her with the tenderest affection, and held her long and lovingly. During the whole of the short visit, when he was with us, he rarely had her out of his arms, walking her, and amusing her in every way he could think of—sometimes holding her up before a mirror and saying, admiringly, ‘Now, Miss Jackson, look at yourself!’

“Then he would turn to an old lady of the family, and say: ‘Isn’t she a little gem?’ He was frequently told that she resembled him, but he would say, ‘No, she is too pretty to look like me’. When she slept in the day, he would kneel over her cradle, and gaze upon her little face with rapt admiration, and he said he felt almost as if she were an angel, in her innocence and purity.

“I have often wished that the picture which was presented to me of that father kneeling over the cradle of that lovely infant could have been put on canvass. And yet with all his fondness and devotion for the little lady he had no idea of spoiling her, as will be seen by his undertaking to teach her a lesson in self-control before she was five months old. One day she began to cry to be taken from the bed on which she was lying, and as soon as her wish was gratified she ceased to cry. He laid her back upon the bed, and the crying was renewed with increased violence.

“Of course the mother-heart wished to stop this by taking her up again, but he exclaimed: ‘This will never do!’ and com-

manded, 'All hands off, until that little will of her own should be conquered.' So there she lay kicking and screaming, while he stood over her with as much coolness and determination as if he were directing a battle; and he was true to the name of *Stonewall*, even in disciplining a baby. When she stopped crying he would take her up, and if she began to cry again he would lay her down again, and this he kept up until she was finally completely conquered, and became perfectly quiet in his hands.

"On the 23rd of April, the day she was five months old, General Jackson had little Julia baptized. He brought his chaplain, the Rev. Mr. B. T. Lacy, to Mr. Yerby's, in whose parlor the sacred rite was performed, in the presence of the family and a number of the staff officers. The child behaved beautifully, and was the object of great interest to her father's friends and soldiers.

"His aide, Lieutenant Smith, tells how he came to be present. He says: 'I recall the visit to Mr. Yerby's to see the baptism of little Julia. For some reason Mr. Lacy did not wish me to go, and said I should not go. Provoked at this, I went to the General, who said, 'Certainly, Mr. Smith, you can go; ask the others to go with you,' and I turned out the whole party, making quite a cavalcade to ride to Mr. Yerby's.' I remember the General's impatience at some little delay and the decided way with which he went out and brought in the child in his arms."

"The next Sabbath was a memorable one to me, being the last upon which I was privileged to attend divine services with my husband on earth, and to worship in camp with such a company of soldiers as I had never seen together in a religious congregation. My husband took me in an ambulance to his headquarters where the services were held, and on the way were seen streams of officers and soldiers, some riding, some walking, all wending their way to the place of worship.

"Arrived there, we found Mr. Lacy in a tent, in which we were seated, together with General Lee and other distinguished officers. I remember how reverent and impressive was Gen-

eral Lee's bearing, and how handsome he looked, with his splendid figure and faultless military attire.

"In front of the tent, under the canopy of heaven, was spread out in dense masses the soldiers, sitting upon benches or standing. The singing was one grand volume of song, and the attention and good behavior of the assembly remarkable. That Sabbath afternoon my husband spent entirely with me, and his conversation was more spiritual than I had ever observed before, he seemed to be giving utterance to those religious meditations in which he so much delighted. He never appeared to be in better health than at this time, and I never saw him look so handsome and noble.

"He had a large, comfortable room at Mr. Yerby's which was hospitably furnished, with *three* beds. It seems that General Lee had been an occupant of this room before us, for when he called on me he facetiously alluded to our capacious accommodations, and said he had written to his wife and daughters that if they would come to see him, he could entertain them *all in this room!*"

Mrs. Jackson then tells of a visit of General Lee and his staff, referring to their splendid appearance as specimens of Southern manhood, attired in full uniform, and continuing her interesting narrative says: "General Jackson did not permit the presence of his family to interfere in any way with his military duties. The greater part of each day he spent at his headquarters, but as early as he could, got off from his labors and devoted all of his leisure time to his visitors—little Julia sharing his chief attention and care.

"His devotion to his child was remarked upon by all who beheld the happy pair together, for she soon learned to delight in his caresses as much as he loved to play with her. An officer's wife who saw him often during this time wrote to a friend in Richmond that the 'General spent all his leisure time in playing with his baby.'

"One morning he rode over from his headquarters upon his handsome bay horse, Superior, wishing to show me his fine present; and after bringing him up to the steps of the house and showing him off, he remounted him and galloped away at

such a John Gilpin speed that his cap was soon borne off by the velocity, but he did not stop to pick it up, leaving this to his orderly behind him, who found great difficulty in keeping even in sight of him. As far as could be seen, he was flying like the wind, the impersonation of fearlessness and manly vigor.

“It was during these last happy days that he sat for the last picture that was taken of him—the three-quarter view of his face and head—the favorite picture with his old soldiers, as it is the most soldierly looking, but, to my mind, not so pleasing as the full face view which was taken in the spring of 1862 at Winchester, and which has more of the beaming sunlight of *his home-look*.

“The last picture was taken by an artist who came to Mr. Yerby’s and asked permission to photograph him, which he at first declined, but as he never presented a finer appearance in health and dress (wearing the handsome suit given him by General Stuart), I persuaded him to sit for his picture. After arranging his hair myself, which was unusually long for him, and curled in large ringlets, he sat in the hall of the house, where a strong wind blew in his face, causing him to frown, and giving a sternness to his countenance that was not natural, but in spite of this, some fine copies have been produced from the original. The very best is Elder’s grand portrait—painted for the late Mr. W. W. Cochran, of Washington, D. C.”

Mrs. Jackson, continuing, says: “During a visit of my daughter and myself to Mr. Cochran, he asked us to walk with him into his salon, saying he had there something to show us. Without another word, he led us in front of this portrait, and the child stood, transfixed, before the splendid representation of the father whose memory she so revered—the dear old man stepped forward, and lifting the pathetic young face, tenderly kissed her. This portrait, together with a companion picture of General Lee, was given by Mr. Cochran to the art gallery in Washington, which was founded by him and bears his honored name.

“But as the campaign drew on apace, my delightful visit

was destined to come to an end. My husband had loved to dwell with devout thankfulness upon the happy winter we had spent in Winchester together; but his last visit exceeded that in happiness, for it had the additional charm of the attraction of the lovely child that God has given us, and this greatly intensified his delight and enjoyment.

“My visit lasted only nine days, when early one morning, April 29th, we were aroused by a messenger at our door saying, ‘General Early’s adjutant wishes to see General Jackson.’ As he rose he said, ‘That looks as if Hooker was crossing.’ He hurried down stairs, and, soon returning, told me that his surmise was correct—Hooker was crossing the river and that he must go immediately to the scene of action. From the indications he thought a battle was imminent, and under the circumstances he was unwilling for us to remain in so exposed a situation as Mr. Yerby’s. He therefore directed me to prepare to start for Richmond at a moment’s notice, promising to return himself to see me off if possible, and if not, he would send my brother Joseph (Mrs. Jackson’s brother was on Jackson’s staff).

“After a tender and hasty good-bye, he hurried off without breakfast. Scarcely had he gone when the roar of cannons began; volley after volley followed in quick succession, the house shaking and the windows rattling from the reverberations, throwing the family into a great panic and causing the wildest excitement among all the occupants of the place.

“My hasty preparations for leaving were hardly completed when Mr. Lacy, the chaplain, came with an ambulance, saying he had been sent by General Jackson to convey me to the station as speedily as possible, in order to catch the morning train for Richmond.

“My brother, seeing that General Jackson needed his services, had requested that Mr. Lacy should be sent in his stead as my escort. He brought a cheerful note from my husband, explaining why he could not leave his post, and invoking God’s care and blessing upon us in our sudden departure, and especially was he tender and loving in his mention of the baby.

“A rapid and continuous rattle of musketry showed that the battle was now under way, and before we left Mr. Yerby’s, we saw several wounded soldiers brought in and placed in the out-houses, which the surgeons were arranging as temporary hospitals. This was my first and only glimpse of the actual horrors of the battle-field, and the reader can imagine how sad and harrowing was my drive to the station on that terrible morning.

“The distance was several miles; we could hear the sounds of battle, and my heart was heavy with foreboding and dread. We were in good time, and soon were in Richmond among kind friends, for all Southern hearts were bound by a strong tie in the common cause for which so many brave hearts were battling.”

Thus was the General, after a separation from his wife for over a year—during which he had made the Confederacy a power throughout the whole world by his mighty valor and skill, and deserved some reward, if only in the quiet presence of his family—torn from her by the ruthless Invaders, who again came to crush Lee and Jackson and take Richmond. Let us see how signally they again failed. We now come to the breaking of the life-shaft of this noble type of Southern manhood—to the last act in his army career—one that gave him “rest under the shade of the trees”—Peace.

For some time before the battle of Chancellorsville came on—and which battle had given Mrs. Jackson a sudden breaking up of all her hopes and happy visit—Jackson was frequently restless to end the suspense as to the war, and would say, “I wish they would come.” Often when told of the immense preparations being made by the Northern authorities to invade his country again, he would say: “My trust is in God.”

From the time Burnside was *returned* across the river from Fredericksburg to the day the Chancellorsville battle opened—over four months—the people, press, and everybody in the North devoted their time to arousing the most intense feeling against the South, and instead of admiring her for the marvellous courage, fortitude, and the flame of glory she had placed before the admiration of the globe for examples of

American courage and devotion to *cause and duty*, they set to work to crush her into abject ruin.

The press urged the arming of negroes in the South by the North, the massing of "ironsides," gunboats, in every port of the South, and, generally, "to strike Southern traitors from the face of the earth and lay their land of rebeldom in waste." Brutality sprang from every line written, or speech made, and a more vindictive and venomous savagery never marked the course of the most alien nations than did the course of the North at the time prior and subsequent to the battle of Chancellorsville.

It was thought that when Burnside had been equipped for the downfall of Richmond, the North had somewhat exhausted its supply of means and hate; but they had Hooker, the *new conqueror*, left. Having gotten rid of McClellan and Burnside, he stood at the place of honor, in command of the "finest army on the planet," and boasted that he would do all manner of wonderful things, mainly, defeat Jackson and suppress the South.

The range of attack was wide, and the Invading cavalry scouring the country was met by General R. E. Lee's son, General W. H. F. Lee, and his nephew, General Fitzhugh Lee, and other cavalry commands, and the demonstrations began four days before the regular or grand battle of Chancellorsville commenced. Hooker was in command of 123,000 troops—a Northern general, writing to the *New York Herald* put the number at 159,300—the Southern army had less than 58,000.

Hooker knew too, his war-footing in equipment, munitions and implements of all classes, far outmatched the poor war outfit of the Defenders, but when the time came for him to look his Southern brothers in the eye, and confront them on the field of actual battle, he was "frightened at his own temerity," says a distinguished authority; and set his whole army to the task of making abatis—cutting down trees and placing the limbs and jagged parts outward from his camp, and also throwing up vast breastworks all around his army for miles.

Hooker's plans were after obtaining a good idea of the

country, and he had fixed, he concluded, a complete trap for the capture of Lee and Jackson. It is related that some one standing near at a gathering of Jackson's staff, remarked upon the danger of Jackson's army having to retire. Jackson, like a flash, turned and said in that quick, snappy manner, "Who said that? No, sir! We shall not fall back. We shall attack them!"

- But the question was who should first attack! Hooker was playing for heavy stakes and yet he had "*hid behind brush heaps*," as some of the old soldiers remarked, and if he came out the consequences were in grave doubt. It was decided to meet feint with feint, and thus parts of the two armies not far from their positions held during the battle fought in December, passed some time skirmishing and feeling each other. Stuart brought in reports that the enemy were massing with tremendous strength immediately about Chancellorsville (really a tavern and not a village).

CHAPTER XXXII.

**BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.—JACKSON'S GRAND FLANK
MOVEMENT.—WOUNDED BY HIS OWN MEN IN THE
NIGHT BATTLE AND TAKEN FROM THE FIELD
UNDER FIRE.—THE WORLD SHOCKED
AND GRIEVED.—JACKSON'S LAST
DISPATCH AND ORDER.**

April 30, Jackson began the breaking up of his quarters and "to get into the saddle for the campaign." It is said that those who had seen him during the winter and spring, surrounded by his papers and smilingly devoting himself to the task of writing his reports, and living the quiet life of a soldier in camp, would not have known him scarcely on this morning.

On this morning he was all activity. His face was aglow with the coming contest, and he moved rapidly and determinedly. His health being good, and his hopes running high with his ever increasing indignation at the thought of the invasion of his country by an enemy having no just cause or reason for such a course, to say nothing of the cruelty of non-exchange of prisoners, presents an interesting picture of a patriot-soldier.

Jackson was seen to enter his tent, and soon some officers came up, and speaking, attempted to enter the tent, when Jim, the faithful servant of Jackson, said: "Hush, sir, the general is prayin'." In about a quarter of an hour he came out, and his countenance was radiant. No doubt when Jackson pitched that tent he offered up a prayer to bless him while there, and when he was about to leave it, and as events proved, forever, he rendered thanks to the Giver of all good and perfect gifts for the many blessings extended him.

On the night of the 1st of May, Generals Lee and Jackson had a long conference, and they drew aside from all others present to conclude.

These two generals wished to consider well the coming conflict, as they had to face, with about 53,000 men, over double

that number, and, besides these heavy odds, 138 to 378, the enemy had every advantage of position and general equipment. Lee and Jackson talked until late, and then lay down to rest. It was a damp, chilly night, and although some one had placed a cloak over Jackson, he awoke during the night and sat up on one of the old discarded "Yankee cracker boxes." Lee and Jackson sat upon these boxes while they held their conference that night. This was the last conference ever held between these two great men, and there is to all a peculiar pathos associated with the event. Both were especially sad that night, and both gravely serious and concerned. Their men slept as they talked, and many of these men never saw another night on earth, and as their chieftains talked, they held communion with their thoughts, hoping, yet fearing, but none knowing that before another day had closed, their beloved Jackson would be the victim of an accident and be taken from them forever.

Jackson took off the cloak that had been given to him, and threw it over another officer, and when that officer awoke he found Jackson standing by a little fire, very much chilled. This experience and act of genuine friendship and consideration caused the lung trouble from which, with the wound he received next night, resulted in his death.

Jackson finally decided upon the route he would take round the army of the enemy, the great flank movement now famous in history. Strange to say, there are two stories concerning this route and the manner of selecting it; but at any rate, Jackson's brave men stepped out to the whispered orders given in the night, and began their toilsome march of fifteen miles to get in the rear of the enemy.

They were nearly through with the march when some of the men of the Invader army who were up in a tree saw the Southern soldiers, and reported their discovery, but not in time to prevent Jackson from coming in on the foe while they were preparing their supper. The men under Rodes sprang upon the enemy with the yell they had heard before, and which meant death; they rushed from their places, leaving everything behind, and made a wild rush for protection from the

deadly fire of the Defenders which was piling up every space with dead and wounded.

Three miles of racing with the rattle of the Defenders' rifles in their ears, and constantly falling of comrades! One instance of the personnel of the "heroic and loyal soldiery of the North" may be related: When Jackson's men struck the enemy there were about 10,000 Germans in their front, some of them could not speak English, and in the dash they ran down the men who tried to rally the rout, and these men, these foreigners, were representatives of much of the file of the army of the North, who shot and killed *Americans on their own soil*. Generals Carl Schurz and Buschbech were in the rout.

Night had come on, and Jackson was riding everywhere among the confused mass of troops and ordering them to fall in, and asking whose command the detached troops belonged to. There was great confusion, owing to the darkness. He finally called an officer, Colonel Cobb of 44th Virginia, and told him to tell the men for him, that they must form and get into order.

He sent word to General Rodes to hold the barricades which Hooker had made on the east, south and west to keep the Southern troops out. The enemy, preceded by a flag of truce, for a moment stopped Rodes, and this gave time for their trick to partially succeed before they were detected, captured and sent to the rear. *In the general confusion that followed, General Jackson was shot by his own men.*

The woods around the battle grounds were thick and filled with undergrowth of all kinds, and as the men stirred the echoes with the fire of rifle and cannons, deer and other game ran in every direction.

Jackson had made a forced march, and it is said that when he was told by some of the couriers from the rear guard, that the enemy were after his wagon train, he asked if they had gotten any ammunition wagons, and upon being assured in the negative, he said, "Ah do not let them get the ammunition wagons. Whip them off," and in the next breath would command the men to "Press forward! press forward! press

forward!" It is related that so eager was he to accomplish this flank movement, that he even leaned forward in his saddle and often repeated the order, "Press forward, men, press forward!"

This was a glorious battle for Jackson. His flank movement was brilliantly successful. Some have doubted that he suggested it, but there is only the shade of that "old mysterious jealousy" in such a hint. Lee was struck with the audacity of the suggestion when Jackson named it in their conference. He showed Lee that by a march of about fifteen miles he could flank Hooker and get in behind his breastworks, and strike where and when he was not expecting. The building of the abatis of fallen trees, heavy logs and dirt, showed that the attack was expected elsewhere. To attack the rear of an enemy was Jackson's record against McClellan and Pope.

When Jackson replied to the question from General Lee as to what he had to make the attack with, it was decided to divide the troops and give Jackson 30,000, which he took and went with them on the historic flank movement. This move placed about 100,000 of the Invaders between Jackson and Lee's forces—in splitting the Southern forces, the Northern forces were put in between them. Neither Jackson's nor Lee's men wavered at the frightful risk this move made possible, but went at their task deliberately and determinedly, with faith in their leaders and cause.

When the foes saw the Southern troops moving, from what little they could see of the movement, it was in the direction of Richmond, and immediately Hooker decided that the enemy were in retreat and sent an order about 4 p. m., "We know the enemy is flying; trying to save his train." Read this from Jackson on the same afternoon and see how near Hooker was right.

"Near 3 p. m., May 2d, 1863.

"General: The enemy has made a stand at Chancellors, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack. I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with great success.

Respectfully,

"General R. E. Lee.

T. J. Jackson, Lt. Genl.

“The leading division is up and the next appears to be well closed. T. J. J.”

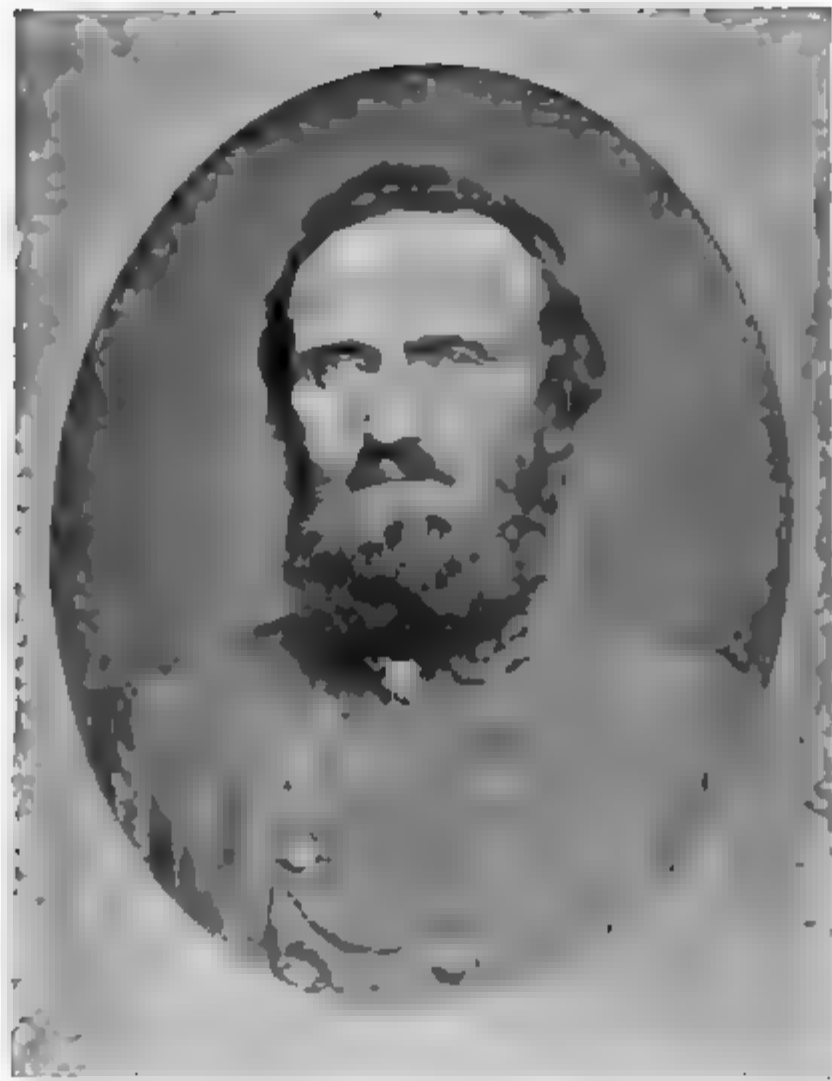
(The above is a copy of his last dispatch—Facsimile is shown herein.)

(Jackson remarked, while resting on his couch the next day after he was wounded, just after receiving a note from Lee, “General Lee is very kind, but he should give the glory to God,” and later said, “Our movements yesterday were a great success; I think, the most successful military movement of my life. But I expect to receive far more credit for it than I deserve. Most men will think I had planned it all from the first; but it was not so—I simply took advantage of circumstances as they were presented to me in the providence of God, I feel that His hand led me: let us give Him all the glory.”)

When the final charge came, Jackson, it is recorded, never looked as grand before. His magnificent flank march was a success. His rapid movement had completely astounded the enemy, and while they formed to attempt to drive him off, he charged with his matchless men of splendid valor, who never before so grandly illustrated the courage of their hearts. He was seen to pray while the charge was in motion.

He had risen from a small command to the next highest position in the whole army, and had won the love of that noble man in whom he trusted with such confidence that he told a friend he would “follow Lee blindfold.” “Lee is a phenomenon,” he often said. He was at this moment in the gigantic struggle that promised to lift his country from war. His men came to him and begged him not to expose himself to the fire of the enemy, but he was ablaze with the struggle before him, and chafed for another hour of day, saying, that if he could only have an hour more he would crush Hooker. The glory of the hour was by him, and the shouts of victory were ringing in his ears, and he fought to the last light of kindling stars, when God called him to retire forever from the clash and clang of battle.

Striking incident in connection with Jackson’s fall and his name, Thomas Jonathan, is the similarity of circumstance and position of the military leader and personal friend of David.



From Last Photograph.



Room in which Jackson died In Old "Office" at the Chandler place, Guiney's
Station, Va (Now used as a Cooper shop.



**"Little Sorrel" at Age of Thirty Years
(General Jackson's War Horse.)**



**"Little Sorrel" at Age of Thirty-six Years. (Nearly thirty years after the death of his
Illustrious Master.)**

As David would not realize that Jonathan was mortal in battle, so the people of the South felt that as Jackson had passed through so many perils unscratched, he was wearing a charm, delivered from the Most High to him. He was looked to as the anointed of God, to bring in deliverance for his oppressed church and country. The South had no inspirer, Urims or Thummims, but they confided in the God of Jackson and in his Christian zeal as a signal proof that their cause was the cause of righteousness—when he fell, they were in consternation.

David exclaimed of Jonathan, "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, *thou wast* slain in thy high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love was wonderful, passing the love of woman. How are the mighty fallen, and thy weapons of war perished!"—So also did the South lament of Thomas Jonathan Jackson.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ACCOUNT OF THE ACCIDENT THAT CAUSED HIS DEATH.—HIS
WIFE SUMMONED.—DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF HIS
LAST DAYS.—GENERAL LEE'S AND THE ARMY'S
GRIEF.—“LET US CROSS OVER THE RIVER
AND REST UNDER THE SHADE OF THE
TREES,” HIS LAST WORDS.—FORTY
YEARS AND THE FUTURE.

So much has been said concerning the manner in which Jackson was shot, and so many conflicting reports and stories told, that we deem it best to quote the following, which is confessed to be the true facts in the frightful and deplorable tragedy. General James H. Lane of North Carolina writes: “My last social chat with General Jackson was on Hamilton's Heights, near Fredericksburg.

“When I remarked that our being ordered up from Moss Neck (where Jackson had wintered), was a great surprise to me, he asked, ‘Why so?’ and when I laughingly told him it was because he had Mrs. Jackson with him, and I thought him too gallant a soldier to allow his wife to be at the front in the hour of danger, he replied, with a smile: ‘Ah, Lane, you must not trust always to appearances.’ Little did I dream then that he was to fall so soon before the unerring rifles of my brave men.

“After that brilliant flank movement at Chancellorsville, my brigade was formed across the plank road for a night attack. “Push right ahead, Lane,” was General Jackson's last order. He rode directly to the front, and I to the right to put my line in motion. Suddenly there was a skirmish fire in my front, from right to left; then the sound of horsemen; next, the cry of cavalry, and then those deadly volleys from the 18th North Carolina.

The gallant Pender, whose line had not been formed, dashed through the dark woods on the right of the road, calling for “Lane,” to whom he made the sad announcement that our illustrious leader Jackson and General A. P. Hill had been

wounded by their own devoted followers, through a misapprehension, and advised me not to advance.

“There are periods in every man’s life when all the concentrated sorrow and bitterness of years seems gathered in one short day or night. Such was the case with myself, as I lay under an oak, the second night, black with smut and smoke, and reckoned the frightful cost of that complete victory, and reflected that in less than thirty-six hours one-third of my command had been swept away; one field officer only left for duty out of the thirteen carried into action, the rest all killed or wounded, and most of them my warmest friends.

“My boy brother, who had been on my staff, lay dead on the field, and Stonewall Jackson, my old professor, whom I as a boy, had honored and respected, and whom, as my general, I then loved, was lying wounded and probably dying, shot by my own gallant brigade, those brave North Carolina veterans, whom I had so often heard wildly cheering him as he appeared on many a hard-fought battle-field. Jackson died, but his memory lived in the hearts of his soldiers, and on many a subsequent hard-fought field I heard them exclaim, “Oh, for another Jackson!”*

*The following appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1873:

“In 1852, while going up the Mississippi river, Jackson made the acquaintance of a gentleman, Mr. Revere, who was afterwards a major in the U. S. Army during the war. In a conversation with this gentleman, one day during their trip up the Mississippi, the subject turned from nautical astronomy to astrology. Mr. Revere saw the great interest which Jackson took in it, and, on parting with him at the end of their journey, gave him all the necessary data for calculating a horoscope.

“A short time afterwards Mr. Revere received a letter from Jackson enclosing a scheme of their nativities, from which it appeared that their destinies would run in parallel lines, and that somewhere about the *first days of May, 1863*, they would both be exposed to great danger. The letter and its prophecy were both soon forgotten by Mr. Revere.

“At the battle of Chancellorsville (*in May, 1863*), he, Mr. Revere, commanded a brigade in the Northern Army, and while inspecting his picket line saw a party of horsemen approaching from the direction of the Confederate line. I leave him to relate what followed. ‘The foremost horseman detached himself from the main body, which halted not far from us, and riding cautiously nearer, seemed to try and pierce

When Jackson was shot, his horse was frightened for the first time by the sounds of battle. He was riding the same horse, "Little Sorrel," that carried him through many battles; but the horse was thoroughly frightened, and as the bridle arm was the one shot, he could not very well manage the fleeing horse with his other hand, which was also shot, and he was dragged through the heavy brush and some limbs scratched his face. Finally he got control and brought the horse back into his line; he had been running toward the enemy. By this fire several of the escorts were killed or wounded.

When he got back a short distance, his chief signal officer. the gloom. He was so close to us that the soldier nearest me leveled his rifle for a shot at him, but I forbade him as I did not wish to have our position revealed, and it would have been useless to kill the man, whom I judged to be a staff officer making a reconnoissance.

"Having completed his observations, this person rejoined the group in his rear, and all returned in a gallop." The clatter of hoofs soon ceased to be audible, and the silence of night was unbroken save by the melancholy cries of the whip-poor-will, when of a sudden the horizon was lightened up by a sudden flash in the direction of the enemy, succeeded by the well known rattle of a volley of musketry from at least a battalion. A second volley followed the first, and I heard cries in the same direction. Fearing that some of our troops might be in that locality, and that there was danger of our firing upon friends, I left my orderly and rode toward the Confederate lines. A riderless horse dashed past me, and I reined up in the presence of a group of several persons gathered around a man lying on the ground, apparently badly wounded.

"I saw at once that these were Confederate officers, but reflected that I was well armed and mounted, and that I had on the great coat of a private soldier, such as is worn by both parties. I sat still, regarding the group in silence, but prepared to use either my spurs or sabre as occasion might demand. The silence was broken by one of the Confederates, who appeared to regard me with astonishment. Then, speaking in tones of authority, he ordered me to ride up there and see what troops those were, indicating the rebel position. I instantly made a gesture of assent, and rode slowly in the direction indicated until out of sight of the group, then made a circuit around it and returned within my lines. Just as I had answered the challenge of our picket, the section of our artillery posted on the plank road began firing, and I could plainly hear the grape crashing through the trees near the spot occupied by the group of Confederate officers.'"

Captain Wilbourne, assisted him to the ground, and the horse, again taking fright, ran into the enemy's lines, and in the confusion of the night, and men scarcely knowing friend from foe, the horse was gotten by some Southern troops. Lieutenant Morrison, Mrs. Jackson's brother, ran to the place where the shooting was going on and finally got them to stop. His horse was killed under him. He got back to find his commander prostrate on the ground.

Jackson was, at the time he was wounded, wearing a rubber overcoat; this was cut open to get at the wounded arm, which was bleeding freely. General Hill, who was not far off, being informed, came at once to the scene. General Hill asked him if he was much hurt, and he replied, "Yes, General, I think I am, and all my wounds were from my own men. I believe my arm is broken, it gives me severe pain." General Hill asked him if he was hurt elsewhere, and he replied, "Yes, in my right hand." But when asked if he wanted it bound up, replied, "No, it is a trifle, never mind." Two bones were broken in his hand and the palm was almost pierced through.

He would not complain and was self-possessed, would answer all questions calmly. He asked for Dr. McGuire. Dr. Barr was called to him until Dr. McGuire could reach him. Dr. McGuire was some distance in the rear, among the wounded.

His haversack was taken from his shoulders and contained *two religious tracts and a few official papers*. How characteristic of this simple Christian soldier. He carried the papers of his two armies—the Cross and the Cause. This haversack is in possession of Mrs. Jackson, and loaned to the Confederate Museum at Richmond. It is a plain, shabby looking, worn leather bag with a strap attached to it. This strap was used to throw over his shoulders and hold the haversack.

While these tragic scenes were being enacted, two men belonging to the Invader army came out of the dense forest and were captured and sent to the rear; whether they intended harm or not no one knew, but their guns were fixed to fire, and they were within a few feet of the Jackson party. An-

other incident occurred which we relate in a foot note. The dangers were increasing, and Lieutenant Morrison, Jackson's brother-in-law, hearing voices very near, went to examine, and ran back to tell General Hill that the artillery was within a hundred yards, and it was preparing to engage in action.

General Jackson was then taken to the rear immediately, with orders that no one should tell who was wounded. General Hill returned to his command and was soon himself wounded and disabled. Lieutenants Morrison and Smith together with Captain Leigh of General Hill's staff and a courier now took Jackson up in their arms, but upon his telling them that he was suffering too much to be carried, and requesting them to let him walk, they managed to assist him in dragging himself to the pike (road).

Scarcely had they gotten in the road when the cannons began to sweep it with canister, the balls struck the ground all about them, and fire flew out from the flinty gravel and stones around them, the limbs of trees fell, and the party lay down beside the road, the situation growing more desperate every moment as the fire of the artillery increased; once the wounded chief started to rise, but his faithful young Lieutenant held him, and implored him not to try to rise as death would certainly follow. He literally shielded Jackson by exposing his own body to the enemy's fire.

These young men, at the risk of their lives, hovered over their loved General. Soon the enemy changed their canister-shot for shells, and the road being no longer raked by the deadly missiles, the young men managed to get Jackson to his feet, and he painfully dragged himself to the rear, with their aid; they holding him in their arms. Rev. Dr. Smith of Richmond, Virginia, was one of Jackson's attendants on that fearful night. This was the first time in Jackson's life he had ever faced for the rear in time of battle, and it was his last. Alas! when he turned his back to the Invaders—his career was ended, as was ended that of his country.

Defenders rushing to the front through the moonlight, meeting the party asked, "Whom have you there?" The General told them to tell the troops, "*it is a Confederate officer;*" he then

told them to take him from the road and go through the woods. Soon an officer came up—his brave Pender of North Carolina—he at once recognized Jackson, and exclaimed, “Great God! It is General Jackson!” He went to Jackson’s side and expressing his deep regret said, “The troops have suffered severely from the enemy’s artillery and are somewhat demoralized; I fear we cannot maintain our position.”

Jackson was wounded, in agony, and weak from loss of blood; but he was still Jackson, and almost rising he said with his accustomed emphasis and vim: “YOU MUST HOLD YOUR GROUND, GENERAL PENDER, YOU MUST HOLD YOUR GROUND, SIR!” This was Jackson’s last public order on the field of battle.

He grew faint and asked to be permitted to rest; but the danger of capture and the enemy’s fire were too close at hand, and a litter having by this time arrived, he was placed upon it. The young officers took up their suffering General again, having to make their way through the woods on account of exposure in the road from troops (all wanted the fact of Jackson’s being disabled kept secret) and the fire of the enemy. The thicket was dense, and he was scarred from the sharp twigs; even his clothing was torn, but this was a trifle to the agony he experienced when thrown from the litter.

One of the men bearing him was shot in the arm and so stunned that his arm gave way, and Jackson fell to the ground, falling on his wounded arm. For the first time he groaned.

The blood again began to flow from the wound, and in the moonlight Lieutenant Smith saw a deathly pallor cross the face of his beloved chief, and leaning over him said: “Oh, General, are you seriously hurt?” Jackson told him, “No, and not to trouble himself about him,” and added something about winning the battle first and attending to the wounded afterwards; but all he said could not be heard fully. He was again placed upon the litter and after going a few hundred yards Dr. McGuire came hurrying on with an ambulance.

The general of so many battles, who had passed through tempests of lead and iron on a dozen fields of carnage, had

been with his surgeon among the wounded and dying, sick and dead on many days and nights in the past two years, had learned to admire each other—now met as surgeon and wounded General. The night was one seldom witnessed by man; a night battle of furious force was in progress about them, shells were bursting in the air, and death was everywhere, the scene was lighted up by the pale moonlight and the red flash of cannon fire and bursting shells.

Dr. McGuire said, "I hope you are not badly hurt, General?" He replied, "I am badly injured, Doctor; I fear I am dying—I am glad you have come. I think the wound in my shoulder is still bleeding." His clothes were saturated with blood. The wound was still bleeding, and the Doctor helped the artery with his finger and arrested the hemorrhage, then lights were gotten from the ambulance, and it was seen that the handkerchief that Captain Wilbourn had tied the arm up with had slipped; this was readjusted.

Dr. McGuire writes: "His calmness amid the dangers that surrounded him, and at the supposed presence of death, and his uniform politeness did not forsake him, even under these most trying circumstances. His complete control, too, over his mind, enfeebled as it was by loss of blood and pain, was wonderful. His suffering at this time was intense; his hands were cold, his skin clammy, his face pale, and his lips compressed and bloodless; not a groan escaped him—not a sign of suffering, except the slight corrugation of his brow, the fixed, rigid face, and the thin lips so tightly compressed that the impression of the teeth could be seen through them.

Except these, he controlled by his iron will all evidence of emotion, and more than difficult than this even, he controlled that disposition to restlessness, which many of us have observed upon the field of battle attending great loss of blood. Some whiskey and morphine were administered to him, and, placing him in the ambulance it was started for Corps Field Infirmary at the Wilderness tavern."

Colonel Crutchfield, his chief of artillery, was wounded and placed in the same ambulance. Jackson enquired after him very feelingly and earnestly, and drawing my head down to him,

whispered and asked if Colonel Crutchfield was seriously wounded. The Doctor told him that the Colonel was painfully wounded in the leg, but not seriously, and Jackson said:

"I am glad it is no worse." The wounded Colonel at one time cried out, "Oh, my God!" and Jackson knowing he was suffering greatly, ordered the ambulance stopped that the Colonel might have some moments of ease from the jolting of the vehicle, although there was a mattress in the ambulance.

On arriving at the hospital, or infirmary, he was very much exhausted and was put to bed at once and whiskey given him; the surgeons could not make an examination for nearly three hours, as his condition would not admit of it. At two o'clock on Sunday morning (he was wounded on Saturday night), Dr. McGuire with other surgeons present, made an examination, and when the Doctor told him he would have to have the arm amputated and likely at once, and asked if he objected, he replied, "Yes, certainly, Doctor, do for me whatever you think best."

In a few moments chloroform was administered, and as he began to feel the effects he exclaimed, "What an infinite blessing!" and repeated the words until he became insensible. The wounds were found to be such as required the arm to be taken off about two inches below the shoulder, and the right hand being attended to without any pain to him, as the chloroform rendered him unconscious of pain, all was finished within an hour. Dr. McGuire in his most interesting account of the last days of Stonewall Jackson writes:

"About half past three o'clock Colonel (the major) Pendleton arrived at the hospital and asked to see General Jackson. He stated that General Hill had been wounded, and that the troops were in great disorder. General Stuart was in command and had sent him to see the General. At first I declined to permit the interview, but the Colonel urged that the safety of the army and the success of the cause depended upon his seeing him. When he entered the tent, the General said: 'Well, Major, I am glad to see you. I thought you were killed.' Pendleton briefly explained the condition of affairs, gave Stuart's message, and asked what should be done.

"General Jackson was at once interested, and asked in his quick, rapid way, several questions. When they were answered he remained silent for a moment, evidently trying to think; he contracted his brow, set his mouth, and was evidently trying to concentrate his thoughts. For a moment it was believed he had succeeded; his nostrils dilated and his eye flashed its old fire, but it was only for a moment; his face relaxed again, and presently he answered very feebly and sadly: 'I don't know, I can't tell. Say to General Stuart he must do what he thinks best.' Soon after this he slept for several hours and seemed to be doing well. The next morning he was free from pain and expressed himself sanguine of recovery." He sent for his wife by Lieutenant Morrison. The following note was read to him that morning by Lieutenant Smith. It was from General Lee:

"I have just received your note informing me that you are wounded. I cannot express my regret at the re-occurrence. Could I have directed events I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy." Jackson replied, "General Lee should give the praise to God." After a while he complained of pain in his side and this no doubt was the symptom of the final malady that did its part in taking away his life—pleuropneumonia.

The battle was raging and the sounds of the cannon and musketry could be heard from the hospital. Jackson heard this and ordered all his attendants that could be spared to go to the battle-field and attend to their duties. The pain left his side during the evening, and as reports were made to him by those present, of the action of the different brigades, his face would light up, and he would show great interest. Sometimes he would exclaim, "Good! Good!" He remarked that "The men of the Stonewall Brigade will be proud some day to say to their children, 'I was one of the Stonewall Brigade.'" He would disclaim all right to the name himself, and always said it belonged to the men and the brigade.

He slept well that night, and the next morning when told

that General Lee had sent a message to move him, as the enemy might capture him, he replied, "If the enemy does come, I am not afraid of them; I have always been kind to their wounded and I am sure they will be kind to me." But General Lee insisted late in the evening that Jackson be moved. Dr. McGuire being ordered to take charge of Jackson, his assistant next in rank was to serve in his stead.

Jackson objected to this, and remarked that so many had complained about taking away surgeons. When told General Lee had made the order he said, "General Lee has always been very kind to me and I thank him." Tuesday—next morning—he was taken to a point near Guiney's Station, and to the house of Mrs. Chandler. The chief of engineers, Capt. Hotchkiss was sent with a party of engineers to clear the way of all teams and remove all stones, etc., from the road likely to jolt the precious burden.

As the ambulance passed, the men would raise their hats; sometimes when a wagon was ordered out of the road the teamsters refused, but when told Jackson was in the ambulance not a moment was lost, they even taking hold of the wheels and helping to move the wagons and standing bare-headed while the loved General passed.

The route of that carriage of the wounded chief presented a scene that will never be forgotten. All along the way women, children, old men, and sick soldiers, or wounded men, who could not be at the front, nearly blocked the way at times; and all kinds of delicacies were brought out to the ambulance, and handed to the distressed Surgeon, who had to refuse them though tears were in the eyes of the devoted sympathizers who plead to administer to the comfort of Jackson.

He stood the journey well, and talked freely of the battle and his plans, saying, "*My men sometimes fail to drive the enemy from their position, but they always fail to drive us away.*" He spoke of General Paxton and Colonel Boswell very feelingly; they had been killed; also of the courage of the men on Saturday and Sunday evenings in the night battle.

Wednesday he was much better, and the Doctor writes of him as doing well, and his wound healing about the stump;

and he told Jackson of this, when he expressed much satisfaction. He talked with Lieutenant Smith and said, "Many would regard these (his wounds) as a great misfortune, but I regard them as one of the blessings of my life." Lieutenant Smith replied, "All things work together for good to them that love God." "Yes," replied Jackson, "that's it, that's it."

That night he was again suffering with nausea, and made his servant Jim place a wet towel over his stomach. He would not allow the Doctor to be awakened as he knew that for three nights he had been at his side, and without sleep. About daylight Doctor McGuire went to him and says he found him in great pain, and the consulting surgeon and he found that pleuro-pneumonia had set in on the right side.

The doctor also set at rest the often repeated assertion that Jackson's hydropathic application of the wet towel caused the trouble, as he and the associate surgeon both agreed that the fall caused the pleuro-pneumonia, as the effects of the towel could not have been so quickly shown. The Doctor says, "The fall produced contusion likely of the lungs and extravasation of blood in the chest."

Thursday Mrs. Jackson arrived. He was much better that day, as the inflation that had produced the pain and the nausea were not present. Mrs. Jackson had been five days in this agony of suspense about her husband. The meeting between husband and wife was too sacred to relate, no mortal could enter that moment with them. The anguish must have been crushing, but both bore up for the sake of the other.

During his illness, Jackson spoke more than once of the blessing of chloroform in cases of extreme bodily suffering. Mr. Lacy, the chaplain, entered the tent after the amputation, and Jackson talked with him in a very impressive manner. The Chaplain had expressed his deepest regrets at the calamity, but Jackson held that it was the greatest blessing of his life and that God knew best, saying :

"I can wait until God in His own time shall make known to me the object he has in thus afflicting me. If it was in my power to replace my arm, I would not dare do it unless I could know it was the will of my Heavenly Father." He said once,

that when he fell upon the field from the litter, he thought he would die there, and gave himself into the keeping of his God. Often he talked of his belief that God was doing all things for the best.

When General Lee was informed of the victory, and about the same time of Jackson's fearful misfortune, he said: "*Ah, any victory is dearly bought which deprives us of the service of Jackson even for a short time.*" Lee was told that Jackson had said, "The enemy should be pressed in the morning." He at once said, "Those people shall be pressed immediately," and began the rout of the enemy's forces. Stuart when he ordered the charge cried, "CHARGE! AND REMEMBER JACKSON!" It was remembered, as the turn of battle showed, that Jackson, though wounded unto death, still lived in the hearts of his men, and that Lee carried out Jackson's wishes and pressed the foe.

Jackson said, when asked about Hooker's plan of battle: "It was excellent, but he should not have sent away his cavalry. This away, I entered his rear." On Tuesday of his week of illness, he was told that Hooker was intrenched north of Chancellorsville, and he remarked at once, "This is bad; very bad." He went to sleep, and waking, drowsed by the medicines, he said, "Send and see if there is higher ground back of Chancellorsville."

He was confident of his recovery, and at all times spoke of his longing to get to Lexington where in the quiet and mountain air he would soon be well again. Each day he had prayers by his bedside with the chaplain, and while he felt that there was yet work for him to do, he submitted always in his prayers to the will of God.

His wife gives an account of his great change in appearance after he was wounded, and yet he kept up his wonderful courage, and would tell her to be cheerful and not wear a long face; that he liked cheerfulness in the sick room. At times he would, when arousing from the stupefying influence of the drugs, say, "*Tell Major Hawkes to send forward provisions for the men. Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action.*"

"Press the infantry to the front," etc; showing that his mind wandered back to the battle-fields.

When his wife, thinking the presence of little Julia might cheer him, would suggest bringing her to him, he would tell her to wait till he got stronger. He was invariably patient, and never murmured or complained; his mind was on military matters and caring for his troops when not engaged in meditations of his spiritual affairs. Mrs. Hoge, the wife of Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, of Richmond, came to be with Mrs. Jackson in her affliction, and was a source of great comfort to all; the faithful old colored nurse, Hetty, remained to the end, and never wavered in her attentions to the child, deprived of its mother most of the time.

Saturday afternoon he was suffering again, and was very much exhausted, and when Mrs. Jackson proposed reading portions of the Scripture to him, he at first said he was too wearied to hear, but in a moment added, "Yes, we must never refuse to hear that. Get the Bible and read them." He requested her to sing some hymns after dark came on, and she and her brother, Lieutenant Morrison, sang a favorite of his, "Show pity, Lord; O Lord forgive." The singing quieted him, and he seemed to rest in perfect peace.

On that afternoon he insisted on having the chaplain of his command, Mr. Lacy, brought to him, and he talked to him concerning the religious matters in the army, and gave signs of much satisfaction when told they were not being neglected. Among his last thoughts was the welfare of his army's spiritual being. Mr. Lacy saw the end was near and asked to be allowed to remain with him, but Jackson declined, telling him he must go to the men and pray with them.

When told by Major Pendleton, after being asked by Jackson, that Mr. Lacy was preaching that day (Sunday) to the men, and that the whole army was praying for him, he said, "Thank God, they are very kind." It was on this Sabbath morning, the last of Jackson's days on earth, that General Lee, when told that his comrade could not live, exclaimed, "Surely General Jackson must recover. God will not take him from us, now that we need him so much. Surely he will be

spared to us, in answer to the many prayers which are offered for him."

Upon Mr. Lacy's leaving, he said, "When you return I trust you will find him better. When a suitable occasion offers, give him my love and tell him that I wrestled in prayer for him last night, as I never prayed, I believe, for myself." General Lee, convulsed by his emotions, turned away.

Lee sent to Jackson as soon as he heard of his being wounded, these words, "*Give him my affectionate regards and tell him to make haste and get well, and come back to me as soon as he can. He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right arm.*"

On the morning of his last day, some brandy was given him and he said, "It tastes like *fire*, and cannot do any good." Mrs. Jackson writes, that upon being called from the sick room by one of the physicians, Dr. Morrison, her relative, and being told her that her husband must die, as the doctors could do no more for him, and it was his duty to prepare her for the worst, that she told the doctor her husband must be informed of his condition.

She had heard him say often that he was ready and willing at any time to meet his Maker and Redeemer, yet he would, if it pleased his Heavenly Father, prefer a short time for preparation before entering into His presence. This was a great and heart-crushing ordeal, but God gave her strength to perform her solemn duty.

Mrs. Jackson says: "When I told him the doctors thought he would soon be in heaven, he did not seem to comprehend it, and showed no surprise or concern. But upon repeating it, and asking him if he was willing for God to do with him according to his own will, he looked at me calmly and intelligently and said, 'Yes, I *prefer it*, I *prefer it*.' I then told him that before the day was over he would be with the blessed Saviour in His glory.

"With perfect distinctness and intelligence, he said, 'I will be an infinite gainer to be translated.' I then asked him if it was his wish that I should return with our infant to my

father's home in North Carolina. He answered, 'Yes, you have a kind, good father, but no one is so kind and good as your Heavenly Father.'

"He said he had many things to say to me, but that he was then too weak. Preferring to know his own desire as to the place of his burial, I asked him the question, but his mind was now growing clouded again and at first he replied. 'Charlotte,' North Carolina, and afterwards, 'Charlottesville,' Virginia. I then asked him if he did not wish to be buried in Lexington, Virginia, and he answered at once, 'Yes, Lexington, and in *my own plot*.'

"Mrs. Hoge now came in bearing little Julia in her arms, with Hettie following, and although he had almost ceased to notice anything, as soon as they entered the door he looked up, his countenance brightened with delight, and he never smiled more sweetly as he exclaimed, 'Little darling! Sweet one!' She was seated on the bed by his side, and after watching her intently, with radiant smiles, for a few moments, he closed his eyes as if in prayer.

"Though she was suffering the pangs of extreme hunger from long absence from her mother, she seemed to forget her discomfort in the joy of seeing that loving face beam on her once more, and she looked at him and smiled as long as he continued to notice her.

"Tears were shed over the dying bed by strong men who were unused to weep, and it was touching to see the genuine grief of his servant, Jim, who nursed him faithfully to the end. He now sank rapidly into unconsciousness, murmuring disconnected words occasionally, but all at once, he spoke out very cheerfully and distinctly the beautiful sentence which has become immortal, as his last. '*Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.*'

"Was his soul wandering back in dreams to the river of his beloved Valley, the Shenandoah (the river of sparkling waters), whose verdant meads and groves he had redeemed from the Invader, and across whose floods he had so often won his passage through the toils of battle! Or was he reaching forward across the River of Death to the golden streets of the



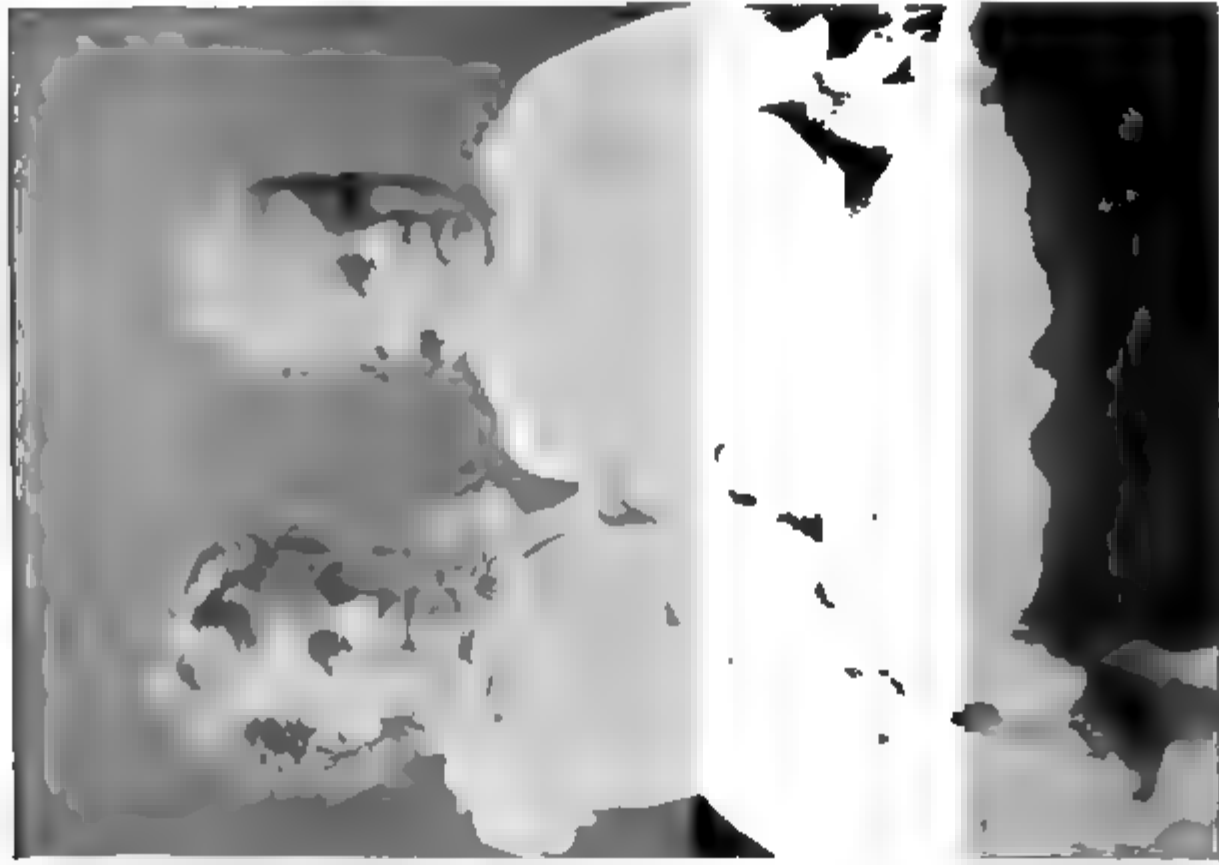
Last meeting of Lee and Jackson—Chancellorsville.
(From "*Confederate Soldier in the Civil War.*")



Jackson Monument, Richmond, Va.
Presented by English gentlemen as a tribute of admiration for the soldier and statesman.



Cabinet containing memorials of Jackson. The property of his widow and loaned by her to Confederate Museum contained in White House of the Confederacy at Richmond.



General Jackson's Grandchildren,
Julia Jackson and Thomas Jackson Christian,
when three or four years of age



JULIA JACKSON CHRISTIAN.
At Age of Fourteen,
GENERAL JACKSON'S SOLE LIVING DESCENDANTS



THOMAS JACKSON CHRISTIAN.
At Age of Twelve,

Celestial City, and the trees whose leaves are for the healing of the nations ? It was to these that God was bringing him, through his last battle and victory ; and under their shade he walks, with the blessed company of the redeemed.”

“REST UNDER THE SHADE OF THE TREES.”

“ When our work is ended, we shall sweetly rest,
 ‘Mid the sainted spirits, safe on Jesus’ breast ;
 All our trials over we shall gladly sing,
 Grave ! where is thy victory ? Death ! where is thy sting ?

CHORUS.

“ Tho’ the dark waves roll high, we will be undismayed,
 ‘Let us pass over the river,
 And rest under the shade, rest under the shade,
 Rest under the shade of the trees.”

“ Earth hath many sorrows, but they cannot last,
 And our greatest troubles quickly will be past ;
 If we look to Jesus, he will give us strength ;
 By his grace we shall be conquerors at length.

“ When the storm is over, sweet will be the calm,
 After life’s long battle, bright the victor’s palm :
 And the cross of anguish which now weighs us down,
 We’ll exchange in Heaven for a shining crown.”

—*From the Amaranth.*—*By courtesy of Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.*

General Jackson had expressed the desire, when in health, that he might enter into the rest that remains for God’s people, on the Lord’s day. His wish was gratified, and his Heavenly Father translated him from the toils and trials of earth, soon after noon of as beautiful and perfect a May day as ever shed its splendor upon the world, to the realms of everlasting rest and bliss where

“ Sabbaths have no end,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.”

Jackson died on Sunday, May 10, 1863, at quarter past three in the afternoon, having lived thirty-nine years, three months and sixteen days.*

*Upon learning of the death of Jackson, General Lee was deeply grieved and a gloom spread over the whole army, while the telegraph and special

The fallen chieftain's remains were prepared without delay to be taken to Richmond, Virginia. As his uniform had nearly been cut to pieces, in trying to get to the wound, he was dressed in citizens clothes, and over this suit was placed a dark blue army overcoat, the kind worn by a general officer.

On Monday morning, under heavy military escort, he was taken to Richmond in a special car. The train stopped at the edge of the city, being met by friends of the family, among them the Governor's wife, in whose care Mrs. Jackson, child and nurse were taken to the Governor's mansion, and the funeral of the dead General, the idol of his country, was conveyed toward the Governor's house, opposite the Capitol, followed by nearly the whole city.

The city was dead to all manner of occupation except paying tribute to him who had fought to save Richmond, his State, and country; guns were firing, bells tolling and bands moved slowly to solemn funeral notes. The casket was enveloped in the Confederate flag—the flag of the Defenders.

messengers sent the news to all parts of the world. The press of the North and the people could find aught with which to reproach Jackson. A few may have spoken lightly of him, but after nearly forty years these, if any are living, would be glad to add a word of praise for the life of this noble American.

General Lee issued next day, Monday, the following brief order as the career of so distinguished a soldier as Jackson could not be more than touched upon in a military message:

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

May 11th, 1863.

“General Orders No 61.

“With deep grief, the commanding General announces to the Army the death of Lieutenant-General T. J. Jackson, who expired on the 10th inst. at quarter past 3 p. m. The daring, skill and energy of this great and good soldier, by the decree of an All-wise Providence, are now lost to us. But while we mourn his death, we feel that his spirit still lives, and will inspire the whole Army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God as our hope and strength.

“Let his name be a watch-word to his Corps, who have followed him to victory on so many fields. Let his officers and soldiers emulate his invincible determination to do everything in the defense of our beloved country.

R. E. LEE, General.

The next day, Tuesday, the remains were taken to the Capitol, where thousands of his countrymen looked upon the face of Jackson; a privilege all remember to this day with sacred gratification.

The public funeral cortege was that becoming the name and services of the departed. The hearse was draped in mourning, drawn by four white horses, followed by "Sorrel," his army horse, led by a groom; next, his staff officers, regiments of artillery and infantry, then a vast array of officials, the President and cabinet, the officers of the Government; after them came the city dignitaries and hosts of citizens. The procession after passing through the main streets returned to the Capitol.

The pall-bearers were headed by Jackson's great comrade-in-arms, Longstreet, and entering the house of Congress of the Confederate States of America, the casket was placed upon an altar of flowers forming the colors of the Southern flag, white, blue and red.

"The Congress of the Confederacy had, a short time before, adopted a design for their flag, and a large and elegant model had just been completed, the first ever made, which was intended to be unfurled from the roof of the Capitol. This flag President Davis had sent, as the gift of the country, to be the winding sheet of General Jackson."

All through the afternoon the people continued to come, and so profuse were the floral offerings to his bier that the tributes covered the entire casket and its supports.

At the hour appointed for closing the doors, the multitudes continued to come and pass through, and around the bier, when an old wounded soldier was seen pressing forward to take his last look at the face of his beloved commander. He was told he was too late—the casket was then being closed for the last time, and the order had been given to clear the hall.

He still endeavored to advance, when one of the marshals threatened to arrest him, if he did not obey orders. The old soldier thereupon lifted up the stump of his mutilated arm, and with tears streaming from his eyes, exclaimed: "By this arm which I lost for my country, I demand the privilege of

seeing my General once more." The Governor was touched by this appeal and he ordered that the soldier be granted his petition.

The dead warrior, more patriot, more Christian soldier, was alone with the flowers of his grief-stricken people, wet with the tears of men and women who looked for the last time that afternoon upon the face of him who so loved his cause and was so patient under all His afflictions to him and to all, and who had left this world in the wisdom of God just as he once again had placed the color of his country upon a signal victory, one grander in results, genius, skill and sacrifice than all other of his victories, and so pronounced by him. There he lay, while yet his comrades were struggling in that cause for which he had given his life's blood—an eternal honor to his country's altar—to save. *Jackson was gone, and the Confederacy was in an eclipse from which it never passed.*

It was the will of God that his people should live to see their cause go down under the overwhelming crush of unlimited military resources and ever increasing hate—hate of a powerful antagonist—and it was well that he fell while the shadows were on the noon of his country's struggles.

Jackson was under forty years of age, but as he lay there, his name was mentioned in sacred adoration and sadness throughout the land, and when the news of his death reached Europe, the porters of public conveyances announced as a bulletin, as did other sources, the death of "Stonewall Jackson." The whole world felt that a mighty man had fallen, as the press of all lands declared; while in the hearts of his countrymen there lingered no shadow of anxiety for the state of their loved one as they knew he was with his God; but in their grief, away down deep in their hearts, rested the fear, born on that day, that the flag around his casket, taken from its lofty mission (which was made for the Capitol at Richmond), was cast with him into the grave as an omen of the end.

On Wednesday the journey to the tomb was taken up. The Governor of the State, together with other distinguished persons of the States and the Confederacy, military and civic, officially, upon this sad ceremony, accompanied the remains,

and on Thursday afternoon reached Lexington. Nearly two years before, Jackson had passed from his home, Lexington, at the head of the gallant young Southerners, cadets of the V. M. I.; he returned at the head of the military fame of the world!

On Friday the body was escorted by the cadets and other citizens to the Presbyterian church, in which he had been an officer, and one held in high esteem; and Drs. White, his old pastor, and Ramsey of Lynchburg, conducted the services. The text of the funeral sermon was: Fifteenth Chapter of First Corinthians; the hymn, "How Blessed the Righteous When he Dies," was sung. From Richmond to the grave at Lexington, the devotion of the people was shown by every mark of affectionate honor and attention; many being moved to such grief as the heart yields to only when dear kindred or loved ones pass from this earth.

Here we leave Jackson to sleep in his Valley for which he fought, and whose beauties and generous gifts to his noble army he cherished in gratitude only known to Him whom Jackson talked with, his God. Near him lies his grand comrade-in-arms, the chief of his country's armies, Robert E. Lee. Above him tower her mountains that told him many secrets when in life, as he looked to them for strength; near by glide the waters of the stream he passed many hours beside, meditating upon the things that belong to God.

The days will come and go, nights will pass, snows will fall and sunshine will touch the flowers about his tomb, dews and rains will freshen the laurel planted there by a loving hand—*laurel from the grave of Napoleon*. Thousands will go there to gather inspiration and think on the things that pass the even grooves of indifferent natures, but turn the thoughts of great minds toward the Maker of mighty lessons in life-subjects. Profound men will make their pilgrimage to Jackson's tomb to ponder the forces that ever dwell about the graves of "those who love God."

In another part of this book is given extracts from sketches, letters, and lectures upon Jackson.

His life, as a study, will attract the profoundest students of

the creation of "Almighty" made in "his own image." Soon forty years, four full and most eventful decades will have passed since, in the wisdom of Providence, Jackson was taken from a scheme of government—the Confederacy—which, had it prospered, would have established a principle in the affairs of men Jackson considered necessary to absolute independence and liberty. In these forty years, the memory of Jackson has implanted hope and faith, and excellent meditation, that has been of unbounded service to mankind.

This volume is not designed to do more than to give an outline story or narrative relation of the life of Jackson. As a military career, his has engaged the pen of one of the foremost military historians since the time of Napier; so will his religious life be a subject for the ablest authority, each forming a separate study; while the story of his life, as a man among men, and in history, this and other books will tell—Jackson had not been dead one year, when one of the greatest statesmen and authors wrote of him the following:

"To-day, when the smoke has scarcely lifted from the field, and forms are seen but dimly, these words may appear absurd, and dictated by a weak spirit of eulogy and hero-worship; but the time will come when the immense military genius of the Conqueror of the Valley, will be accurately estimated, and his statue placed beside those of the greatest captains of history."

How abundantly has this prophecy been fulfilled.

John Esten Cooke, that cherished author of thrilling war literature, said of him while yet the war was scarcely over:

"Jackson's military movements everywhere betrayed that subtle thing called *genius*. His glance was like the lightning which reveals the entire landscape before the benighted traveller and shows him the road. Jackson died before he reached the age of forty, and had but two years of life for the display of his great faculties. But this period was long enough. In that contracted space of time he accomplished results which will render his name and fame immortal."

Rev. Dr. R. L. Dabney before the war closed wrote upon the life and campaigns of Jackson. He was intimately asso-

ciated with the great man, and knew him well. As a resumé of his work the author says: "His reputation is manifestly no 'nine days wonder,' but one which is destined to endure, and leave his name among the great of all ages. Few or none of those who inhabit with him the temple of Fame, won their way to it by a career so short."

Again we would refer in closing this story of the lamented and beloved American, to the beautiful relationship that existed between General Jackson and General Lee.

There was no littleness or bickering jealousy between them.

Jackson spoke of Lee as a "marvel" and said he would follow him "blindfold."

Lee, during preparation of the last battle in which Jackson was engaged, sent this message to him by Jackson's couriers, "Tell your General I am sure he knows what to do."

When Lee heard that Jackson was dead he is said to have not only lost control of his emotions and wept, but expressed to his friends present the deepest affection for the friendship between his departed comrade and himself, and gave unmistakable evidence of his deep and absorbing anxiety—saying he had lost his "right arm."

These two great souls have gone from earth; their earthly tabernacles men have moved to the same region in the Virginia Valley by the rivers and mountains they both loved, and at Lexington these tabernacles will remain until the final day.

Monuments have been erected to Jackson's memory. His comrades-in-arms, the survivors, Confederate Veterans, Daughters of Confederates, and Sons of Veterans have named their camps and chapters in honor of Jackson, and his popularity is shown in the dominant number named in his honor.

To the Stonewall Brigade in a moment (moments seem lifetimes in battle) he gave this imperishable name. We have spoken of the personnel of this brigade, and there are sketches also given of this organization. These men seeing Jackson the hot July day while his picture was being taken "by the flashing of the guns," learned that, like Napoleon, his enemies to "defeat him must imitate him."

They knew that he possessed that genius which Napier describes as not extravagant, but ardent concerning great objects; the ability to attack by simplest means, because its facilities are essentially calculating, industrious patience.

Jackson's genius was creative, and his vast knowledge enabled him to act quickly and peremptorily, not because it was presumptuous, but because it was well prepared. They had heard him criticised for his severe marches, but they knew too well that many owed their very lives to these quick marches by which the enemy was surprised. They knew that the old Hungarian complained of Napoleon's peculiar irregularity of method. They had heard him say, "We sometimes fail to drive the enemy from positions; *he always fails to drive us.*"

They knew that his confidence was so perfect in their ability to support him, that they were not surprised when they would see him as at Sharpsburg, eating a few peaches as his only breakfast, while in the fiercest battle rage, and walking among the stubbornly contested fields munching a piece of bread, likely his only food for the day. The splintered steel in the air at Fredericksburg did not drive him from his citrus repast—a lemon he was sucking.

Confident that his fame would last as they saw his success keep pace with the increasing largeness of his command and responsibilities, each man cheered him in his heart, as he promised to himself, that he would ever honor the name of Jackson, being certain too, that he would live to see it honored.

Jackson had the genius of war. No man ever surpassed him in the essentials of war. Plans! Where is there a campaign great or small, in all the war, or in any war, that matches his, "Jackson's Valley Campaign?" Did he lack in brain? Who was his superior as an intellectual soldier? Had he genius? Who possessed more? He had even the genius of the most positive obedience. Lee says, "The sun never shone on such an executive officer."

At Jackson's death, Lee makes him more than an executive officer, for he writes that it would have been better for their country could he have been wounded in Jackson's stead. Im-

Stonewall Jackson Saved McKinley for the Nation?

Was the boy whose life was saved by Stonewall Jackson at the battle of Antietam no other than William McKinley, the martyred President of the United States?

The statement is made by Mr. Arnold B. Hall, of Pendergrass, Ga., who gives an account of the occurrence while paying a tribute to the memory of President McKinley.

The communication of Mr. Hall follows:

In contemplating the history of men, one is reminded of the fact that some are remembered as powers for good in a benighted world. The lives of such persons are more effective mottoes than any the human voice might utter or the human hand might write. Our fallen chief was such a man. Such men prefer being a dewdrop, reflecting the colors of the rainbow, than an ocean of mist.

Horace Greeley, the great American journalist, said: "They win bloodless but immortal victories." We may review the lives of Marlborough, of Wellington, of Napoleon himself, but we search in vain for a grander warrior than the man whose victories "redden no river and whiten no plain." Such men regard the glittering crowns of idle kings as caps of fools in sawdust rings, and prize the tribute of a newsboy higher than the eulogy of royalty. Such men as our nation's hero survive the wreck of time and the decay of governments, because their spirit lives among their countrymen. "In the happiest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds kiss every sail, and sunlit wavelets wash the vessel, in mid-stream,

or, on the breakers near the further end of the shore, a wreck shall mark at last the end of each and all. No psalm that we could sing, no death monument that we could build, could reach to that far-away realm to which his spirit has gone; but we can emulate his virtues, cherish his memory and follow his example."

McKinley knew that citizenship is at last partnership in every noble purpose. To him men and nature appeared as books, and events were life's great volume of illustrations. He labored for the relief of man's estate.

At the battle of Antietam, the bloodiest day in American history, one of General Stonewall Jackson's brave men raised his gun to fire at a Union soldier who stood just opposite the creek. As he was about to fire, General Jackson said: "Stop, lower your gun. I have watched that boy all day. He is too brave to be killed." The boy in blue was our late president, then only seventeen years of age. Those words were an eternal tribute to Stonewall Jackson, and were indicative of the regard he had for courage, even in his enemies.

Man may lay waste, man may destroy, man may kill—but the summer remains summer, the lily remains a lily, the star remains a star.

As with nature, so with God—He is unchangeable. As a final tribute to our late president, we might inscribe this humble but not inglorious epitaph: "In him mankind lost a friend, and no man an enemy." Would not this be right for the the man who said: "Fraternity is the national anthem?"

A. B. HALL.

(From the Atlanta Journal).

MR. WILLIAM C. CHASE.

Dear Sir: I am glad you asked me for my authority in connection with the article that appeared in the Atlanta Journal recently, signed by myself, referring to the incident of the life of President McKinley having been saved by Stonewall Jackson during the battle.

The facts about my article are as follows: Mr Ford McWhorter, of Franklin County, an old schoolmate of mine and a very warm friend, had an aunt who was educated at the Lebanon Ohio Normal. This lady while in attendance as a student at that institution, heard a fine historian allude to the incident in an address on McKinley's life.

I have no reason to question this statement for a moment, as Mr. McWhorter is a most truthful gentleman and an accurate historian. I am also inclined not to doubt the accuracy of this important historical fact, because, although General Jackson was a raging fighter, he was also a chivalrous admirer of courage, especially in the young, and do doubt in the heat of battle this grand trait in his character asserted itself in spite of his antagonistic surroundings.

I have never heard of the statement being denied, and don't believe it can be successfully disproved.

I sincerely hope that your laudable undertaking--writing a story of the life of this magnificent product of our Southland--Stonewall Jackson--will meet with a success its mission and interests so richly merit.

Very truly yours,

Arnold B. Hall.

mortal Lee! Grander than all that fancy fathoms! Who could compare Lee with any man? Who could compare Jackson with Lee? They were one and the same, each reaching the heights with pure methods, clean hands and with a courage, confidence, and faith, that can have but one degree—
- *superlative.*



ADDENDA.

Sketch of Stonewall Brigade by Major Barton (Last Adjutant.)

SKETCHES AND NOTES BY VARIOUS OFFICERS.

Personal Conversations with General Jackson— Anecdotes, Etc.

I am requested to give my recollections of the Stonewall Brigade, its origin, its commanders, its field and line officers, its brave men and its glorious battles. In order that my narrative may bear the impress of authenticity, I will be compelled from time to time to make allusion to myself. When I do so I hope it will be understood that I speak merely as a witness.

Every man who belonged to the Brigade contributed somewhat to its excellent reputation; some in a greater degree than others. I only claim for myself a fair average proportion of the renown won by all members of the organization, and allusions therefore to my own part in its history are only made from the necessity which the narrator of stirring scenes of which he was an eye witness is always under.

It is certain that no part of the South had a better community from which to draw its soldiers than the Valley of Virginia. The counties of Jefferson, Berkeley, Clarke, Warren, Frederick, Page, Shenandoah, Rockingham, Augusta, Rockbridge, and thus onward to its southwesternmost corner, include the most fertile and beautiful portions of the State. No section of the entire South enjoyed a more salubrious climate, and in no section could one expect to find a more vigorous and hardy people. This valley, as one looks at it on the map, seems to have been intended as the great highway from

the densely populated northeastern portion of the United States, southwesterly through the South to New Orleans. It was in fact almost the first portion threatened by invasion from a large army; and so, quite naturally, when the South took up arms, the men of the valley were amongst the first to respond. In every town in the valley military companies of old-standing replenished their ranks, and new companies were formed, and thus by the rules of gravitation or propinquity, in the spring of 1861, from the towns and counties lying nearest to each other, the various companies were consolidated into regiments. Thus the 2d Virginia Infantry was composed of companies from Berkeley, Jefferson, Clarke and Frederick counties. The 33d from Hampshire, Hardy, Shenandoah and Rockingham. The 5th mainly from Augusta, with one or two companies from Winchester. The 27th from Rockbridge and portions of West Virginia (then a part of Virginia), and the 4th from the southwesternmost counties of the State, with an excellent company, known as the College Company, from Lexington, Virginia.

The first commanders of the regiments were:

2d—Col. Wm. Allen.

4th—Col. Preston.

5th—Col. Harper.

27th—Col. Echols.

33d—Col. A. C. Cummings.

By degrees these various organizations drifted towards the threatened portion of Virginia, the northern end of the valley, and were there assembled into a brigade under the command of Col. Thomas Jonathan Jackson, a graduate of West Point, a participant in the Mexican War, and for some ten years prior to 1861, a modest professor at the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington in Rockbridge County. It is enough to say that he subsequently became the soldier known all over the civilized world for his superb military qualities; and it is gratifying to every one who had any connection with the Stonewall Brigade to know that it is indelibly written in history that, while he made the Stonewall Brigade, it also made him. Had the

brigade been commanded in the hour of its supreme trial—the first battle of Manassas—by a man one whit less serenely courageous, it would have yielded to the immense pressure and awful strain to which it was subjected. Had General Jackson been compelled to rely upon men in ever so small a degree less self-reliant, bold and fearless, he would not have won the sobriquet “Stonewall.” It was the pivotal point in the career of both men and commander. Between them there was the tie of sympathy and the bond of confidence. Intuitively General Jackson knew that the men and boys of the Valley were brave, and they knew that the quiet, singular, serene man who led them had the confidence of a predestinarian and the bravery of an Agamemnon.

The consolidation of the five regiments into a brigade under Jackson as Brigadier-General occurred during the months of April, May, June and July, 1861. The 33d Virginia went into the battle of first Manassas as a battalion of eight companies. Two others joined it afterwards, thus making its regulation number ten, complete. One of these companies came from Northwestern Frederick County and from Hampshire, and Frederick W. M. Holliday, of Winchester, who was after the war elected governor of the State, was its first captain. Attached to the brigade was the famous battery of artillery commanded by Rev. William Nelson Pendleton, who, up to the spring of 1861, when he undertook the formation of the battery, was the rector of the Episcopal Church at Lexington, Va. This was the Rockbridge battery.

Before leaving Winchester, Va., the brigade in the early part of July, 1861, had some little experience under fire in the valley; but the first battle of Manassas was its real baptism of blood. The particulars of that battle are too well known and have been too often written to need repetition here. It is sufficient to say that, by the fortunes of war, Jackson's brigade found itself, at the most critical hour of the day, the sole support and defence of the Confederate army against overwhelming disaster. Aligned on the heights, almost parallel with the Warrenton road and near the historic Henry House, it awaited for perhaps two hours the steady and relentless ad-

vance of the enemy. The small and detached bodies of men, which had opposed their unexpected advance by the Sudley Mills road, had been overwhelmed and were retreating in great disorder and in a state of great discouragement. The Stonewall Brigade, numbering perhaps about twenty-six hundred men, was held in perfect order to stem this retreating force and drive back the enemy. The regiments were alligned from right to left in the following order: 5th, 4th, 27th, 2d, 33d. At the most favorable moment the brigade, led by the dash of the 33d, advanced in rapid charge to meet the advancing Federal line. The shock was great, but under the splendid influence of Jackson and the officers of the command, the intrepid brigade held its own and broke and repulsed the bold advance. The batteries of Griffin and Ricketts were captured, and the tide, up to this moment running strongly against the Southerners, was stemmed and turned and victory to the Confederates was assured.

The circumstances under which Jackson and his brigade obtained the name of Stonewall were remarkable. They have been often told and are probably familiar to every one who has taken an interest in the Civil War. All know that the gallant General Bee was energetically and bravely endeavoring to rally his troops as, in great tumult, they came back over the Warrenton turnpike, over the Henry hill, and in great disorder were making to the rear. Every one in the South must have heard of his despairing cry as he galloped up to General Jackson, serenely biding his time before he ordered his crouching brigade to rise, fire and charge, "General, they are driving us back"; and history has forever recorded Jackson's reply, "We will give them the bayonet." Bee, inspired by Jackson, turned, and as he approached his men he cried out, "Look at Jackson standing like a stone wall: rally behind the Virginians!" and then fell mortally wounded. It will never be determined whether Bee used the exact words quoted, or whether he said "Look at Jackson *and his brigade* standing like a stone wall; rally behind the Virginians."

Bishop Capers, of South Carolina, who rose to the rank of Brigadier-General in the Confederate army, and who was the

editor or was responsible mainly for the volume relating to South Carolina in "The Confederate Military History," gives the latter version. It hardly matters at all what were the precise words. I have often surmised that, as General Bee rode up to Jackson, he looked down the rugged line of twenty-six hundred men crouching on the ground in various attitudes, and saw in the formation something like the lines of stone wall dividing the fields in the valley of Virginia from which he had freshly come. However it may be, it was an inspiration, and Bee and Jackson and the brigade will go down the ages in glorious association.

As well as I can recall, General Jackson's staff at that battle consisted of Francis B. Jones, afterwards as major of the 2d Virginia Infantry, mortally wounded in the battles around Richmond; Thomas Marshall, afterwards as colonel of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, killed in battle; and Alexander H. (Sandy) Pendleton, afterwards assistant adjutant-general of Jackson's corps, killed in battle. Captain Jones was the first adjutant of the brigade. Captain Wingate was the second, under General Garnett; Captain O'Brien the third under General Winder; Captain Willis, afterwards colonel of a Georgia regiment, the fourth, for a short time, under General Paxton; and I was the fifth and last under Generals Paxton, Walker and Terry. Of these officers Captain O'Brien and myself alone survive. During the rather frequently recurring periods, when from wounds received in battle I went to the rear for recovery, Charles S. Arnall, adjutant of the 5th Virginia, acted as adjutant of the brigade.

With the brigade I was in the following battles and skirmishes after First Manassas: Kearneysville on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Fredericksburg (13th December, 1862), Chancellorsville (2d and 3d May, 1863), Bealeton, on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad (September or October, 1863), Paynes Farm or Mine Run (27th November, 1863), Wilderness (from 5th to 12th May, 1864), Bloody Angle at Spotsylvania Court House (12th May, 1864), Monocacy (July or August, 1864), Winchester (19 September, 1864), Hatcher's Run (6th February, 1865), Hare's Hill or Fort Steadman on

the Petersburg line (25th March, 1865), and the retreat from Petersburg and surrender at Appomattox.

The brigade was commanded (permanently and temporarily) during its existence by the following officers:

General Jackson, died from wounds received in battle.

General Garnett, killed at Gettysburg.

Colonel Allen, killed at Richmond.

General Winder, killed at Cedar Run.

Colonel Baylor, killed at 2d Manassas.

Colonel Grigsby, who survived the war.

General Paxton, killed at Chancellorsville.

General Walker, who survived the war, badly wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, 12th May, 1864. Died October 19, 1901.

Colonel Funk, killed at Winchester, 19th September, 1864.

General Terry, who survived the war.

Thus of the eleven commanders eight were killed; six of them while in immediate command of the brigade.

In the spring of 1900 I sent out quite a number of postal cards to surviving members of the brigade, asking, among other things, their ages, when they enlisted in 1861, and the number of times they were wounded. I received about eighty responses, and from them I drew what I think was a fair inference on the subject. First, that the average age of the men of the brigade was twenty-two, and secondly that if every man who belonged to the brigade was not wounded, wounds enough were received by members of the brigade to supply each man with at least one. In other words, the balls of the enemy struck men in the brigade, sometimes fatally, sometimes not, very probably three thousand times. It will be recalled, as a popular saying in time of war (possibly frequently said to brace up drooping spirits), that it takes a man's weight in lead to kill him, meaning that while an immense number of balls are fired, the great majority do not strike. The experience of the 33d at First Manassas does not sustain this theory. I think the authority is reliable for the assertion—that that command went into battle four hundred and fifty strong,

and lost forty-three killed outright, and one hundred and forty wounded.

This review of the brigade is necessarily brief. So much has been written on the subject of the war; so long a time has elapsed since it shook this country from centre to circumference, and so many of the participants who survived have died, that it has become a story interesting only to those who were actors, very likely to their children and possibly to their grand-children. But to those outside of this circle the history of the Stonewall Brigade can have no greater interest than the history of any other brigade. It would be a baseless claim to assert that it had no equal. I doubt whether it had a superior in soldierly qualities. I doubt whether any body of men of its size contributed more to prolong the brave defence against the invasion of the Northern army; and I do not believe that any command furnished more numerous instances of gallantry and loyalty to the Southern cause, individually and collectively, than did this brigade. I can not, therefore, in fairness, claim that it was superior to all the brigades in the army, but that it was equal to any and superior to many is, I think, a fair record to give it. But of one thing it has the good fortune to be the sole and exclusive owner, and that was the honor of having given to the South its greatest soldier, General Lee perhaps excepted, and Forrest not being far back of either, at least as a dangerous, energetic, persistent and resourceful foe. The brigade, to the day of its dissolution at Appomattox, was intensely proud of General Jackson. His inspiration was felt until bayonets were stacked on the 9th of April, 1865. What he said after Chancellorsville—"the men of that brigade will be proud to tell their children that they belonged to it"—has been verified, and to-day many a hoary-headed and exhausted veteran finds inexpressible comfort in reflecting upon his heroic days with his old Stonewall Brigade, and repeats, *and repeats*, to his children and to his children's children that he bore a musket with that famous command

RANDOLPH BARTON.

TOLD OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

A hitherto unpublished story of Stonewall Jackson is told by

former Governor Thomas G. Jones, says the Birmingham Age-Herald. Governor Jones was a student at the Virginia Military Institute when Jackson was professor there at the outbreak of the war between the States. Jackson was a rather stern disciplinarian. Jones had been at the institute for two or three years, and had come to be a sergeant of the cadets. He had one day to drill an awkward squad, and lost his temper in the work, whereupon he made the boys "double-quick" around a tree. He had them "going it hard" when suddenly he heard from behind him the short, sharp command, "double-quick, there!"

"Double-quick!" repeated the wrathful future governor of Alabama.

"No; you, sir! Halt!"

Jones looked behind him, and there stood "Old Jack," as Jackson was called by the boys.

"You, sir! You double-quick yourself!"

Jones looked at his superior officer in amazement.

"Double-quick!" was the stern command, and instantly Sergeant Jones was trotting around the tree at a great rate, hot, thoroughly indignant and furiously angry. His awkward squad looked on.

Within an hour Jones had sent in his resignation. In answer he received an invitation to sup at Jackson's home. He declined. Then came an order for him to report to Jackson instantly. After some talk Jones said:

"But, sir, you humiliated me before my men!"

"You lost your temper," said Jackson, calmly, "and besides, you forget that you are not an officer at all." That ended the trouble, and now nobody more reverences the memory of "Old Jack" than Governor Jones.

"STONEWALL" IN THE SHENANDOAH.

A Boston paper of 1873 is credited as follows:

"We were travelling out of the Shenandoah valley, and manoeuvring very successfully to draw Stonewall Jackson along in our rear. Not a man of us but swore that the Rebel general should not get to Massachusetts before we did, that the foul invader should not set foot on the frontier of our

native State without finding us sternly confronting him in the interior; and it was only necessary to gaze once into each soldier's face to see that the hated enemy could not capture us without stepping over the boundary lines and violating the territory of Maine. I wished several times during the recent races that I had the gray mare I rode through that campaign here to enter for some of the purses. The bursts of speed which that faithful creature showed on several occasions would pass belief, if you did not know just how near the detested foe got to us at times. It may not be that I won any spurs in the Shenandoah, but I had a pair to start in with, and I used them well coming out. No; I am confident that none of us won any spurs down there, though we played straight poker for most everything else, and I lost my blankets once to a captain, who subsequently had no need of them."—(From "Confederate Veteran.")

GENERAL GRANT ON STONEWALL JACKSON.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning with Grant," in the Century Magazine, relates this occurrence:

"While our people were putting up the tents and making preparations for supper, General Grant strolled over to a house near by, owned by a Mr. Chandler, and sat down on the porch. I accompanied him. In a few minutes a lady came to the door, and was surprised to find that the visitor was the general-in-chief. He was always particularly civil to ladies, and he rose to his feet at once, took off his hat and made a courteous bow. She was lady-like and polite in her behavior, and she and the General soon became engaged in a pleasant talk. Her conversation was exceedingly entertaining. She said, among other things: "This house has witnessed some sad scenes. One of our greatest generals died here just a year ago, General Jackson, Stonewall Jackson, of blessed memory."

"Indeed?" remarked General Grant. "He and I were at West Point together for a year, and we served in the same army in Mexico."

"Then you must have known how good and great he was," said the lady.

"Oh, yes," replied the general. "He was a sterling, manly cadet, and enjoyed the respect of every one who knew him. He was always of a religious turn of mind and a plodding, hard-working student. His standing was at first very low in his class, but by his indomitable energy he managed to graduate quite high. He was a gallant soldier and a Christian gentleman, and I can understand fully the admiration your people have for him."—(From "Confederate Veteran.")

A CANDID ADVERSARY.

General Howard, of the Union army, after describing the rout of his corps by Jackson at Chancellorsville, says: "'Stonewall' Jackson was victorious. Even his enemies praise him; but, providentially for us, it was the last battle that he waged against the American Union. For, in bold planning, in energy of execution, which he had the power to diffuse, in indefatigable activity and moral ascendancy, Jackson stood head and shoulders above his confreres, and after his death General Lee could not replace him."

EXPERIENCE WITH STONEWALL JACKSON.

Former Governor Peter Turney, of Tennessee, had a peculiar experience with General Stonewall Jackson. It was in Virginia. Colonel Turney had never seen the General, but about midnight received orders to prepare three days' rations and be ready to move at a moment's notice. Two hours later came an order to proceed in a certain direction, and that at a certain point on the road he would find a guide. At the point a citizen rode up, and, merely indicating the direction, rode along with the colonel in silence. Before day they came upon a plain-looking man wearing a small cap and mounted on a little pony. He fell in with the head of the column, and along they rode, still in silence. Soon after daybreak the newcomer said:

"Colonel, had you not better halt your men for breakfast?"

"I will before long," was the reply. The silence was only broken half an hour later by a similar suggestion and a similar reply. Finally the newcomer stopped, glancing around at the sky and landscape and said:

"Colonel, halt your men for breakfast."

Colonel Turney, thinking that this was a plain countryman, who felt over-sorry for the men, did so. When the march was resumed the stranger remarked that the regiment was straggling a good deal, and when Colonel Turney gave a command for the head of the column to "Short step!" the stranger said: "No, that will throw your men all out. It should be slow-step." This was a command to which the Tennesseans were not accustomed, and, putting a private on his pony, the stranger took the head of the column on foot and showed the men how to march.

While this was going on Colonel Turney asked his adjutant who the stranger was, and when the reply came, "Stonewall Jackson," you could have bought the Colonel for a nickel.

He was on foot, the very head man, in such proximity to the enemy that the battle was on in half an hour, and yet teaching the soldiers how to march!—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

WHITTIER'S POEM ABOUT GENERAL JACKSON.

General Henry Kyd Douglas, who was an officer on the staff of Stonewall Jackson, lectured in Cooper Union. He described the entry into Frederick, where Barbara Frietchie lived, but General Jackson never saw her. If she owned a United States flag, General Douglas was never able to find it out. Certain he is she never waved it from her casement at the Confederates.

"General Jackson never even passed Barbara Frietchie's house," said General Douglas. "General Jackson, just before an entry into Frederick, had been seriously injured by a fall from a horse that had been presented to him by some of his admirers. We were obliged to place General Jackson in an ambulance and stop at Best's Grove, about three miles from Frederick.

"General Jackson on the following Sunday was taken to Frederick in the ambulance to attend church. He did not return to town again until the morning of the supposed incident, September 10, 1862. Then we again took him into town in the ambulance. We stopped at the corner of Patrick and

Main streets, where he asked some of the citizens misleading questions about the surrounding country. Then he directed that I drive with him to the residence of the Rev. Dr. Ross, the Presbyterian clergyman, whose church we had attended on the preceding Sunday evening. It was still so early that Dr. Ross was not up, so we left a card. . . . We did not pass Barbara Frietchie's house. Barbara Frietchie, I have learned after long and painstaking investigation, was ninety-six years old at that time. She was helpless and almost blind. No soldier of our army or resident of Frederick saw a flag at her window. Her relatives, with whom I have talked, admit that there is no foundation for the story."

General Grant was known by sight to the Confederate privates. One day, it is said, in turning a corner he ran into a captive wearer of the gray.

"General, where are you going?" he inquired.

"To Petersburg, I think, but may be to heaven or to hell," was Grant's terse reply.

"Well, I tell you, General," the soldier retorted drily, "Bob Lee's at Petersburg, and Stonewall Jackson's in heaven. I guess hell's the only place left for you." Grim as the thrust was, it is said that Grant enjoyed it immensely.

A crowd of the college company were whistling one evening like a glee club in his adjutant's office at Winchester. In the midst of their hilarity the General put his head in the door and remarked, "Young gentlemen when I need any whistling at these headquarters I will have a special detail made for the purpose."

THE STONEWALL BRIGADE BAND.

By J. A. Hiner, Staunton, Va.

The last meeting of the United Confederate Veterans surpassed all previous meetings in many respects, notwithstanding the almost incessant rainfall.

The most noteworthy and historic attraction of the great reunion at Louisville was the famous Stonewall Brigade Band, of Staunton, Virginia, which is comprised of thirty-eight handsome, athletic men. While there are but six of the original veteran members in active service, the others are all sons of vet-

erans. It is not only the high degree of musical genius that makes this band celebrated, but the magic of its name, together with the glory which it has won from the time of its organization down to the present day. This historic association was organized in 1855, under the name of the "Mountain Saxhorn Band," which name it retained until the commencement of the war between the States, at which time it was mustered in as the Fifth Virginia Regiment Band.

At the first engagement the Stonewall Brigade had with the enemy the band organized itself into a surgeon corps, and so faithfully and intelligently performed field and hospital duties that officers and men recognized the value of its services. In all subsequent battles the band's devoted ministrations were in requisition, and always promptly and faithfully rendered, which won for it the proud name of Stonewall Brigade Band, by an order of the immortal Christian soldier, Stonewall, read on dress parade at Camp Winder.

At Appomattox General Grant issued an order to allow the members of the band to take their instruments home with them, which are now on exhibition in their band hall. These instruments are probably the only complete set in existence that were used during the entire Civil War, and have attracted much attention in Northern cities. They were exhibited by the band during their engagement at the World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, and at the Louisville Reunion.

The band occupied a post of honor at the funeral of General Grant, in New York, and has attended nearly all the famous military and civic demonstrations in this country, being the only amateur band recognized by the authorities of the World's Columbian Exposition.

This band was not only the pride of General Jackson's Brigade, but each member was the personal friend of the General, and he earnestly desired its perpetuation. Only a few days before his death he expressed the wish that the Stonewall Brigade Band would continue to live through the succeeding generations of Confederate soldiers and their sons. Soon after his death the members of the band had a conference and decid-

ed that their great general's wishes should be held sacred, and that the Stonewall Brigade Band should live.


This noteworthy company of musicians elicit the highest praises and encomiums wherever they go, and the rendition of the national airs and Southern melodies has won for them a world-wide fame as a patriotic band.

It was indeed a pathetic and touching scene to look upon the old veterans, ex-Federals as well as ex-Confederates, who crowded about the Stonewall Brigade Band to hear the soulful music of this grand organization as they discoursed the patriotic melodies at the memorial exercises in Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville. In the eyes of many of these old veterans could be seen silent tears, because the impressive ceremonies brought back to them memories of friends who are no more.

The veterans were so delighted with the Stonewall Brigade Band that they said: "Surely we can never have another reunion without it."

The personnel of this band is above the average of musical aggregations. Their genteel deportment and manly bearing is so exemplified on all occasions that they are given ovations wherever they visit. The members of the band so ingratiated themselves into the good graces of the Louisville people that they were taken to the homes of some of the wealthiest citizens and banqueted in the most lavish style, and steps have already been taken by the management of the triennial conclave of Knights Templars of 1901 to have the Stonewall Brigade Band participate in the festivities of that notable gathering.

In this renowned musical organization the South feels pride. This band is proud of its locality, the beautiful Shenandoah Valley of old Virginia. That valley was trampled and defaced by the warring hosts who met there in mortal combat, yet after the surrender, the members of the Stonewall Brigade Band returned to their desolated homes and took up the thread of life once more under the most adverse circumstances. Such men as have been members of this band are the true lifeblood of the country to which they belong. They elevate and uphold



it, fortify and enable it, and shed a glory over it by the lives and characters which they bequeath.—Confederate Veterans.

THE PIOUS JACKSON.

It is our duty to keep the memory of our heroes green. Yet they belong not to us alone; they belong to the whole country; they belong to America. And we do not seek to deprive "Americans" of the glory of such heroes as we have produced. Nor were their services rendered in our war those only which claim grateful remembrance. There was pious Jackson, the man who, when he was waiting for the troops to move up, would, under a storm of bullets, be lost in ejaculatory prayer; the man who, when he bent over a wounded comrade, would feel a woman's weakness creep into his eyes; the man who came like a thunderbolt when his friends most needed him and his enemies least expected his coming, was the same who had marched into the valley of Mexico to sustain the flag of the United States. That man who had been the terror of the enemy in the hour of battle, but was as peaceful as a lamb after the conflict, when he found he was on a bed of death, calmly folded his arms resigning his soul to God, and saying: "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." We do not claim to appropriate all his glory, but we hold dear every part of him that nobody else wants.

The above is copied from an address made by Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, at a "secret" meeting of Southern Historical Society in New Orleans.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS TO JACKSON.

General Bradley T. Johnson's "Personal Recollections of Jackson" contains many amusing incidents as General Johnson writes in a very pleasing manner.

He speaks of a visit he took to General Jackson as an escort of some distinguished English visitors to the South in 1862. Among the party were Mr. Lawley, correspondent *London Times*, son of a peer and owner of the largest paper in the world, Mr. Vizatilli, another newspaper man and Wolseley, the major and afterwards commander of the British Army.

Jackson on being introduced to them began immediately to

engage them in a very animated conversation concerning their own country and showed such a fund of information that all were unable to engage him. After some little time, the visit being over, they left and General Johnson says they all admitted that Jackson had been too much for the interviewers. The fact was Jackson did this to avoid any embarrassing questions and being obliged to shut his visitors off, which he surely would have done. This is diplomacy.

LIKED TASTE BUT REFUSED TO DRINK.

He also relates an instance in which Jackson likely heard and did not wish to be known as to have smelt either. General Johnson and Dr. McGuire were both quite young, and for that matter, so was Jackson, but on this visit the matter of drinking came up and as these two officers had been taking a little of fresh "apple jack," a kind of mountain whiskey or brandy, they were trying to hide from Jackson any hint of their guilt by a long discussion upon the evils of drink. To their astonishment Jackson said: "I like the taste and the effects both; that's the reason I never touch it. General Johnson says "to this day I don't know whether he smelt a rat, for the odor of the "apple jack" was all through the tent." This happened in 1861.

Jackson did not think it was manly to have photographs taken if only to gratify curious persons and he was persuaded by General Johnson's little sister to have his hair cut and picture taken. The little girl told him that his picture would not inconvenience him and would give a great deal of satisfaction to his friends.

(This picture appears in this book—taken in fall of '62).

"HE WOULD NOT HAVE HESITATED."

General McLaws, of Georgia, who was with Jackson and knew him well, says: "If he had been at Gettysburg on the evening of July 1st (Jackson died long before this battle), when the enemy were in full retreat, and in confusion on the hill and ridge on which the battle of July 3d occurred, there would have been no delay of his then victorious troops.

"He would not have hesitated, when he saw the chance of success offered by the evident confusion of the retreating foe,

but would have gone forward with his characteristic dash and daring, and those important positions would doubtless have been ours, and the battle of Gettysburg of the 3d would not have occurred. This was the reputation he had made for himself to last forever."

* * *

"SWEPT EVERYTHING BEFORE HIM."

General Heth, who also served with him, expresses almost the same views, saying "had he been spared to the Confederacy during the years of 1863, '64 and '65, it is my belief that matters would have resulted differently." Continuing, says: "I considered Stonewall Jackson the most extraordinary man as a soldier I ever met. Quick as lightning to take in the situation confronting him, he knew exactly where and when to and how to strike; when he would strike he was as irresistible as a tornado; he swept everything before him."

GENERALS IN JACKSON'S COMMANDS.

The following is a list of some of the generals who were associated with Jackson in his career as Colonel, Brigadier, Major and Lieutenant General, and were in his brigade, division or corps and fought with and under him: Trimble, Garnett, B. T. Johnson, Stuart, R. H. Anderson, Heth, Magruder, Rodes, Pender, Lane, Taylor, Doles, Ashby, Winder, Branch, Lawton, Elzey, Whiting, Starke, Archer, Garland, Walker (J. A.), Gregg, Ewell, Hays, Field, Taliaferro, Law, Hampton, Early, Wilcox, Ripley, Paxton, D. H. Hill, A. P. Hill, Baylor, Stewart, Wheat, Flournoy, E. L. Thomas, W. E. Jones, Colquitt, Iverson, J. R. Jones, W. H. F. Lee, Fitzhugh Lee, Stephen D. Lee.

THE LAST SALUTE TO STONEWALL JACKSON.

J. A. Kidd, Springtown, Texas, writes: "When Stonewall Jackson's troops were on the march the boys would line themselves up on each side of the road at the approach of their general, and then give the rebel yell and throw their hats under his horse's feet as he dashed past. On these occasions the gallant commander would leave his escort and ride through

alone to show his appreciation. A. P. Hill's Division had the honor and glory of giving this salute for the last time. It was in May, 1863. I heard a tremendous shout, and looking back in the direction of Fredericksburg, I saw the familiar figure of Stonewall Jackson approaching. The scene can not be described. The troops went wild with enthusiasm, and with one voice sent up the old rebel yell. Men who had fought unfalteringly through many battles wept like children as they abandoned their scanty meals and rushed for a sight of their famous commander. It was the last time his men had opportunity to show their great affection for him, for it was immediately preceding his fall."

TRIBUTE OF A FOREIGN WRITER.

Col. G. F. Henderson, Professor in the British Staff College, Camberly, Surrey, England, and of the York and Lancaster Regiment, after writing an excellent book on Jackson, concludes with these words: "When Jackson fell at Chancellorsville, his military career had only just begun, and the question, what place he takes in history, is hardly so pertinent as the question, what place he could have taken had he been spared. So far as his opportunities had permitted, he had shown himself in no way inferior to the greatest generals of the century, to Wellington, to Napoleon, or to Lee.

"That Jackson was equal to the highest demands of strategy his deeds and conceptions show; that he was equal to the task of handling a large army on the field of battle must be left to conjecture; but throughout the whole of his soldier's life he was never entrusted with any detached mission which he failed to execute with complete success.

"No general made fewer mistakes. No general so persistently outwitted his opponents. No general better understood the use of ground or the value of time. No general was more highly endowed with courage, both physical and moral, and none ever secured to a greater degree the trust and affection of his troops. And yet, so upright was his life, so profound his faith, so exclusive his tenderness, that Jackson's many victories are almost his least claim to be ranked amongst the world's true heroes."

NOTES FROM MAJOR GENERAL WM. B. TALIAFERRO.

"My acquaintance with General Jackson commenced shortly after the Mexican War, when one of the members of the Visiting Board of the Virginia Military Institute. He was a man quite distinctly marked from other people, reserved, yet polite, reticent of opinions, yet fixed in the ideas he had formed; essentially averse to obtruding them upon others, but determined and unflinching in their advocacy, when pressed to any expression of them."

Speaking of the day—Sunday morning—when Jackson's men at Port Republic were preparing for worship or else bathing in the Shenandoah River, he says that he heard the firing and got his men from the river and was rushing them toward the bridge, which was a covered one. When about half way across the bridge he met Jackson riding very swiftly, and adds:

"He was not excited—he never was, and never, under any circumstances that I am aware of, lost his presence of mind or yielded to panicky influences." General Taliaferro, who was with Jackson as a commander of a brigade, says the incident as to Jackson's driving off the Invaders' artillery by the ruse of which an account is given in this book, repeated from the book by Cooke, is a mistake, he thinks, as his brigade passed the bridge and ran the artillery before Jackson got there on his return from across the river.

One night about midnight, he writes, Jackson sent for him. and going to his headquarters he found him walking the floor. He gave orders to him to cross the river "at early dawn," a favorite expression with him. He then told him to lie down on his bed, that he, Jackson, would walk awhile in the little garden attached to the house where he was making headquarters. "His object in seeking the seclusion of the garden was to engage in prayer unseen by any one. He was without doubt, a genuinely devout man."

General Taliaferro relates the danger Jackson exposed himself to at one time during the battle of Cedar Run Mountain (called by the Northern soldiers Slaughter Mountain). He says Jackson was exposed beyond all reason and he told him that his position was not one for the commander. Jackson

his staff he excused and went alone with Jackson. As they approached there was very heavy firing and Jackson would lean over on his horse and watch the shots fall among the enemy and exclaim, "Good, good," sharp as a rifle's crack. He turned to General T. and asked him if he was a man of family. The general replied yes, that he had a wife and five children, but if they stayed there there would be a widow and five children; Jackson said "Good, good," and they galloped to the rear. While they watched that fire, men and horses were killed and one of Jackson's couriers. "I have always had a sort of suspicion that his life was saved that day by his sympathy for my children."

A graphic account is given of the race of the Invaders on one side of the Rappahannock River against the Defenders. So close were the opposing forces, one on either side of the narrow stream, that the flags could be seen frequently; compares it with march of Wellington and Massena in Spain. On this march Jackson's star came near declining, and this was caused by part of his army crossing, and a storm swelling the river, endangering and exposing them to the enemy, marching in great force down on them.

Being placed to guard the great stores captured during the time, Jackson got in the rear of Pope and took the tremendous supplies at Manassas, he was approached by a commissary of the Invaders, who asked him to be allowed to get an account of the goods under his charge, so he could account to his government; the general told him to report "all destroyed by the enemy," and that he would take pleasure in auditing such a report. The commissary told him that it would be a pity to destroy all the vast quantity of whiskey and brandy they had captured from his government, and a rundlet of cognac was pointed to the general; about this time Jackson and General Stuart rode up and were asked to take a drink, but both declined, and so he had to drink to better luck for his host next time, alone.

On a night march in the rush always characterizing Jackson's advance movements, the infantry was annoyed by the cavalry pushing over them and finally General Taliaferro lost

patience when a body of horsemen rushed up, and he did not use choice expletives. When told it was Jackson and staff he told Jackson he was too far in the advance for the commander and persuaded him to wait and let troops pass to the front.

In the winter of 1862 Jackson spent the quietest time of his army career. He was at Moss Neck, not far from Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. This old and handsome residence was offered Jackson for his headquarters and as he left, a courier who was holding his horse ventured to ask him how he liked the establishment, and Jackson told him he thought he would make it his headquarters.

The courier replied, "I am very much pleased, I shall feel honored that you do so. I am Mr. Corbin, the owner of the property." This illustrates the true courage and devotion to their country's cause of the Southern young men. Mr. Corbin owned one of the most valuable and magnificent homes then in the whole country, had few if any superiors. As many have said, Southern men were born to command, and by this, they knew how to obey. Picture a prince as Mr. Corbin was, occupying the position of an unpretentious courier.

General Taliaferro relates an incident where Jackson had his men go back ten miles in the cold and bring up part of a caisson they had left behind. One of the troops suggested to the officer that a subscription be taken up among the soldiers "and pay for the thing and let it lie there," but this would not have complied with Jackson's order—the old piece was brought up.

EXTRACTS FROM A PAPER. THE REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL JACKSON BY REV. DR. GRAHAM, OF WINCHESTER.

"It is an old proverb that 'you must *live* with a man to know him thoroughly.' I lived with him; for about two months he slept under my roof and sat every day at my table, and bowed every morning and evening at our family altar. He called my house his *home*. He was with us in all the unreserved intimacy which characterizes the family relation and under circumstances which could not fail to bring into clear light his real character, as a man and a Christian.

"And it is due to him to declare that with my intercourse

with him, during all that period, I can not recall a single act or word that I could have wished were different, or which the most censorious could construe to his disadvantage. His conversation and his bearing were invariably those of a dignified and refined gentleman, thoroughly familiar with all the requirements of social life; and, while carefully observing amenities and courtesies which true politeness exacts, he largely contributed, by his uniform cheerfulness and thoughtful consideration to the comfort and happiness of all about him."

Dr. Graham states that Jackson was popular with every member of the household, even to the servants. That he was austere or morose. He was a man of deep convictions and was engaged in a weighty struggle but while grave and serious and even stern at times in his official relationships, he was never severe. Those near him could see the brighter and more attractive elements of his nature. His keen sense of humor would be hard-suspected or that tenderness and affectionate friendships of home life.

"No man could have been more considerate or more congenial. Such reports were rife of his *peculiarities* as to make it a step of questionable expediency, when he proposed bringing his wife and coming to live with us." Dr. Graham says he did not find Jackson peculiar. That he was a simple gentleman such as we meet daily; that he observed him carefully and he was very agreeable when in company private or public. Relates Jackson meeting at his home persons of different rank and he was uniform in his treatment of them and would always exert himself to be pleasant, and if any one was dining with the family who might feel abashed at meeting the general or if a young officer of his command were present, he would be particularly affable to relieve his embarrassment. To ladies he was scrupulously polite.

"He was *strictly methodical*. I believe not a meal was delayed one minute by his failure to appear on time. If to be late he would notify. He brought none of the cares or concerns of his office to the table. He talked well and when in the mood enjoyed general conversation. He was a good listener. Prohibited all reference to campaigns, or army mat-

ters. Past events he would discuss as a common subject, but of the future not a word. He thought well of McClellan and said that if he could handle his troops in the field as well as he could organize an army, he would be invincible. Once speaking of Doubleday, the hero of Fort Sumter, he said he remembered him at West Point and the boys called him 'Twenty-four hours.'

Dr. Graham says the poem, "Stonewall Jackson's Way," was not his way. That there was nothing of parade, flourish or irreverence in Jackson. He mentions incidents of Jackson's extreme modesty, showing that if the author of the poem intended to picture Jackson as a man who would cast pearls before swine, he mistook the spirit of his general.

Dr. Graham refers to a certain prayer uttered by Jackson on an occasion when he entered a meeting quietly and took a seat far back near the door. This was a rule with him it seems. He called on "General Jackson to lead in prayer," and the whole meeting was astir at once. Hear Jackson pray! Ah! who of us would not thank Jackson's God had it been our privilege to hear this humble servant of His pray? Jackson uttered a prayer that made a wonderful impression upon all. He prayed to God not to men. He prayed for the success of the Confederacy without uttering one word of abuse against his enemies. He taught others to pray in this spirit.

General Lee, it will be noticed in part of this book, gave many evidences of his unbounded confidence in Jackson and refers to the battle of Chancellorsville as Jackson's triumph, which was, while eminently a compliment from so exalted a source, yet it was merited and detracts nothing from the immortal Lee's fame in the part he took in this gigantic military stroke in which the Invaders were so thoroughly defeated.

After the war General Lee is quoted as having said: "Had I had Jackson with me at Gettysburg, I would have won that battle, and a complete victory there would have resulted in the establishment of the independence of the South." No battle fought during the entire war has created likely the comment generally that Gettysburg caused. Longstreet is blamed and accused of negligence. Lee himself resigned after the battle

and was only persuaded to remain by weightiest pressure.

Jackson, had he lived, would have won the battle. It is generally asserted that had Lee's lieutenants executed his orders as he intended they should be executed, results would have been different. The confidence existing between Lee and Jackson would have prevented any possible *misunderstanding*.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S CAP.

"At the conclusion of the Maryland campaign, General Jackson presented to Captain Hotchkiss the world-famous 'old gray cap,' made by Mrs. Jackson herself."

The precious memorial is held by the widow of Major Hotchkiss. Some years ago in an illustrated magazine published in the North, a picture was given of this famous cap. We wrote Mrs. Hotchkiss for a photograph of the cap, but failed to receive a copy.

"STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY."

While this poem, now famous, does not attribute to Jackson a fanatical manner, yet there is in the general tone of the poem something of the martinet, which he did not possess.

The fervor of admiration no doubt lead the soldier poet into the error.

The following is a sketch in brief of the poem: It was written by a soldier at Oakland, Alleghany County, Maryland, and about a week after the battle of Antietam, was lost by the soldier in the midst of the encampment of the Invaders.

Some time after this, the original copy as written, was found on the body of a dead sergeant of the Invader army on the battlefield near Winchester. The sergeant evidently admired "Stonewall Jackson's Way" though an enemy.

"CALL THEM SUFFERING ANGELS."

After first battle of Fredericksburg, General Jackson was riding with one of his division commanders past an encampment at Corbin's Neck. The weather was horrible, and the men, without tents and with but few blankets, were stretched upon the ground, trying to keep warm by log fires. The General's companion was deeply impressed by the suffering of the

soldiers and said, with much feeling: "Poor devils." Jackson instantly correcting him, said: "Call them suffering angels."

This was the opinion held of the Southern soldiery by Jackson, the man of prayer.

ASKS PERMISSION TO CUT A TREE DOWN.

Before the battle of Fredericksburg, as related, Jackson had headquarters near the fine country home of Mr. Richard Corbin, and a portion of the time in Mr. Corbin's yard. One day he asked Mr. Corbin's permission to have a tree cut down, stating that the tree was about dead. Mr. Corbin replied: "Why, General, cut a tree down? Cut them all down if they are in your way. Move the house too, if you wish. In fact, sir, I shall feel honored if you will act just as though the place belonged to you." This is related to show Jackson's scrupulous consideration and his soldiers' devotion.

"WELL! SO AM I."

A home-guard once bored General Stonewall Jackson on the Virginia Central Railroad. Elated with being treated with gentlemanly courtesy, as little expected as deserved, but which General Jackson invariably extended to all, he pressed the conversation, and finally clinched it thus: "Well, General, where do you intend to make your next strike?" "Are you a good hand to keep secrets?" asked General Jackson earnestly. "Oh, yes," breathlessly responded the bore, inching up to the General to catch the mighty secret. "*Well, so am I!*" the General half whispered into his ear. Home-guard vanished and has not yet reported.

"PY TAM, THE STHOPPER COME OUT OF DER SHUG."

The admiration for Stonewall Jackson was by no means confined to his own section. The Federal prisoners always expressed a great desire to see him, and some loudly cheered him. This was particularly the case at Harper's Ferry, where the whole line of 11,000 prisoners greeted him with lusty shouts. Citizens say that the hostile troops always spoke of him in terms of unqualified praise. A gentleman in the Valley of

Virginia relates that when Fremont and Shields thought they had entrapped Jackson beyond all possibility of escape, Sigel's Dutch soldiers passed his house crying: "Shackson in er Shug" (jug), "Shackson in er Shug." And when they returned crestfallen from Port Republic, they answered the question as to what they had done with Jackson: "Py tam, sthopper come out of der shug; he gone py tam! If you rebels don't make de president, Sigel's men make him."

HOW STONEWALL GOT TO HEAVEN.

Two Confederates, captives in a Yankee prison, hearing of Stonewall Jackson's death, held the following conversation:

"Bill," said one, "do you know how Stonewall got to heaven?"

"No; how was it?"

"Well, when the news of his being killed got to heaven, two angels were sent to escort him up. They went to our army, looked around the field of battle and about headquarters, but could not find him. They went over to the 'Feds' and hunted for him there; and still they could not find him. So after searching all day, they gave up and went back to heaven, where they found he had flanked them and got there without their knowing it."

"NO JOKE."

The following was related to us by the man to whom the "thing happened." He said he had been wounded the day before and was nearly tired of war. The day was clear and he went off to find a little rest in a deep gully, somewhat shaded. A companion was with him and they chatted for a few minutes, when our wounded friend (wounded in the head by a piece of shell), fell asleep. He was aroused, as was his companion, by the cheering and yelling of men very near their retreat. Our friend remarked: "Look here Dave, this is no fun. I got my stomach full of fighting yesterday and I thought 'Old Jack' had run those Yankees off. I don't want to slink out of a fight, but my head aches and I am weak." But he got his gun and they started to the point where they had heard the

yelling, when to their joy they saw "Old Jack" riding swiftly down a line of troops, who were cheering him like a battle was resting on their cheers and yells. The two companions glared at each other and the wounded one gave his companion something to think over by saying, "This is no joke." We presume that man if he is alive to-day thinks it was "no joke."

A FEW OF JACKSON'S CONVICTIONS.

During the last illness, in fact, the only illness Jackson had during his military career, he gave evidence of his thoughts upon religious and other matters and some of his expressions have been preserved.

He would frequently refer to the duty of Christians carrying their religion into everything.

He said: "Christianity makes a man better in any lawful calling; it makes a general a better commander, a shoemaker a better workman;" and refers to lack of punctuality on the part of tailors and shoemakers being caused by their failure to carry Christianity into their business; as a rule, he says commanders of an army, at the critical hours, it calms his perplexities, moderates his anxieties, steadies the scale of judgment, and thus preserves him from exaggerated and rash conclusions. He said that if men would search the Scriptures, that they would find precept, an example, or a general principle, applicable to every possible emergency.

He turned round to one of his attendants and officers and said: "Can you tell me where the Bible gives generals a model for their official reports of battles?"

The lieutenant laughingly answered that it had never occurred to him to examine the Scriptures in search of such information. Jackson replied: "Nevertheless, there are such and excellent models, too. Look, for instance, at the narration of Joshua's battle with the Amalekites; there you have one. It has clearness, brevity, fairness, modesty, and it traces victory to its right source—the blessing of God."

One day he asked Dr. McGuire whether he supposed the diseased person healed by the miraculous touch of the Saviour ever suffered again from same malady. He said he didn't be-

STORY OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

lieve they did; that Christ's healing was too potent. To the paralytic Christ said, "Be thou healed." He also asked one of his lieutenants where the headquarters of Christianity was after the crucifixion; asked them to give him a map of the Bible, as he wished to locate precisely Isnium, and when map was found that they should report to him.



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee. The names are listed in alphabetical order, and the addresses are listed below each name. The list includes the names of the members of the committee, the names of the members of the sub-committee, and the names of the members of the advisory committee. The addresses are listed in the same order as the names.

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